

# *The Sign* National Catholic Magazine

February 25¢

**Catholics and the Schools**  
**by David L. Lawrence**

★

Sheila Kaye-Smith

Lucile Hasley

Walter H. Judd



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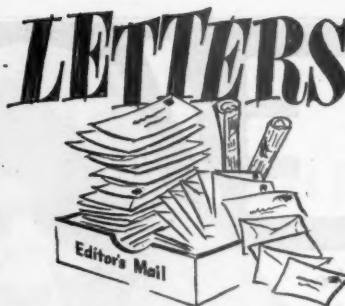
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One thousand dollars in prizes  
Contest closes March 31, 1948  
Winners announced May 25, 1948  
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1. The contest is open to all Catholic writers. Authors are limited to three manuscripts.
2. Stories may deal with any theme so long as, in their general tenor and treatment, they do not impugn basic Catholic concepts. Religious themes may be employed but will not receive privileged consideration.
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4. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of March 31, 1948.
5. Publication rights of the prize-winning stories are retained by the authors. The stories may be neither sold nor published prior to the announcement of the prize winners.
6. All manuscripts must be in the English language, typewritten, double-spaced, on sheets 8 1/2 x 11 inches. The name and address of each entrant must appear in the upper left hand corner of the manuscript.
7. No manuscript will be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of adequate size and with sufficient postage for its return.
8. The Committee reserves the right to withhold its prizes if the quality of the submitted manuscripts is below sound literary standards.

(Please note Rule 3. Do not send entries to The Sign)



## A Businessman Protests

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Almost two months ago I wrote a letter but delayed mailing it with the intention of writing you a letter which would compliment you on many of THE SIGN's editorials and articles on Franco Spain, Russia, Communism, and a number of other subjects, but which would also explain in very plain language how much I disapproved of most of your articles relating to industry and industrialists. In particular I disapproved of your method of finding what I considered many complaints, faults, and even stretching of the truth every time you had one half-decent word to say for industry. Having a number of unionized employees myself and knowing of the high taxes and other costs of doing business today together with dealings with men who will not consider facts in particular cases, I feel I know at least something of the worries and difficulties of a businessman today.

JAMES T. EAMES

Tamaqua, Pa.

## Concerning Labor Articles

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Since you ask for an opinion, here it is. The ideas expressed by your contributors on the Labor issue are quixotic and belong to the first decade of the century.

On page 78 of your December issue there appears a letter condemning the ideas of a Mr. Cort, and it is one of many such criticisms over the past years. Mr. Cort should read the article in January *Reader's Digest* on page 121 if he wants to know labor reactions.

Your editorial policy on the issue is more enlightened, but on the whole your magazine gives aid and comfort to the most unscrupulous outfit of labor racketeers that has ever imposed itself on America and honest labor.

"Dictatorship of the proletariat" in America would mean dictatorship not by a proletariat or by Communists but by the A.F. of L., C.I.O., and the Brotherhoods, and I for one want none of it.

JOHN P. DOLAN

Harrisburg, Pa.

## Thumbs Down

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I like THE SIGN generally, but the position it takes re strikes for federal employees makes it impossible for me to send it to friends for Christmas gifts.

GERTRUDE McNALLY

Washington, D. C.

## Appraisal

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your magazine has been coming to our house for years, and I would be lost without the book reviews, the movie previews, Katherine Burton's page, and many other features. I am perhaps no judge of fiction, but I have always felt that stories were the magazine's weakest points. I likely had the wrong stand on things, but many times I found it difficult to see the point of putting such stories in a Catholic magazine of your standing. I like Lucile Hasley's articles and always look forward to them with relish.

Often I have wondered if it would be possible to get a separate copy of just that movie department alone. I always send my magazines on to someone else, but I hate to part with those movie pages for they are so useful in checking our pictures as they come, often months after the magazine has reviewed them.

(MISS) ANNE LAFFERTY

Belleville, Ont.

## Gretta Palmer Pamphlet?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

My purpose in addressing these few lines to you is to inquire if it is possible to get in pamphlet form the article "Why I Became a Catholic," by Gretta Palmer, printed in the December issue of THE SIGN. I have a feeling that it would do lots of good. It is a very fine article and very well written, and I myself could use several hundred copies here on the University campus. I certainly would like to get someone like Gretta Palmer to come down here for what they call "Religious Emphasis Week" on the campus. It is a mild imitation of what we call a retreat, for the faculty and students.

FATHER CLETUS J. MANON

Oxford, Miss.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Please publish Gretta Palmer's article "Why I Became a Catholic" in pamphlet form. It is so comprehensive, so illuminating. God has given her deep understanding of Catholicism and the faith of a little child.

FELLOW CONVERT

Pittsburgh, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We have been considering the advisability of having Gretta Palmer's articles published in pamphlet form. If a sufficient number of readers are interested, we shall do so.

## Some Comments on Our Fiction

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I'm happy that you are giving us reprints of good Catholic, and unoffensive non-Catholic stories. It's a good idea, but that one by Evelyn Waugh was just too disappointing. Guess I'll never be a famous writer because I just can't stand to treat my characters as roughly as Mr. Waugh treated poor Bella Fleace—letting her forget to send out the invitations.

I see some of your readers are quite riled because you're publishing stories about colored people. The only thing that riles me is that you made that little colored boy in one of your last stories speak such poor English. That's an author's and some Northerners' idea of how colored people

(Continued on Page 80)



# The Sign

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## ARTICLES

### The American Scene

- Walls Are Crumbling . . . . . John M. Oesterreicher 21  
Catholics and the Schools . . . . . David L. Lawrence 30

### The World Scene

- America's Forgotten Ally . . . . . Walter H. Judd 9  
De Gaulle and France . . . . . Thomas Kernan 13  
I Chose Exile—II . . . . . Vera von Schuschnigg 36

### Various

- A Comedy for Tears . . . . . Norbert Herman, C.P. 47  
Confession and Me . . . . . Lucile Hasley 49  
Assembly-Line Artisan . . . . . Jerry Cotter 51

## SHORT STORIES

- The Song . . . . . Hugh B. Cave 16  
A Day in a Woman's Life . . . . . Sheila Kaye-Smith 24  
Couples Only . . . . . Irene McDermott 40  
Plow Thou the Rock . . . . . Mary Sullivan 56

## EDITORIALS

- Third Party or Fifth Column? . . . . . Ralph Gorman, C.P. 4  
Current Fact and Comment . . . . . 5

## THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

- Teresa and the Devil . . . . . Francis Flaherty, C.P. 53  
"Look-See" Around Town . . . . . Michael A. Campbell, C.P. 53  
Peiping: Forbidden City (Picture Story) . . . . . 54

## ENTERTAINMENT

- Stage and Screen . . . . . Jerry Cotter 44  
Sports . . . . . Don Dunphy 60  
Radio . . . . . Dorothy Klock 64

## READING GUIDE

- Books . . . . . 66  
Fiction in Focus . . . . . John S. Kennedy 72

## FEATURES

- Letters . . . . . 2  
Shopping in Istanbul (A Sign Picture Story) . . . . . 18  
Woman to Woman . . . . . Katherine Burton 20  
People . . . . . 28  
Sign Post . . . . . 33  
This Beautiful One in His Robe—Poem . . . . . Jessica Powers 39  
Thirteenth Station—Poem . . . . . William J. Rigney 39  
Desire of the Everlasting Hills—Poem Sr. Mary of the Visitation 59  
"Twill Please Again . . . . . 62  
Go Into the Desert . . . . . Ignatius Smith, O.P. 65

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## EDITOR'S PAGE

# Third Party or Fifth Column?

**A** RULE we rigidly follow in the pages of THE SIGN is to avoid partisan politics. We do not advocate or oppose political personalities or parties. We exercise complete freedom in discussing legislative proposals and enactments as well as governmental policies. We do so objectively, however, without concern as to whether they are Democratic or Republican.

This preamble is provoked by the fact that on this page we discuss Henry Wallace and his third party. We don't consider Wallace to be a bona fide presidential candidate, however, and we shall be surprised if his third party doesn't prove to be an abortion prior to election time.

We have no sympathy for Henry's political activities nor for his party, but we hope he has the audacity to keep it in existence until the fall elections. One good effect of this would be that the number of votes such a party could garner would give us some idea of the number of radicals, Communists, fellow travelers, and left-wingers in our midst who could deliberately wish on the country the crackpot theories and Red-tainted foreign policy advocated by Wallace.

Our Russia-firsters, who stop short of joining the Communists, now have a party to join in which they can feel completely at home. Wallace, who like Browder boasts a long line of American ancestors, has advocated very little in domestic affairs and nothing at all in foreign policy that Stalin and the Politburo couldn't politely applaud. We don't say he is a Communist, but if the Commies aren't using him then they ought to sue him for infringement of copyright for stealing their platform.

The benefit we are reaping from this is that the American public, which has long been deceived by the juggling of such terms as "liberal," "progressive," "democratic," etc., is getting a neat little object lesson in what some of our self-styled liberals really advocate. They have wrapped their Red-tinted ideas in packages labeled "liberal" and "progressive" for so long that some have accepted them at their face value and have been too timid to stand up for a good,

straight, middle-of-the-road American policy. Now they see that Wallace and his "liberal" and "progressive" followers are perfectly willing to string along with the Commies, to accept their support and praise, and to avoid any deviation from the Party line.

**T**HE heart of the Government's foreign policy is the Marshall Plan. Americans are perfectly free to oppose this Plan, but Wallace's counterproposal reads as if it were concocted in the Kremlin. The substance of his plan is that the U. S. should provide the money for European recovery and hand it over to an agency of the UN (subject therefore to the Soviet veto), that this agency should give priority "to those nations which suffered most severely from Axis aggression" (Russia and her satellites), "without regard to . . . the politics and social institutions of the recipient nations" (again Russia and her satellites) and "with no political or economic conditions attached to loans or grants," (so that the grants could be used as a means of stabilizing Communist and upsetting non-Communist regimes).

We have had third party movements in this country before, but this is the first time we have had one launched for the benefit of a foreign nation—and a foreign nation that gives evidence that it is preparing to make war on us.

But, fortunately, the evil is not unmitigated. If Wallace's third party movement drains off the dregs from the Democratic and Republican Parties, if it awakens the public to the true beliefs of our pseudo liberals, if it brings out of concealment the Russia-firsters in our midst, perhaps the good accomplished will be great enough that we shall be able to join the Commies at least to the extent of giving Henry a round of applause.

*Father Ralph Gorman, CP*

# Current



# Fact and Comment

## EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



*Acme photos*

Esther Hietala, of Help Finland, Inc., displays some shoes made by the Finns, and also the medals awarded her for her work. Finland is in the doghouse for trying to be free.



Philip Murray announces the new demand for wage increase. This has brought a storm of protest from many; but with prices so high we can't blame labor for trying to live.

Mr. DOE is our Congressman, first name John, political tag Republican. At fifty-two his record of success reads like this: graduated from high school, worked for a department store

### You Can Do This Mr. Legislator

in the purchasing division, was fairly good as an amateur boxer, and developed an interest in local politics. In time he earned recognition from the

Republican Club and gave up his department store work for various city and county jobs. He was chosen to run for Congress from this district in 1940, intends to run again for reelection this November. And he's worried. Politics is his only business. He wants to stay in Congress. And he's confronted with the biggest domestic problem of his legislative career—steadily swelling inflation.

Representative Doe knows that gentlemen on either side of the aisle are playing politics. He knows that both parties are jockeying for place; seeking credit, casting blame with both eyes on November 2. He knows that the legislation passed in December is a sham, that some sort of showing had to be made before the country and the voluntary allocation legislation was the easiest way out. He and his party feel that President Truman himself is playing for the grandstands in asking for the sort of legislation he has recommended. And Representative Doe knows that the inequities of the price-wage-profit relationship are too big, too dangerous to be made a tool for cornering votes.

Bad too for the Hon. John Doe's peace of mind is the realization he hides carefully under his hat, namely that he just doesn't know what to do about inflation. He's no economist himself, and he's in a funk over all the talk of credit control and price control and rationing of scarce materials and curbing speculators and absorbing excess purchasing power. As a background to his quandary is the strident music of the chorus from home, his constituents clamoring to high heaven and to him about the price of meat and shoes and lumber and second-hand new cars. And like the strong, deep notes of a bassoon comes the determined rumble of organized labor girding for a third round.

Mr. Doe is our Congressman, first name John, political tag Republican. But he could be your Congressman or your Senator. He could be a Democrat. The problem is pretty much the same: how to solve inflation without giving credit to the opposition; how to devise legislation that will work effectively; how to be back in Congress in 1949.

Well, Mr. Senator and Mr. Representative from no matter what state, isn't it about time that we forgot about legislation and got down to grips with the problem? Isn't it about time we brought together the people responsible for blowing the balloon bigger? We know that no one wants inflation. Isn't it about time we grasped the corollary that since no one wants it, everyone individually will do his part to stop it, providing all others do their part? Inflation can be whipped only if the consumer will use restraint in buying, if manage-



The Japanese housewife must be content to window shop, as prices are prohibitive. We could help them and ourselves if we allowed them to reopen their foreign trade relations.



Andrei Gromyko and Dr. Neumann of the Zionist group shown at a dinner in New York. Russia has nothing to lose in the Middle East. She hopes to gain a foothold there.



Henry Wallace shakes hands with Paul Robeson, after announcing his third party plans. Some think Wallace is a dupe of the Reds. We wonder if the courtship is deliberate.

ment and the farm bloc will refuse to try to get all the traffic will bear in prices, if labor will refrain from inordinate wage demands. But representatives of consumer, farmer, management, and labor must be brought together for collective action. There must be set up a system whereby all the parties concerned can work together. What we need is leadership of the kind that rallied the whole country back in 1933 in the days of the Blue Eagle. And though we do not need another NRA, we do need the magnificent patriotism of those days, the magnetic call to voluntary collective action whereby, in concert, management and agriculture can arrive at a just price, labor can modify inordinate demands and practices, the consuming public can restrain its propensity for spending and bidding prices up.

Mr. Doe, you can consort with your colleagues in both parties with the proposition that both join in sponsoring and enabling a nonpolitical council such as this. You will be putting the problem of inflation in the hands of those who can solve it. And you yourself and all your colleagues can fight out the battle of the 1948 polls on other fields less vital to the very life of the nation.

CLOSELY patterning the world division into two camps has been the slow, steady, anything-but-placid division in the ranks of American labor. From all indications, 1948 is going to be the year in which the

### The Division in Labor's Ranks

Left and the so-called Right are consolidated into opposing, struggling-for-mastery forces. Especially has the CIO been the

proving ground of which force is the more mighty. The closing months of 1947 found the Right tallying victory after victory over the Moscow-inspired champions of the common laboring man. States like New Jersey and Wisconsin found their local CIO's booting out Communist sympathizers and stooges in formal convention assembled. Most significant on the national scene was the victory of Walter Reuther in the hierarchy of the United Auto Workers. And now the first weeks of 1948 have witnessed the precipitate flight of the late Sidney Hillman's Amalgamated Clothing Workers, CIO, from the ranks of the American Labor Party in New York State.

This bears reflection. So far Henry Wallace's decision to run a third party ticket has been examined almost exclusively in political terms. But it should not be forgot that Henry was the CIO's darling for many a moon. In New York State the Communist-dominated ALP has been holding the balance of political power for years. The strong backbone of the ALP has been the CIO. And the Amalgamated has furnished in the past some 75 per cent of the ALP's voting strength. As someone has said, the removal of the ALP's backbone is going to leave it like nothing so much as a very reddish jelly fish.

By no means the least catalyst in this separation of Right from Left has been the Taft-Hartley requirement of signing non-Communist affidavits, much as organized labor has howled over this point of law. Now the one thing to be guarded against as a result of this legal cleavage between Communist and non-Communist, with the tide running in favor of the Right, is to belittle the power of the resources of the Left. The leaders of the Left are disciplined, intelligent, hard as nails, determined, and aggressive.

Because of the non-Communist affidavit requirement of the present law, they are deprived of the machinery of the National Labor Relations Board. But they are not deprived of the economic weapon of the strike. Because they can point to their record of having obtained better pay checks and smoother working conditions, they can make capital of the present conditions of rising prices and record profits. They can fish in the muddied waters of inflation. And they will. And the biggest fish they will catch is the indifferent unionist. Any labor leader will tell in weary tones of the apathy and sheer inertia of the average unionist. Ask one. So long



as the pay check is ample and the conditions of employment reasonably congenial, Mr. Average Unionist cares little for the complexion in political terms of his leaders.

So the prospects in unionism of 1948 are a further splitting of Left from Right; an endeavor by the Left to foment strikes for more of the economic pie in face of rising living costs. Confronted with this problem, the worker can reach a right decision only by remembering that he is an American as well as a worker. He can concert with fellow workers to purge his union of Leftist domination. He can insist that his union qualify before the NLRB. He can aim at legitimate economic ends through legal economic means. He can bargain collectively, resort to mediation and arbitration, refuse to vote for a strike until it becomes the evident last resort. But to do this, he must remember first and always that unions have become Communist-dominated almost solely because of his inertia, because of the indifference of thousands of fellow members like him, because he has been content with bread and circuses while the minions of the Left have literally slaved to establish their hegemony. If he is a sincere American, he will arouse himself from the lethargy of passive membership in his union. He will become a voice. He will be heard. And he will win, not only a better condition for labor, but a better world in which to labor.

A DAY or two after the President's state-of-the-union speech some people in the Capitol area were speculating on Mr. Truman's recent preference for the term "universal training" rather

#### U.M.T. and Character Development

than the more common and suggestive formula "universal military training." Thereupon a Washington spokesman explained that by so speaking the President wanted to stress the nonmilitary benefits which American youth would derive from the proposed program. Like all advocates of compulsory training, Mr. Truman would like us to believe that it will make better citizens out of our eighteen-year-olds and provide them with an opportunity for character development. Of all the shoddy arguments for U.M.T., this is the shoddiest. And the best that can be said for those who adduce it is that they have the good grace to adduce it hesitantly and only after they have assured us that provision for national security is the *sole* reason which makes such a program worthy of consideration.

Last month we used these columns to voice our opposition to U.M.T. as a measure for national security in an atomic age. Now we are concerned only with the alleged opinion that compulsory military training would be an aid to character development. In this matter it seems fair to ask by what devious process a young man's fitness for living in a democracy is improved by forcing him into a military organization which is of necessity patterned along totalitarian lines. No one can find fault with an army for being totalitarian, but when men try to tell us that army life is good training for democratic living, that's another matter entirely. Any good military organization is designed so as to suppress individual liberty for the sake of group efficiency. And group efficiency depends upon good planning by unimpeachable authorities whose word is law. As immortalized in Tennyson's poem about the valiant six hundred, the individual's obligation in an army is simply to execute the plans without asking why. The basic duty of a soldier is to learn how to take orders, and his supreme virtue is to be able to do as he is told. That's the military pattern; it's a pattern that works; no one can blame it for being what it is; but it's totalitarian. And for the average citizen in a democracy it is tolerable only as an emergency measure.

When a boy is eighteen years old, he is old enough to have a few plans of his own. Normally, he has enough initiative to want to start working on them and his character development is intimately bound up with the way he handles the



International

This is a gratifying postwar picture. Austria opens her consulate in New York, for the first time in ten years. Austria needs a peace treaty now, but Russia hedges.



Arms

A group of Italians are shown leaving Naples for their new homes in the Argentine. It is about time that America woke up to the needs of the DP's, and passed the Stratton Bill.



Harrie & Roving

The new Soviet Ambassador, Alexander Panyushkin, is shown leaving the White House. It may seem optimistic, but we hope that he can say "yes" to a few suggestions.



*International*  
The veteran of Versailles, Orlando, hails the new Italian Constitution. We share the old man's enthusiasm, and hope that this new start will bring a free and stable rule.



*International*  
Two riflemen of the Haganah group are shown leaping over a wall in a skirmish with Arabs. This bloody strife shows us the folly of drawing arbitrary lines for nations.



*Acme*  
We rejoice with the Burmese, for they have obtained what millions of others seek—*independence*. Here the first Burmese Ambassador to U.S. raises their flag in Washington.

successes and setbacks of his first ventures at the kind of self-expression expected of an adult. Take his plans away from him and teach him how to be a cog in a military machine; stifle his initiative and glorify his ability to refuse to think for himself; rob him of his normal outlets for self-expression and subject him to the unexplained discipline of a training camp; and what do you do to him? Far from promoting character development, such a program is calculated to postpone his mental maturity, to make him look upon discipline as the bane of his existence, and to fill him with so much compressed emotional steam that it is the exceptional fellow who can keep from "blowing the lid off" when he gets away from camp life on a "liberty" pass. Instead of being helped by the natural restraints of homelife, the young trainee then finds himself surrounded by hundreds like himself, who are also bored by the monotony of military routine and annoyed by the arbitrariness of military rules. So it is not surprising that their communal rebellion frequently takes the form of an adolescent rampage which defies accepted moral standards.

When men say that military training helps character development, they usually have in mind that it teaches youth to obey. But learning how to obey blindly is not nearly so important as learning how to think straight. If a man thinks straight, he is apt to impose discipline upon himself as a dictate of his own reason. This is as it should be. And our American youth can learn how to think straight much more surely at home and at school than they can in an army barracks.

As 1947 came to a close, some of us may have adverted to an ironical little situation which comes to mind when advocates of U.M.T. talk about character development as a by-product of compulsory training. At the very time when the Supreme Court was trying to decide whether or not it is unconstitutional to use public

#### **Schools Instead of Barracks**

school buildings for religious instruction, the President's advisory Commission on Higher Education submitted its report and went on record as saying that the first objective of general education is "to develop for the regulation of one's personal and civic life a code of behavior based on ethical principles consistent with democratic ideals." The same Commission pointed out the magnitude of "democracy's unfinished business," the stubborn prevalence of racial and religious prejudice, and reminded the Federal Government of its responsibility for removing "the educational deficiencies and inequalities" which threaten democracy from within. It even went so far as to say that our democracy will not survive unless schools and colleges are given means for improvement.

Legislators of the Eightieth Congress would do well to heed these admonitions of the Commission on Higher Education. Before they launch a half-billion-dollar-a-year program of compulsory military training, they might rather think about making Federal expenditures for the betterment of educational facilities, which are directly concerned with training for good citizenship. And if the primary objective of education is to develop "a code of behavior based on ethical principles," they should make sure that any form of Federal aid to education includes those schools which surpass all others in providing a sound code for moral living—the 10,228 Catholic schools which are now training some 2,626,000 pupils to be loyal servants of God and patriotic citizens of their country. When considering the Federal government's obligation to educate its people for democratic living, Congressmen will be confronted with the fact that there is still a shortage of 110,000 teachers in the country. We hope they will remember that there would be an additional shortage of 85,000 were it not for the priests, sisters, and brothers who are conducting Catholic schools.

# America's forgotten ally

Since 1944 a campaign of lies has  
been waged against China's Government.

What are the facts in China today?

by HON. WALTER H. JUDD



Acme photos

*The Generalissimo gives more than lip service to China's independence. Gen. Wedemeyer and Adm. Cooke with the Chiangs*

THE technique in Europe and America by which the Communists try to take over a country or an organization is the same as I saw it in China way back in the twenties. The Chinese have an interesting way of describing it. They say the Communist procedure has three stages, described by three terms in which the Chinese word *t'ou*, meaning head, appears.

The first stage is called *k'ou t'ou*, which has become the English word "kowtow." It means to bow the head, even to the ground. This is the state of infiltration, co-operation, working for a united front or for a coalition. Communists profess to be interested solely in working for the downtrodden, the

peasants, the minorities. They harp on all the injustices or discriminations or imperfections that can be found in the existing society. They find out what each group desires most and adopt that as their slogan—for the time being.

In Paris they shout, "Join the Communists and we will see that your wages are higher and your food prices lower." Then they go out to the farmers and say, "Join us; we will see that your grain prices are higher." If anyone notices the contradiction, he is an evil capitalist.

That is the stage of *k'ou t'ou*, trying to get people to come along with them on the basis of extravagant promises. Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam were in this stage on the international front.

The second stage is called *yao t'ou*, which means to wag the head back and forth, as in declining or refusing. It is the stage of stalling, delay, nonco-operation, almost but not quite to the point of rupture. It prevents any progress in getting a settlement, it buys time in which they work feverishly to improve their position. Anyone who has tried to work with Communists, whether in a labor union or a political group or a veterans' organization, recognizes this stage. We went through it at London, Paris, Moscow, for months at a time.

When they move into complete control, as in Bulgaria and Rumania a few months ago, then the third stage begins—called *sha t'ou*, or cut off the head.





*Chinese Nationalist forces on the march in Mukden, Manchuria's largest city and scene of Communist attacks*

They promptly cut off the heads, politically if not actually, of their former associates in the coalition. Witness Petkov and Maniu as recent examples.

This is the pattern of what goes on in China today. What is the situation there and how did it get that way? The first explanation, and the easiest, of the confusion and disorder there is the fact that the Chinese went through eight years of war.

But there are additional causes besides those due to the Japanese war. The first is that the Chinese Communists have had a systematic plan all these years to destroy the Government of China. I would like to quote a directive that was issued to his followers by Mao Tseh-tung, the Communist leader, in October 1937, just a month after he had entered into a solemn coalition with Chiang Kai-shek, following Japan's attack in July 1937. The Communists had reached the end of their rope. They were down to a few thousand men isolated in five or six counties. Japan's attack saved them. They pledged themselves to abandon their activities and fight loyally with Chiang against Japan—but their real purposes were contained in this directive:

The Sino-Japanese war affords our party an excellent opportunity for expansion. Our fixed policy should be 70 per cent expansion, 20 per cent dealing with the Kuomintang, and 10 per cent resisting Japan.

That is precisely the policy that they followed, 10 per cent of their efforts devoted to resisting Japan, just enough to get the acclaim of the world as being

Chinese patriots, while they devoted 90 per cent of their efforts to expanding their forces and their territory and to harassing the Central Government of China, with the object of knocking that Government out as soon as they could.

Then Mao continued in the directive:

There are three stages in carrying out this fixed policy: The first is a compromising stage. . . .

That would be the *k'ou t'ou*—

in which self-sacrifice should be made to show our outward obedience to the Central Government and adherence to the three people's principles—

the basic principles of the Kuomintang laid down by Sun Yat-Sen—

but in reality this will serve as camouflage for the existence and development of our party.

The second is a contending stage—

that is the *yao t'ou*—

in which two or three years should be spent in laying the foundation of our party's political and military powers, and developing these until we can match and break the Kuomintang and eliminate the influence of the latter north of the Yellow River.

That has almost been achieved. It may be an accomplished fact shortly, if we continue to delay help to our hard-pressed ally.

Then Mao Tseh-tung said in his directive:

The third is an offensive stage, in which our forces should penetrate deeply into central China, sever the communications of the Central Government troops in various sectors, isolate and disperse them until we are ready for the counteroffensive and wrest the leadership from the hands of the Kuomintang.

That is, ready to destroy the Central Government of China. The Communists are entering this third stage—the *sha t'ou* stage. They are south of the Yellow River. They are in Central China.

That was and is the plan, known since 1937. The incredible thing is that some of our leaders insisted on ignoring it, as some ignored *Mein Kampf* and others ignored the Communist manifesto. Instead of listening to the Chinese, we told them. We thought we knew better, and as a result, China, which would have been the greatest bulwark of peace and security in Asia, is in danger of being dragged behind the iron curtain and having its resources and manpower used on the other side against us.

**T**HERE is widespread deterioration of all sorts in China today. There is economic deterioration. It is alarming but not surprising when one considers what China has had to face. China has had progressive inflation for ten years, due to blockade, inability to export, expansion of currency to pay war expenditures, and so forth. It is remarkable that they were able to hold it down as well as they did for eight years.

The political deterioration and the moral deterioration are serious. The break in morale of the Chinese people especially at higher levels is the more serious. They are discouraged as I have never seen them before. They are tempted to resign themselves to Communism, thinking nothing could be worse than their present conditions.

Besides the careful plan to wreck China from within, the Communists have been equally skillful in discrediting the Government of China abroad by a systematic, organized propaganda campaign. It began in March 1944, just after Russia made the agreement with Japan which freed the Japanese troops to move from Manchuria down into China. Apparently Moscow sent out the word to start the campaign, for it began all over the United States, just as if one man had pulled a switch and all the lights in a city went on.

That propaganda was largely led by about twenty or thirty writers and lecturers and commentators in America, and by some men who became Far East advisers to our State Department or



"experts" on the staffs of organizations supposedly dedicated to enlightening the American public on Asiatic affairs. There were some of the group in what has become widely known as the "Red cell" in the State Department, the Far Eastern Office. They consistently followed the party line with respect to the Chinese Communists. One of them openly boasted that, while they had not succeeded in all they wanted, at least they had gotten rid of Grew, Hurley, and Hornbeck, who were the three who knew the facts about the Communists' wiles and who tried to carry out Roosevelt's policy of supporting the Central Government of China.

The propaganda goes on. Charges are made, just to mention a few of the commonest ones, that the Chinese Government is undemocratic. That, of course, is true, according to our standards. But according to China's stand-

China or elsewhere, advised. But the thing that made certain his failure to get the Government of China and the Communists together, was a sentence in the public statement the President issued on December 15, 1945, announcing the purposes and conditions of Marshall's mission. I have not been able to find out who wrote this sentence, who phrased it as it is, but it is the hooker which made it impossible for him to succeed. I quote from the last paragraph which begins:

As China moves toward peace and unity along the lines described above, the United States would be prepared to assist the National Government in every reasonable way to rehabilitate the country. . . .

Of course it sounded innocent enough. Americans who don't understand Communist jargon approved: the left wingers, who do understand it, cheered. Why shouldn't they? There was no chance for General Marshall to get unity after that one sentence was published, because it told the Communists of China exactly what they needed to know in order to encourage them to resist unity. It told them that if China achieved peace and unity, then the United States would support the Government of China; which meant that if it did not get peace and unity, then we would not support that Government. So that all the Communists had to do to cut off American aid to the Government, and thereby destroy it, was to see to it that China did not get "peace and unity." Never was a great soldier sent

on a mission that was more hopeless than that on which General Marshall was sent. The cards were stacked against him before he left—by people here at home.

The answer to the charges that the Chinese Government is not democratic is of course that it is not democratic yet; but it is trying to keep China free, and if it stays free it can and will become a more democratic government. The pressures toward democracy in China are so great that no free and independent Chinese government could resist them, even if it would, once it is

freed from a war for survival. But a government under the Chinese Communists will be no more free and can no more move in the direction of greater civil rights and democracy than can the one in Poland. The only hope of getting democracy in China is by helping it defeat the Communists.

I don't know when, if ever before in history, some thirty or forty persons in and out of a government have been able to lose a great victory so almost completely as this handful of Communists and fellow travelers and misguided liberals in America has succeeded in doing with respect to the victory over Japan which four million brave Americans won at such a cost in blood and sacrifice. I do not like to make so strong a statement, but I do not see how anyone can look at the facts and come to any other conclusion.

Another charge constantly leveled at the Chinese Government is that of inefficiency, as if that were an adequate reason for withdrawing American support from an ally. As a young government struggling against almost insuperable obstacles after four thousand years of absolute monarchy, it has not become an efficient government before this war, and the war has inevitably reduced its efficiency as it has every other refugee government in an invaded country.

**A** SERIOUS charge is that the Chinese Government is corrupt. Of course, there are corrupt people in it, just as there are corrupt Republicans and corrupt Democrats. But that does not mean that the parties as such are corrupt. In China graft is a century-old problem. It was not created by the present government; it is what that government has been struggling with, and with remarkable success until the war began ten years ago. For the past ten years its chief struggle was to keep China independent.

There is plenty of corruption in China, but no party or government that is wholly corrupt and unworthy of support could ever have accomplished what the Kuomintang Party has. How many political parties in history can surpass or even equal its record?

It overthrew the Manchu Dynasty after 267 years of despotic control and set up a republic.

It succeeded in eliminating all but one or two of the war-lord governments. It would have had them out, too, if Japan had not attacked.

It united China under a Chinese government for the first time in almost three hundred years.

It succeeded in getting China free from more than a century of imperialistic domination by foreign powers.

It inspired and guided, between the period of 1932 and 1937, the only five



**Two Chinese Nationalists guard Communists captured in Manchuria**

ards, her present government is unquestionably the nearest to democracy she has had in hundreds, if not thousands, of years. And it continues to move in the direction of the democracy to which it is pledged, just as the Communists are pledged to ultimate dictatorship.

When General Marshall went out to China, the Communists posed as "democrats," dragged out negotiations, stalled for time, worked feverishly to expand their power, and then, when they had succeeded in expanding the territory under their control from 60 to about 300 counties out of some 2000 counties in China, they took off the mask and blasted General Marshall mercilessly.

Of course, Secretary Marshall's mission was doomed before he started, as plenty of persons who knew China and who had dealt with Communists, in

**WALTER W. JUDD**, Congressman from Minnesota, returned recently from an extended trip to the Far East. He has written and lectured extensively on China and is a recognized authority on the subject.

years of peace it has had, a program of reconstruction and development, of democratization and modernization, of improvement in education, communication, transportation, and public health that cannot be surpassed by any large nation in history in a comparable period.

It saw the nature of totalitarianism of the Japanese Fascist type long before we did, and fought against it for eight years—alone for four and half years, long before we had sense enough to recognize its nature and to know that the Chinese were fighting on our side.

It saw the nature of totalitarianism of the Communist type twenty years before we did and has resisted it alone, not just since March 1947 when our Government finally woke up, but since 1927. It is still resisting, practically alone.

We Americans ought never to forget this one fact, which outweighs every other consideration—namely, that when our fleet lay at the bottom of the sea and Japan had carried out in six months the single greatest conquest in the history of warfare, only one thing prevented her from completing and organizing her new empire and turning all her efforts against us. It was this—the keystone was missing. Old, backward, corrupt, undemocratic, inefficient China refused to yield. Chiang could have had peace on very generous terms and saved his people most of the suffering and the economic dislocation and the Communist civil war. Instead, he chose to buy for us the precious months and years in which we could rebuild our fleet and capture the islands one by one and build the atomic bomb and ultimately bring our superior air power and the bombs to bear upon Japan and give her the final blow. That is the fact that takes precedence over every other in the picture.

There are strengths in China, includ-



Nationalist soldiers in Manchuria, scene of bitter fighting

## Asking for It

► An actor in a road company had played the role of Abraham Lincoln so many times that he had assumed the habits of the Great Emancipator, even going so far as to adopt characteristic garb. One day, dressed in the frock coat and tall hat of Lincoln's time, he passed two fellow actors on the street. He nodded gravely and continued on his way.

When the Lincoln-minded thespian was out of earshot, one of the actors murmured to his companion: "That fellow will never be satisfied until he's assassinated."



ing moral strengths, and let nobody ignore or underestimate them. The nation is now terribly weak from the suffering and exhaustion through which she has gone. Have we no sense of obligation or responsibility to help her in the peace as she helped us in the war—and with help that really will help?

For us not to help China, because her Government is portrayed as unworthy of support, is not only being victims of distorted propaganda; it is ignoring our own history and our own interests. A great American out in the Far East said to me, "For the first time in the history of our relations with Asia, we have endangered the paramount interests of the United States by confusing them with an internal purification problem in China. It may prove to be the greatest single blunder in the history of the United States."

**I**N THE note which Cordell Hull handed to the Japanese envoy on November 26, 1941, certain conditions were laid down for a return to normal relations between Japan and the United States; the one condition that the Japanese would not accept and which led directly to the war, was as follows:

The Government of the United States and the Government of Japan will not support—militarily, politically, economically—any government or regime in China other than the National Government of the Republic of China with capital temporarily in Chungking.

That was the very same government we got Russia to promise to support as part of the Yalta bargain in 1945. Yet we now say that this same government is unworthy of our support. Was it democratic then? No, not as much as now. Was it efficient? Did it have wholly honest administration? Certainly not. Yet we went to war with Japan rather than have that government, or even just Manchuria, come under the complete control of an expanding foreign power. We did not make the present mistake of con-

fusing our paramount interests with the problem of purifying the Chinese Government. We had sense enough to remember that the key thing was to have a government dominated by Chinese and not by a foreign power. We kept first things first. Victory was in our hands in Asia—and we threw it away. Pro-Communist propagandists—and Russia—won. America and the Chinese lost.

If we cannot decide what is best in China, because we think neither side is good, then, like a physician confronted with only bad alternatives, let us decide what is worse. What is the worst thing that could happen in China? There can be no question about that. The worst thing that could happen in China from the standpoint of our own interests, those of the Chinese people, and of world peace, is for China to come under the Communists and become another puppet of Russia. Therefore, that is the thing that at all costs we must, if possible, prevent. If we cannot be wholeheartedly for either side, then we must at least be against that which is more dangerous. Insofar as we do not help the Central Government, we are helping that which is infinitely worse.

**W**E MUST get first things first, and the first thing is not a better Chinese Government, but a free Chinese Government. Such a government can become better and will become better. It can and will become more democratic and efficient and honest, and will widen civil rights; whereas a Communist puppet government cannot become any more democratic or liberal in China than it can in Yugoslavia.

Why should we have fought four years against Japan to defend the policy of Chinese independence and now abandon it? The first thing we must make secure is not democracy, or competence, or honesty, or even peace in China; but the independence of China. That cannot be maintained if it comes under the Communists. It cannot be preserved without America's help.

On France's troubled horizon stands  
the commanding, unpredictable figure  
of Charles de Gaulle. Which way will  
he lead France if he returns to power?

# De Gaulle and France

by THOMAS KERNAN



Acme

General Charles de Gaulle awaits  
impatiently a recall to power

THE year '48 has an ominous sound to the ears of Frenchmen. It was a hundred years ago, in 1848, that the workmen of Europe fought for the first time under the red flag and the street barricades of Paris entered into history. The Second Republic came into being, only to founder among the social troubles of the times and give way in a few years to the dictatorship of the Second Empire. This upheaval of a hundred years ago was the result of the industrial revolution, the replacement and unemployment of man by the machine. Today, there is the aftermath of a killing war. To France's infant Fourth Republic, 1948 opened with an anguished hour, when the dangers of civil and foreign war seemed more immediate than ever.

As usual, the forces at play are symbolized in terms of Men. The figure that stands out on the troubled horizon, as ever commanding, as ever unpredictable, is that of Charles de Gaulle. His return to power is a foregone conclusion. The time can even be guessed: probably in April. But on what terms? With what program? With whose backing? Peacefully, or after bloodshed? These are the questions that worry every Frenchman.

THOMAS KERNAN, expert on French affairs and author of "France on Berlin Time" is residing in Paris. He is a student of the De Gaullist movement.

I have just said that General de Gaulle is the symbol of a force. The role is not a new one for him. Twice before, the General has personified a movement much greater and more important than the man himself.

First, to the outside world, he personified the French Resistance. To America and England, to be against the Germans was to be a "Gaullist." This was never true in fact. The Gaullists were a small faction among the French resisters, many of whom only tolerated him and some of whom, the Communists, were violently against him. The General found this out, to his sorrow, upon his arrival in France, and could set up his first government only by dismissing many of his camp followers from Algiers and replacing them with non-Gaullist resistance elements from within the country. Once installed, his regime was without glory. He was repudiated by the French electorate when they turned down his version of a constitution for the new France. He insisted upon a basic law giving a high degree of power to the executive, a power no greater than that possessed by the President of the United States, but without the safeguards which our American constitution gives us, in setting up independent legislative and judicial bodies.

At the time of the vote, the General was already in modest and dignified retirement. But a year later, in 1947,

he was again able to crystallize and to symbolize the popular action of France. When leaving the Government, he had broken with the Catholic center party, the MRP, which had once been the nearest expression of his politics. To enter the arena again, he announced, on April 14, the formation of a new group, the *Rassemblement du Peuple Français*, or Union of the French People. This was not, at first, to be an independent political ticket, but a spiritual and political home for all who were prepared to check the rising flood of Communist influence in France.

It was high time. Not content with hamstringing the governments in power by its large representation in the Assembly, with controlling many police forces and infiltrating the army, with domineering absolutely the labor unions and paralyzing industry when and where they wished, the Communists had embarked on a still more ambitious plan. Moscow had issued its orders. The French Communist Party was to swing France away from the community of Western Europe, to align her with Russia in the threatened struggle between two world forces, Russia and the United States. Others besides De Gaulle knew the danger. He alone had the prestige to sound a call to action.

His intervention bore quick fruit. Only a few days after De Gaulle's announcement of the RPE, elections oc-



curred to the boards of the nation's Social Security. The employees of France failed to give this rich prize to the Communists. Later, because the MRP refused to join with him, the General's partisans launched independent RPF lists for the municipal elections. The re-creation of the Cominform on October 5 awoke the careless and the laggard. The Catholic Church sounded the warning from every pulpit, couched in terms of anti-Communist philosophy, but in accents that were unmistakable. On October 19 the RPF triumphantly carried the mayoralty and municipal councils of most of the important centers of France, at the expense of all other parties.

Although the municipal elections did not affect the national government directly, and no national elections are normally due for several years, the effect has been tremendous. First of all, the police departments of forty cities are now under moderate rather than extreme left mayors, who are purging them of Communist influence. This had much to do with maintaining relative peace during the November strikes. The weak government of Socialist Premier Ramadier was refused a vote of confidence and overthrown. The majority in the Assembly moved slightly to the right and chose MRP's Robert Schuman as premier. He handled the general strike with courage and skill, against outrageous Communist opposition in the Assembly. Lastly, as a result of the failure of the strike, the working class itself has split apart the General Confederation of Labor, once Communist-dominated and five million strong.

In this first open skirmish, the General has beaten the Communist Party, the villain of French politics for fifteen years, on its own chosen grounds. For the hour, France has been saved politically. The elected Communists still sit in the Assembly, but they would be powerless against the centrist government, unless they had allies.

In this grave hour, when the Schuman government is desperately trying to save the franc and stem the inflation that has gripped the country, to balance the budget and to restore the losses of the strike, the Communists in the Assembly have found an unexpected ally. None other than the RPF itself! Partisans of the General, to the number of 80, have broken away from the groups that elected them to form a new voting group in the Assembly. This bloc, while rightist, has voted solidly with the Communists to sabotage the fiscal reforms of Finance Minister René Mayer. At the hour in which I write, the Schuman cabinet is in danger. If it survives, it does so on sufferance and in peril.

Politics make strange bedfellows. Why this unholy alliance of Communists and

RPF against the liberal center? It is part of General de Gaulle's campaign for return to power. His whip in the Assembly, M. Capitant, has proposed that the Assembly dissolve itself and proceed to new elections. His proposal was naturally turned down. Except by this voluntary dissolution, there can be no legal end to the present Assembly before May 1948, unless two governments are overthrown in immediate succession, and the last ministry itself proposes new elections as a solution.

Hence the efforts of the Communists and the Gaullists to hamstring the existing government's anti-inflation program, to call on new unrest, new riots, new ministries that cannot get a vote of confidence, until finally new elections will be possible. In this case, the General hopes for an RPF majority; afterward will come the rewriting of the constitution with strong central power and the abolition of proportional representation, for which he has plugged since the beginning. It is probably by some such elaborate, but perfectly constitutional route, that General de Gaulle will return to power. Let us hope that it will not be over the body of a France ruined beyond repair.

In spite of his enormous prestige, his double great services to France, do most Frenchmen want De Gaulle back in power?

Apparently, the answer at present is no. In late December Gallup polls, which we believe to be impartial, show 36 per cent yes, with 41 per cent no, and 23 per cent no opinion. It is true that if all the "no opinions" switched over to the yes column, which is improbable, he would have a majority of 59 per cent. A second Gallup question is revealing. Asked whether they would approve of his return with the increased powers which he poses as the absolute conditions for his return, there are only

33 per cent who approve, 46 per cent who disapprove, and 21 per cent no opinion. If all the "no opinions" switched over to the yes column, he would have the sparse majority of 54 per cent, with which one cannot govern France.

Questioning French people whom I believe to express a cross section of opinion as to their reasons for opposing the General's return, I find a diversity of criticisms, of which the following are impressive:

First of all, the fear is raised that General de Gaulle, once installed, will become a dictator. His honest insistence upon a stronger constitution is the principal reason for this fear, but people also mention the "professional deformation" of the French army officer, used to giving absolute orders and receiving prompt obedience. Even when they do not accuse the General himself of dictatorial motives, they do not want his constitution because the next man to come along may not be of sterling or disinterested character.

Secondly, many people bring up the unimpressive record of the provisional government from 1944 to 1946, when the General had almost unlimited powers. The enormous help given France by the United States and Great Britain was dispersed. Except for railroads and ports, largely put back into shape by the engineers of the allied armies, there has been little reconstruction in France.

Others reproach him for having disrupted, in a purge without trial, the strong armature of the civil service of France. Prefects, tax collectors, departmental secretaries, and other local officers who had held on to their jobs under Vichy and were the backbone of the French Government, were removed in accordance with a deal with the Communists, before these gentlemen would enter the De Gaulle cabinet. France has suffered ever since, especially in the economic and fiscal fields, and the success of the Marshall Plan is now imperiled by the lack of trained government servants to direct it.

Others call attention to the fact that no French statesman of note has joined his group, and that so many men of caliber who worked with the General in the past have parted company with him either in dignified silence or after a resounding row. The men who surround him now are classified by hostile critics as incompetent or adventurers.

Some critics, principally the Communists to whom anyone right of center is a "reactionary," claim that RPF has become the meeting ground of ex-Vichyites, Pétainists, and Fascists, who are using it as a stalking horse. Of this there is no convincing evidence. There are in it, as in all parties, men who had to carry



Frenchmen joining the RPF





**De Gaulle's enemies, the Communists, demonstrate in Paris**



**De Gaulle greeted by young admirers**

on their lives, their professions, or their businesses during the Pétain regime, but there is no sign of those who engaged in Vichy politics, Communist speeches to the contrary notwithstanding.

Catholics have certainly aided RPF considerably. Within the ranks of the clergy there is evidence of a split along social lines, between supporters of RPF and MRP. The MRP, the Catholic center party, is, after all, a revolutionary party, almost a socialist party, with very progressive principles. Some bishops and priests profoundly approve it; others, more conservative, are more drawn to RPF, with the principle of authority which the General embodies.

Americans must remember that France has never known the abstention of the clergy from political activity, which we may call a purely American formula. The Church in France has great political influence, and does not hesitate to use it whenever there is a clear-cut issue, as today against Communism. Several priests are members of the National Assembly. Monsignor Kir is both a deputy and is the mayor of Dijon. There are dozens of other mayors and hundreds of municipal councilors who wear the cassock. The General will have his share of them among his supporters, but there is no reason to believe that such support will come with the hope of any special favors or privileges. Neither the General nor the Hierarchy would wish to disturb by favoritism the present excellent position of the Church.

If General de Gaulle returns to power, he will be first, foremost, and always for France, but his foreign policy must undergo at least one important modification. In 1945 and 1946 he planned France's role as a fence-sitter between Russia and the United States, perhaps the head of a Western European bloc that would trade advantages from both

sides. This formula, fairly successful two years ago, has been outmoded by events.

The General will maintain a decent participation in the United Nations, but with no illusions about international government. In German affairs, France will be our embarrassing partner if Bizonia becomes Trizonia. She will drive shrewd bargains as she has always done.

More serious, more immediate than foreign problems, is the internal crisis of France. The lamentable state of the public debt, inflation, prices out of reach of wages, and the ascending spiral of both, the collapse of foreign trade because of prices, the egotism of the farmer and the low productivity of the industrial worker, the unpaid taxation present fantastic problems for any government. Many journalists, during the past six months, have endeavored to learn the General's ideas on economics, finances, and inflation, only to meet with evasions. As recently as December 20, M. Diethelm, speaking at a big RPF rally in Paris, declared "We possess no sort of economic or financial program."

General de Gaulle made his first speech on the internal problems of France at St. Etienne on January 4. Much publicity had been given by his party to the fact that here at last was the General's pronouncements of these burning affairs. The Government, which owns all French radio stations, would not permit the speech to be broadcast, but the texts were snatched up and eagerly scanned at the newsstands the following morning.

Unfortunately, no startling pronouncements were made. Finances and inflation were left where the General found them. As for labor policy, he proposed something very akin to the "corporations" of employees and employers of each industry, which had already been set up by Vichy, and were dis-

banded under the Fourth Republic. He proposed the presence of labor representatives in the Council of the Republic. This again is nothing new and is borrowed from Salazar's experiments in Portugal. He proposes profit-sharing with workers, a formula that has been tried by certain companies with no marked results.

In short, De Gaulle has no panacea to offer the French people. On the other hand, as electoral trumps he can count on their extreme disgust with the government by political parties, and with the hair-brained experiments which the witch doctors of the Socialist and MRP parties have been trying over a year.

The Socialists, the MRP, and the remnants of the prewar Radical Socialist parties, are gathered in a moderate group which Léon Blum has dubbed the "third force." Against them, on one side, are the Communists, licking their wounds from the November strikes, but still the party with the greatest number of votes in France. If the strikes cost them the fringe of this membership, it has reduced the faithful to a tougher core. On the other side of the triangle is the RPF, strong in their leader De Gaulle, and strong in an idea.

For today, for the third time in French History, General de Gaulle symbolizes a force and a fact. The fact is this: in Western Europe, the middle class whose savings and capital have been liquidated by inflation, do not, as Karl Marx would have them, turn to the left into the maw of Communism. The middle class of Western Europe turns to the Right—as in Italy, in Germany, in Spain after the last war. So today, in France, this bewildered and ruined class is turning to the principle of authority, to the Right.

The Right is de Gaulle. We await the Ides of March.

**THE**

# Song

**In the passing years, they had stopped sharing their dreams and hopes and memories. Now the song that once had thrilled both of them brought bitter, lonely thoughts to the one who remembered**

by **HUGH B. CAVE**

**L**OWERING the evening paper, John Albright looked toward the radio as he might have gazed at some stranger who had just spoken his name. The music that flowed from it was only a popular song, but it was a very old song and it pleased him. It frightened him a little, too.

He thought of himself as a hungry man sitting in a current of air filled with the warm, rich smell of food. He was glad to be hearing the song. It helped. But like the smell of food to the hungry man, it was not enough.

He remembered a poem he had composed once, long ago, about the song he was now hearing. He had slaved over the poem in the hope that a certain wonderful girl would like it. He recalled the night on Potter's Bluff, overlooking the city, when he had read it to her with his arm about her and their heads close together.

With his eyes shut, he heard again the low, sweet wonder in her voice as she exclaimed, "Why, Johnny, that's marvelous!"

Twenty years ago that had happened. Tonight John Albright was thirty-nine and frightened. And the worshiping girl who had whispered, "Johnny, that's marvelous!" was mending a housedress in the spare bedroom.

He listened as their old love song filled the room, wondering if by some magic the relentless rumble of the sewing machine

would cease. And it did, but only for an instant. Not long enough to mean anything.

John Albright sighed. Nearly forty years old, he thought. Without much interest, certainly without satisfaction or pride, he looked about him at the possessions which made up his world. He had done well enough, he supposed. His home was no better or worse than a hundred others in the same suburban neighborhood. Multiply it by a few thousand other neighborhoods, and you had a fair picture of the way ordinary men lived, the country over.

Was it worth the price? A man gave up so much for this: his freedom, his yearning to do big things, at times even the sanctity of his thoughts. For what? For the evening paper and the sound of a sewing machine in the next room. For a nagging hunch that all of it was somehow a mistake, that long ago he had taken a wrong turn somewhere and now, too old to go back, was committed forever to the lonely ruts of a road that went nowhere.

The song had ended. He rose and stood for a moment undecided, then went to the hall closet for his hat and coat. At the door of the spare bedroom he paused.

"Do you mind? I thought I'd go out for awhile. I won't be long."

"It will do you good." She looked up from her sewing and smiled at him—still a handsome woman, her eyes bright and lively, her skin smooth. The man suffered a sudden great longing to take her in his arms and say to her the things he had said when *The Song* was still important.

But she had already turned back to her sewing.

"I won't be long," he said again, and went down the hall, through the kitchen, to the garage.

He drove slowly because there was nothing in particular he wished to do. It occurred to him that he might drive to the office and clear up some accumulated work, but that would mean struggling through the downtown theater traffic, and he did not feel up to it. He could go somewhere for a drink, perhaps. Barrooms at night were popular havens for men who had fought with their wives.

But he had not fought with Mary. In all their years together, he and Mary had not had a dozen arguments. And to celebrate his birthday alone in a barroom would be to admit a kind of failure.

That, perhaps, was the cause of his mental anguish; he was not yet willing to admit failure. Probably at thirty-nine a man should have learned to accept life as it was, being grateful in a mendicant way for its minor satisfactions. Rebellion was for the young.

He came presently to the beginning of the Parkway and turned onto it to escape the inbound city traffic. The fact that Potter's Bluff lay off the Parkway did not enter his conscious thoughts. He was startled when, at the top of the long grade, his car lights illuminated the sign and he realized where he was.

All this had changed in twenty years. There had been no Parkway then, only a winding dirt road. And of course no sign. In those days you had walked through a forest of pines and birches to the bluff's edge in search of romance and adventure. Now the sign invited you with the city's compliments to enjoy the view, and flowers grew in formal dress where wild blueberries had run riot.

He did not leave his car. Shutting off the motor, he sat motionless behind the wheel, not even wanting a cigarette. The lights of the city winked below like captured stars. The view was superb. But he could find nothing in it to sustain his interest.

In a machine parked some thirty feet to his left a cigarette lighter winked, and its brief glow touched the solemn, attractive faces of a boy and girl. The girl's head lay comfortably on her young man's shoulder. As the boy lit his cigarette, she watched him and smiled.

John Albright felt a sudden urge to thrust himself upon them and warn them, but he knew better and the urge soon passed. No one could tell you at nineteen what lay ahead. A counselor could offer only his own life as evidence; yours would be different because you were different. You were special.

He wondered how many men considered themselves special on their thirty-ninth birthday. Not many, he guessed. Something happened. One by one the small

dreams died and little defeats crept in. Memories blurred or, what was worse, stayed alive too vividly and stirred up anguish. The great joys ran down, hopes dimmed, and along the way somewhere a shadow crept in.

His was no isolated case, he was certain. For proof you could look at the letters written daily to the lovelorn columnists in hundreds of daily newspapers. All alike, those letters. All a bit pathetic. Women wrote most of them, it seemed. But men, too, could write if they would. "Dear Miss Helpful: My wife keeps a comfortable home and brings up our children well, but where—where—is the flame that once burned so brightly on our private altar? what happened to it?"

"We had a song once, Miss Helpful. Whenever we heard it, it meant something special. It was a clasping of dreams. Don't laugh. All young lovers have songs, and for a time the songs mean so very much—a secret shared, a future planned. I am no poet, but I wrote a poem about our song, laboring like an empire builder over each solemn line. It was for her, and she loved it.

"Tonight, Miss Helpful, I heard our song again, and in the other room the sewing machine rumbled on without pause. We used to say our song could move mountains. Tonight it could not stop a sewing machine.

"Are all your letters written by women? Men, then, are cowards!"

John Albright looked blindly down at the city lights and wondered where the poem was—if she had saved it, or lost it, or torn it up. It was here that he had read it to her on a night twenty years ago. With a sigh he started the motor and turned the car around. There was nothing to be gained by sitting here.

Mary had left a light burning in the kitchen as she always did when he was out late. From habit, not because he was hungry, he had a glass of milk and a piece of cake, then put the light out and went down the hall to the bedroom.

Outside the door of the sewing room he paused. He could faintly see the room's furnishings—the bookcase filled with patterns, cloth, boxes of thread; the couch which was always cluttered with unfinished work; the sewing machine itself. Drawn by an impulse stronger than reason, he went to the machine and stood over it. His large hands closed down upon it.

He was a strong man, physically not far from the best of his life. The feel of smooth metal bending under his fingers gave him satisfaction. When he was certain the machine would not run again without at

*(Continued on page 74)*

*He recalled the night on Potter's Bluff, when he had read the poem to her with his arm about her and their heads close together*

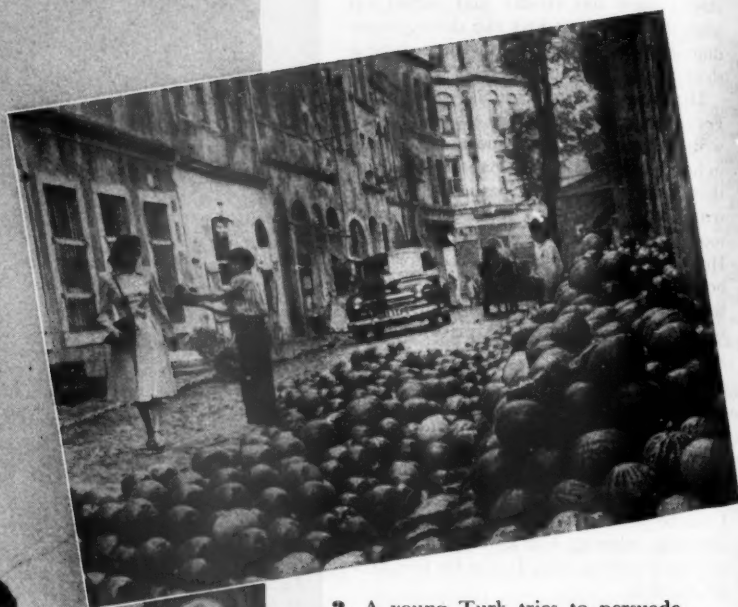


ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. MAZOUJIAN





A  
SIGN  
PICTURE  
STORY



2. A young Turk tries to persuade the visitor to buy one of the melons. No sale. She wants hairpins.

1. The young lady is shown here trying to decide just which one of the eleven thousand shops sells hairpins. She soon found out about shopping in Istanbul's big bazaar!

## Shopping in Istanbul

● Are you a window shopper? If so, you can find your earthly paradise where the East meets the West in Istanbul, Turkey. For you may enter the famous bazaar, just as Miss Murdock did, to buy a few hairpins, but before you leave you will have discussed many things besides the little wires that hold your hairdo in place. The salesmen over there do not wait for you to show some interest in their wares. They presume that since you have the courage to enter the bazaar, you are ready to match wits in the ageless game of buying and selling.

One salesman will sell you what you want and then try to persuade you to take a Persian rug along with it. Another may have you try on a rich gown of the Sultan's wife and serve you tea, until you feel like one of the royal house. It is only then that he will remind you

that the gown will cost you a mere five hundred dollars. This quaint old bazaar dates back to the fifteenth century and is like a page out of the Arabian Nights. Though it is only two square miles, it has two hundred streets with eleven hundred shops all manned by haggling salesmen! So the competition is furious.

This young lady shown here decided to run down to the store and buy a few hairpins, but what she thought was going to be a routine trip turned out to be an adventure. She had to discuss and hear discussed the qualities of clocks, melons, tapestry, dresses, phonographs, and inlaid daggers, before she got the hairpins. But, after all, she knows a little more about tapestry, hand embroidery, and very much about Istanbul! And she did get the hairpins!





**3.** After trying on a dress of the Sultan's wife, she sips tea and looks at a silver dagger.



**4.** Still in search of the common little hairpins, she can't resist stopping to look at the beautiful hand embroidery display.



**5.** It looks like no sale on Grandpa's old phonograph, but the salesman still hopes to sell her one of the big antique clocks hanging on the wall.



**6.** At last! After resisting high-pressure salesmen for hours, she finally buys the long-sought hairpins in the very last shop.

International

# Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

## Old Clippings

LAST WEEK SEEMED as good a time as any to clean out my desk, a task always put off until the desk bursts and action is demanded. There were all the usual things. The packet of Christmas cards put away last January to be used this Christmas and forgotten, and now put away for next Christmas, again to be forgotten. The great ideas jotted down on scraps of paper, seeming quite world-shaking at the time, but now looking rather bleak and ordinary. The three or four lines of verse that did not jell into poetry and obviously with no reason why they ever should.

I saved a little bunch of clippings, however, put there in past months because they seemed to be material for an editorial or an article some day.

One of the items is right from *THE SIGN* itself. Someone with an extra sharp conscience or a precious lot of time on her hands wants to know if it is true—in fact, thinks she saw it in *THE SIGN*—that knitting is a servile work and must not be done on Sunday. But, she asks, if knitting is a servile work, then why not crocheting and embroidering? My answer would have been that to me crocheting is very servile indeed, for I find it hard to push around the thing with the hook on the end. Everything goes off the hook for me and progress is very slow. Also I lose my temper and give up the attempt, and no doubt it would not be good to lose your temper on Sunday either. But knitting—ah—there is something I love. To see a scarf growing and growing under two big needles is really a joy, and surely no one would call anything servile that is such fun.

However, who am I to pass on what is or is not servile? *THE SIGN*, with its tongue in its cheek now and then, does that for me. It is more liberal than I am about crocheting. The editors say it is in the class of artistic work. But they also add that they take the position that in this country knitting as it is commonly engaged in is not looked on as servile work. So now with solid authority behind me I can carry out my favorite Sunday evening pursuit—the knitting of a scarf the while my eyes rove over a book.

One more thing: the editors say that though washing and ironing and digging are servile work, writing is not. So I will not have to abandon this page I am engaged on, but can finish it and then proceed to my scarf, conscience-free.

## The Arab Christians

ANOTHER ITEM, culled as long ago as last May, is from Jerusalem. While a fist fight was going on between two factions of Jewish Communists and the police were trying to break up the resulting melee, two thousand Roman Catholic Arabs paraded in the Old City carrying banners calling for peace in Palestine, and the procession wound up at a Catholic convent where prayers for peace were said.

It is not an important item, perhaps, but I have thought of it often in days when page ads scream from the daily papers, against the British, against the Arabs, against the Jews in Palestine. It is a wonderful thing to know that Arabs, Roman Catholic Arabs, paraded thus, and that they prayed for the most important thing in the whole world today.

## Beds for Babies

I HAVE A NOTE from a letter sent by Father Reinhold from the West Coast, and quoted from a letter sent him from Bremen. There is a Catholic guild there, he reports, which has taken up a new task. They are making little wooden boxes and filling them with leaves brought from the woods and carefully dried. A newspaper is under the leaves and one is laid on top. And where do you think those little boxes are going? They are gifts for expectant mothers; they are beds to lay the babies in when they are born.

The letter reminded me of a religious in Germany who is appealing to me through an American nun. Mother Josepha has lived through twelve years of National Socialism, through the war, through its aftermath. She is head of an orphan asylum, which in addition to its own foundlings has refugee children from Silesia—and, alas, a generous sprinkling of German-American (black) infants carried to us by other agencies."

The letter came from Munich. About a hundred years ago there was a wonderful organization there called the Leopold's Guild which sent funds to help the struggling little mission churches of the United States.

What a joy it ought to be to pour it back now, to give help to these hard-pressed religious. Perhaps we might change that worn old phrase, "Give till it hurts," to the saner phrase, "Give because it hurts."

## The Japanese Bow

A FEW MORE ITEMS. One from Tokyo, where a Mrs. Yamakawa, recently appointed to head the women's and children's division of the labor ministry, expressed herself as weary of having all the clerks get up and bow every time she left her office and do the same when she came in again. "It is not only unnecessary but a nuisance," she said, and suggested the clerks spend the time in working more and bowing less.

It is not only in her office that one becomes impatient with the bowing. There is a lot of it going on in our government and the *Congressional Record* is full of verbal bowings. The UN is not guiltless, and officialdom in every land could dispense with some of it.

Now here is my last item, related in a way to the one above. It is in my own hand: "The Little Red Hen said I will and she did. She ate it too." Brooding over this rather cryptic statement, I think I meant it for an article on women's getting busy and bringing about a few necessary things like peace. You remember in the nursery story everyone refused to help the Little Red Hen with planting and hoeing and grinding the wheat or baking loaf. So she did it all herself, but when she asked who will eat it and they all came forward the little hen, no doubt tired of the whole business, said in answer to her own question, "I will," and did just that.

However, I am not sure of the analogy. If I meant to imply that all women represent the little red hen, I am certain that in actuality she would have cut the loaf for all as far as it went. For if the nature of woman is not like that then we will never have peace. Incurable optimist and defender of my sex that I am, I think she always will.

Improved relations between  
Jews and Catholics  
indicate that at some  
points at least the walls  
that separate Jews from  
Christ are crumbling

# Walls are Crumbling

by JOHN M. OESTERREICHER



Press Ass'n. photo

*The Wailing Wall—symbol of separation of Jews from Christ*

AT CHRISTMAS time, two years ago, a group of college students, most of whom were Jewish, approached their Catholic teacher for permission to sing the season's carols. She gave her consent but declined to join in the singing. When asked why she refused, she said: "Frankly, you girls think of these carols only as pretty music. Otherwise, they mean nothing to you. They rejoice in Christ's birth, but you don't really care whether Christ was born or not. They praise Him as God, but that sounds absurd to you." Then some of the girls spoke up and said: "Why don't you explain to us how you can believe that Christ was God?"

Knowing that one of her Catholic students always brought her Missal with her, the teacher asked to borrow it. She opened it to the Last Gospel of the Mass and began to read: "In the beginning

was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . ." She went on to explain that in the Old Testament we read: "Thy Almighty Word leapt down from Heaven from Thy royal throne," and again in a Midrash, an old Hebrew commentary on Scripture, it is said: "The Holy One, blessed be He, created the world by His Word." Continuing, she pointed out that in ancient Hebrew literature, the Word is personified, that It both "creates" and "is sent," that It "shields Israel" and "brings her near to God," that It "leads God's people" and "works the miracles of Egypt." "Does not all this," she asked, "announce and foreshadow what we Catholics call the Incarnation? Christ is the Word of which these old books speak. He both creates and is sent; He is God and Man." Hesitatingly at first, then with great fire, she spoke of Christ, of His gentleness and greatness, His majesty and love, till the bell rang for the end of class.

Then a Jewish girl of an orthodox family stepped forward to present a Christmas gift to the teacher from the class. Instead of the usual flowers or candy, she gave her a purse of money. "We give you this for your favorite charity," she said, then paused and added: "We give it to you in the name of Jesus."

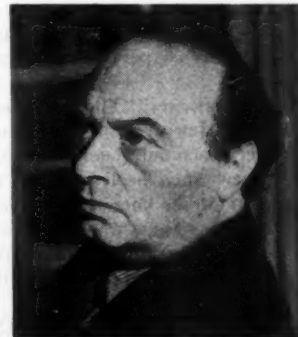
This remarkable instance is not a solitary one. The walls which have for centuries separated the Jews from Christ show here and there signs of crumbling.

Breaches can be seen in their enclosure, breaches that ought not be ignored. For a Catholic to overlook their significance is a practical denial of the all-embracing and apostolic spirit of the Church. Not hatred alone, but also indifference, raises a barrier between Jews and the love of Christ. There are quite a few, more than ever before, searching for the living waters. To be insensible to their yearning, to be unconcerned, is to hinder a wanderer from quenching his thirst. But a Christian should be like Christ, of whom Kierkegaard said that He is not like a spring which lets itself be found, but like a spring which seeks the thirsty—never had there been seen such a spring!

Most striking signs of a changing attitude among Jews are the books written by outstanding Jewish scholars and men of letters. To mention some: Klausner,



Sholem Asch



Franz Werfel



Montefiore, Zolli, Fleg, Frank, Asch, and Werfel have written on Christ. They hail from many lands. Waldo Frank is a native American; Edmond Fleg has lived all his life in France; Claude Montefiore was a leading figure in English Jewry; Franz Werfel was born in Czechoslovakia, and having lived most of his life in Austria, died in America. Three were born in Eastern Europe: Joseph Klausner went to teach at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem; Sholem Asch came to live with us in America; Rabbi Israele Zolli preached and taught first in Austria, then in Italy.

These men no longer whisper the name of Jesus in secret; they make it the theme of their writings. True, not the words of all of them are words of faith, but through them all there ring praise and admiration. If we remember that for centuries a seeming conspiracy of silence against the Holy Name has prevailed—never was the name of Jesus mentioned in a Jewish home—we realize that its admittance into the Jewish world of today is of tremendous importance. The Talmud, in its few references to Christ, speaks of Him as "such-a-one," in order to avoid so much as writing or uttering His name. But now it resounds in many Jewish hearts.

Joseph Klausner says that Jesus is indeed a "light to the Gentiles," and that no Jew can overlook the value of His teaching from the point of view of universal history. Claude Montefiore calls Jesus the prophet of Nazareth, whose concern is not only with the people as a whole, but with each and every individual; the prophet to whom alone the world owes redemption of the sinner through compassion and love.

Rabbi Zolli, of Rome, long before his conversion to the Church, wrote: "The forecast of his betrayal, of the accusation, of the passion, of his death and resurrection, of the persecution of the apostles; all these prove the divine virtue of prophecy inherent in Jesus." Edmond Fleg, the French writer, describes the blood of Christ as "the blood of the purest of Israel's sons." He has been drawn to Christ, but held back by the persecution of his people. Still he says: "Poor crucified Jesus, for whom my childhood wept. Beloved Jesus, whose blood-stained face I can never see in the darkness of some chapel without trembling."

Waldo Frank writes: "The finest personal flower of Jewish wisdom is Jesus. . . . At every moment, he knew what Abraham knew when he led his son to sacrifice; what Moses knew upon Sinai; what the Prophets knew when they saw man so lucidly as to foresee his course . . . the Kingdom of Heaven literally was within him."

Sholem Asch betrays the inescapable power of Our Lord when he says of

Him: "Jesus, as no other, stands before our eyes as an example and a warning—both in His divine form and His human one—and demands of us, harries us, prods us, to follow His example and carry out His teachings."

Franz Werfel, who never found heart to cross the threshold of the Church, speaks of Christ as the Messiah, the Son of God, the Second Person of the Trinity.

One may go on and on citing these authors and others at greater length.



International

Former Rabbi Israele Zolli

But already I hear the objection of those who say I am going too far, that these books are not fit reading for Catholics. One line of the Gospel is indeed infinitely higher and more precious than the volumes from which these quotations are taken, but they are offered for the deeper understanding, not of Christ, but of the Jews. They serve as signposts marking the progress of Jews on the way to Christ. Those who stand in the presence of their goal, however, have no need of signposts—they may even be distracting. Many statements of these Jewish authors would be a perversion of the known truth, a sin, even apostasy, were they made by a Catholic, by one already baptized, who has received the gift of faith. But coming as they do from men who are groping toward the Light, they must be respected as stumbling steps in the right direction.

**S**T. PAUL's conversion was perfected on the road to Damascus. His decisive hour, it would seem, was the one in which he saw St. Stephen stoned. Before he found Christ in His everlasting Glory, he knew Him in His Passion, as it were, for Christ lived in the martyrdom of His deacon, who suffered and prayed for Saul, forgave him, loved him. Before he came to acknowledge the sovereignty of Our Lord, he was pierced by the humble love of His disciple. Simi-

**REV. JOHN M. OSTERREICHER,** convert to Catholicism from Judaism, has written several books and is working on one with the same title as this article. It will deal with the changing attitude of Jewish writers.

larly, the hearts of many European Jews were opened to Christ when, during Hitler's persecution, they met the Christ-like attitude of laymen, nuns, priests, bishops, and the Holy Father.

In Belgium, Jeanne de Meulenaere, a brave and fervent young woman, together with Abbé Blancpain and Père Bruneau, saved many hundred Jewish children. A Jewish weekly, telling the tale, called her the "guardian angel of Jews in Belgium." Père André, the Pastor of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste in Namur, gave his own bed to Jewish fugitives, sleeping for two years on the floor of his study. During that time, he saved more than two hundred lives. He carried food to Jewish families in hiding and messages from parents to children. All this he did from his own home, which was next door to the headquarters of the Gestapo. The Bishop of Liège, Louis Kerkhofs, disguised the rabbi of the city in the cassock of a priest, making him his secretary.

Père Devaux of Paris, and other Fathers of Notre Dame de Sion, although constantly menaced by the Gestapo, rescued 443 Jewish youngsters, whose ages ranged from seventeen years down to three days. Before the Gestapo could lay hold of the children, the Fathers took them away from Paris to shelter with Catholic families. Many were the heroes, in and out of monasteries, whose praises have not yet been sung. Led by many priests, Catholics throughout France saved many thousands of children and adults. Indeed, there is no Jew who survived the Nazi terror in France save by the protection, direct or indirect, of non-Jews, given often at great risk.

"Thousands of Jews in Italy owe their lives to Italian citizens and the Catholic Church from Cardinals to parish priests," says a report made by Reuben B. Resnick, director in Italy of the Joint Distribution Committee. Mr. Resnick tells how they were hidden in convents, in asylums for the insane, in homes for the poor, in parish houses, and in the humble dwellings of lay people. He continues: "Although their lives were endangered by helping the Jews, fearless Italian Catholics took special pains to hide Jews from the Nazis. Pope Pius himself granted sanctuary within the walls of the Vatican in Rome to hundreds of homeless Jews." Among the many priests who gave shelter and comfort to the victims of Nazi persecution was Father Benoit, a Capuchin friar, who conducted an underground organization which distributed money to several thousand Roman and foreign Jews and provided them with protective papers. Aldo Brunacci, telling of the rescue work in Assisi, says: "About two hundred Jews had been entrusted to us by divine providence; with God's help,

and through the intercession of St. Francis, not one of them fell into the hands of their persecutors."

But the same friendliness toward the Church cannot be said to prevail among the majority of the Jews in the United States. To wish this were not the case is one thing; to deny the fact, another. One reason for the lack of a receptive attitude is the mistaken identification of the Church with "Fascism." This is due in part to a prejudiced press, but also to a few Catholics who showed very little opposition to Hitler. But all of us are in a way responsible when non-Catholics misinterpret the Church. For who among us can say he has done enough to spread her doctrines on government, race, labor—so utterly opposed to those of Fascism, that is, of totalitarianism?

A further cause of misunderstanding, even of antagonism, among Jews is the idea, now very common among them, that anti-Semitism has its origin in what is called the "legend of the Jewish crucifixion." The Church will not and cannot alter the Gospels. She cannot ignore the guilt of all those who took part in the condemnation and death of Our Lord. But this implies precisely that the executioners of Christ were *our* instruments also, that *our* sins crucified Him. Every true Catholic strikes his breast and confesses his own guilt. But many a Jew remembers that in his childhood another child, with the thoughtlessness or cruelty common to all children, told him: "You killed God!" or called him: "Christ-killer!" and I know of some who were prevented from entering the Church because they could not overcome this wound once inflicted upon them.

**T**HERE are other causes for the dislike felt by Jews toward Catholics. But God, whose power can bring good from evil, can turn animosity into faith. It was only a few months ago that a young Jewish girl in her last year of high school came to a Passionist Father for instructions in the Catholic Faith. When asked why she became interested in the Church, she said that her schoolmates had frequently taken her to a non-Catholic church. There she had listened to so many diatribes against the Catholic Church that her common sense revolted. She could not understand how any Church could be so filled with evil and malice and yet endure two thousand years. It made her anxious to learn more about it. Today she is amused at the antics of those who warned her to be anything but a "Roman Catholic."

Even more striking is the story of a Jewish gentleman whose wife is of Polish descent. Although she had somewhat drifted away from the Church, their two daughters were baptized. For ten years their father took them to church Sunday after Sunday, not out of sympathy with

the Church—in fact, he had no faith at all—but because he wished his little girls to be faithful to their duties and happy in their hearts. All of a sudden, he asked for baptism and entered the Church. A short time ago, when I first met him and heard his story, I wondered what it was that had changed him. Now I expected him to reply: "A single word of a sermon," or: "The Blessed Sacrament." But he said: "You will be surprised, Father, when I tell you. For years, I had made a point of reading every bit of anti-Catholic literature I could lay my hands on—and it was *their* arguments that convinced me of the truth!"

In these two hearts, God and God alone wrought a miracle of grace, but it is through *us* that He wants to work His wonders. The slightest antagonism we find among Jews—indeed, any animosity on the part of non-Catholics—is a challenge to us. We might say: "Many Jews don't like us; why like them? Jews are prejudiced; why should we be sympathetic? They never protest when Catholics are persecuted; why should we stand up for them?" We might think this way. In fact, I regret to say, this attitude is not at all uncommon. It is certainly most natural, very human, but it is not Christian, for a Christian is more than a natural man—he should be the image of Christ.

If we want to meet this challenge, we must be kind and understanding, particularly in these days when the Jews have known such dreadful experiences, external tortures, and torments of soul, of which most of us can have no idea. We must try to understand them whose name has been besmirched, whose relatives have been slaughtered, who are ridden by fear and suspicion. We must understand that their reactions, so long as they remain on the human level, must necessarily be bitter and uncontrolled. Yes, Jews today are often loud and forward, but we do not look to a man whose hands still tremble with fright to play the violin with serene beauty. We will misjudge the Jews if we fail to realize their uncertainty, both of themselves and of the future. It is fear that is at

the bottom of many of their attitudes. We can help them by supernatural charity.

Humanly speaking, their present situation is desperate. At least a third of the Jewish people have been ruthlessly murdered. Soviet Russia, the great deceiver, at once "outlaws" anti-Semitism and, at times deliberately, creates it by her policies. She stifles Jewish life and then poses as the champion of the oppressed. She uses the Jews as a political pawn, being pro-Zionist one day and anti-Zionist the next. And Zionism itself, even should it achieve its aim, can never solve the whole Jewish problem nor bring the peace for which all Jews long. Furthermore, a world shaken to its foundations makes it easy for anti-Semitism to grow. Thus the Jews, whose frame of mind is already deeply depressed, will be driven into agony. Only One can change this agony into joy—that One is Christ, and *we* are called upon to help the Jews see Him.

**I**T WOULD be profitable to examine ourselves: What is our first reaction, our first thought and predominant feeling, when we hear the word "Jew"? Is it disgust or is it sympathy? Is it the wild notion that the Jews are a clique of international bankers, or do we advert to the fact that they are living witnesses of the Word of God, that they are the flesh and bone of the Lord Jesus Christ? A Catholic ought to have spiritual insight into all creatures, and so to look at the Jews with the eyes of faith. They should remind us of God's love, manifest in their history; of Christ, whom they awaited and for whose coming they were called to prepare; of Christ, who took His body from a Jewish maiden most pure; of the Apostles and Disciples; of the holy men and women who walk through the pages of the Gospel. They should call to mind the Crucified Saviour, with His arms outstretched on the Cross, calling to Himself all who keep aloof. He bleeds from many wounds, yet the deepest wound is the unbelief of His people, "His own" who "received Him not."

In thinking of the Jews, we should remember the Sorrowful Mother walking through the streets and Temple of Jerusalem, seeking her Son who is lost. She is still seeking, now not her Son but her brethren. She is still saying, not to Him but to her people: "I have been seeking you sorrowing."

The Bible tells us that when the Israelites stood before the city of Jericho and could not capture it, seven priests blew seven golden trumpets, and the people raised a great shout, and the walls fell. If our lives reveal the same strength and trust, they will be as convincing as the trumpets of Jericho. The walls that immure many Jews will be shattered, and the city of their hearts will become a conquest to the Lord.



Waldo Frank

# a Day in a Woman's Life

## I. Morning

THE first colorless light of dawn crept slowly up from the east, over the meadows of Padgham and Dorn-gate. It left the Rother marshes in shadow, touching only the tops of the hills, making them stand out as pale islands above the valleys of the little streams. It shimmered on the windows of Pipsden, that cluster of tiny cottages on the road from Hawkhurst to Rye. The cottages were beginning to wake—blinds were drawn, windows opened, columns of blue, wood-scented smoke rose out of their chimneys into the windless air. It was time for men to go to work—on the Tong Wood estate, or on the Manor Farm—and the women were busy preparing breakfast. Only a house rather larger than the rest, standing a little way back from the road among some barns, was still asleep.

For some time Joyce Armstrong had been conscious of the disturbing light. She had thrust her face into the pillow and tried to shut it away. But she was aware of it spilling itself about the room, over her shoulders, into the mirror, and she knew when the moment came when it filled itself with sunshine and she could ignore it no longer.

She sat up in bed, shaking back the long hair from her face, stretching out her arms slowly. She was a beautiful woman, of slow movement and heavy though not ungraceful build—in the middle of her thirties, but bearing their trace not in any aging of her features or her skin so much as in an indefinite weight of character expressed in her somber eyes. The first spring sun had tanned her lightly, and her extended throat and arms showed a warm yellowish brown against her white muslin nightdress.

She yawned . . . carelessly flinging the back of one large hand to her mouth . . . then a deep shiver went through her.

Time to get up. It must be quite seven o'clock, and she had a lot to do before she started. Started . . . should she go? Why, of course she'd go. She must know for certain—understand the meaning of all this. Anything would be better than the past week with its uncertainty.

There might be a letter this morning.

The choice was between her lover and her self-respect, and Joyce had made up her mind.

Soon she would be free—so free she

could forget that once she had found her slavery sweet

by SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

Of course it wasn't likely that he'd write at the last minute—unless he put her off. He'd done that before—put her off at the last minute. He probably did it like that to avoid any protest or entreaty from her. Bah! It was horrible thinking of him like this—seeing his faults so clearly, preparing for his little treacheries. But after three years one couldn't help it—if only one could help going on in spite of his faults. That was what humiliated her—forgive, forgive, forgive. Angry tears flowed into her eyes and she jumped out of bed.

She pulled up the blind, and the sunshine filled the room. A soft blue sky lay over the fields, over the woods that roughened the piling ridges of Kent. Near at hand was the smoke of the Pipsden breakfast fires, the red roofs slanting to windward, the busyness of the little backyards, the stillness of a pond. Her throat tightened, and the tears of anger became tears of blinding sorrow. Oh, those soft blue and golden days that had been in the beginning, when every day some token of his love and tenderness came up to her from the Marsh—either a letter or a little gift, or he himself in his big Sunbeam car . . . she remembered how once she had heard its throbbing in her dreams, and waked at seven to find him already there. Those were the days before he was sure of her.

She turned quickly from the window, back into the sun-filled room, and shrugged on a kimono which lay over a chair, thrusting at the same time her bare feet into mules. Clap, clap went her heels on the carpet of the room, and then a louder clap on the polished boards that surrounded it. It would wake

Mother if she went clapping downstairs like that—mules were no good if your heels were slim—better have got moccasins . . . But Laurie had loved the way they used to hang from her toes when she dangled her legs. . . . She must not think of Laurie—already she could feel the tears coming back. She made a vow to herself not to think of Laurie till she had made the tea.

The kitchen was dark. The blinds were down and the sun was at the other side of the house. She hoped there were no black beetles about. Oh, what was that? Only Perkins the cat, rubbing against her legs in an ecstasy of joy. His tail waved like a pine tree above his arched back, his hair stood out, all his body quivered with the organ-music of his song. The lovely, lovely thing. She picked him up and buried her face in the humming softness of his flank.

"Oh, Perkins, love me—don't kick—don't go away."

But Perkins was on the floor, still vibrant, but aloof. His love was strictly practical, with a view to the morning's milk—it was not to be squandered on anything merely human. He stepped daintily beside her to the door, as she went to take in the jug. Then he led the way back to his saucer. She filled it with new milk.

"You don't deserve it, you naughty Perkins. You don't really love me—it's only cupboard love."

"Lap-lap-lap-smack," said Perkins.

"After all, why should you love me more disinterestedly than—no, I haven't made the tea."

She leaped to the stove. What a nuisance it was, being unable to get a girl







ILLUSTRATED BY ARDIS HUGHES

*She sank down in an armchair and burst into tears*

to sleep in the house. One had to do all the morning's work oneself. In summer it wasn't so bad, but in winter . . . Ugh! Thank heaven, winter was over. But next winter . . . what would that be like? Not like last winter—no, it couldn't be. It must be different. But would it be? She mustn't think of it. "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" . . . A tear fell hissing on the

stove. "Some more milk, Perkins?—don't put your head in the jug."

A loud rat-tat sounded in the front of the house. Joyce jerked herself upright, and the blood ebbed out of her cheeks. That was the post. For a moment she felt as if she could not move. Was there a letter from him lying on the doormat, where she had so often seen it—his black, vigorous handwriting

distinguishing it from the other letters, even at a distance? But if there was, it could mean nothing good—it would be putting her off, otherwise he'd never leave her ten days without a letter and then write on the morning he was expecting to see her. It would be better if there was no letter—and yet, would it? Would the fact that he had not written tell her anything? Wouldn't it leave



*A circular, her mother's weekly letter from her aunt, that was all*

her more hopelessly in the dark than ever? At least if he wrote, she would know definitely if he expected to see her, and if he did not, why not. Lord! what a coward she was!—she had it in her power to put an end to all this questioning by going to the door. But she could not move.

Rat-tat. Again! That meant the postman was waiting. She would have to go. "Good morning—a registered parcel to be signed for"—that must be from Laurie—who else? . . . No, it was her mother's tortoise-shell spectacles, sent back from repair. . . . "Thanks. And the letters? Thanks. Good morning."

A circular, her mother's weekly letter from her aunt—that was all.

Then suddenly she knew that she had wanted desperately to hear, even if it meant the destruction of her one faint hope of seeing him. Anything was better than this uncertainty. He had not written for ten days, not since their last meeting. He had never been so before without writing—and she had written twice, the last letter imploring him to write to her, if it was only a line. What had happened? Something must have happened to account for his silence. Had he gone away suddenly, and in his hurry forgotten to post the letter that told her of it—or had he given the letter to someone else who had forgotten to post it? All the explanations which could possibly leave her a good opinion of him rushed through her mind, as she took the kettle off the stove, filled the teapot, and set the teacups on the bedroom tray. By the time she was carrying the tray upstairs, others more disquieting had arrived. Perhaps he was wanting to choke her off and had chosen this way of doing it—perhaps he had found someone else he liked . . . oh no, he had been so sweet when she had seen him last and

they had planned this day. . . . He could not have changed—perhaps he was ill, too ill to write—perhaps he was dead.

"Good morning, Mother dear—I hope you had a good night."

She set down the tray by her mother's bed and kissed her.

"Here are your spectacles come back—and Aunt Milly's letter."

"I heard you go downstairs a great while ago."

"Yes—I'm afraid my heels flopped and woke you. I must get some new slippers."

"No, no, I was awake. I've been awake since five. I wish I could get someone to help you in the mornings, dear—it's a shame for you to have to get up and make my tea."

"Oh, I don't mind it a bit. I like getting up early on these fine mornings."

**T**HEY prattled to each other—about the house and the weather and the tea and the cat; and all the time Joyce was saying to her mother in heart—"Oh, Mother, I'm in anguish because my lover doesn't write to me, because he's getting casual about me, getting tired—soon he'll want a change, and I love him as much as I ever did, though I see all his faults as I never did. Oh, Mother, help me! But you can't."

No, her mother could not help her, because her mother had never known anything like this. Love had come to her, as it seemed to have come to so many of her generation, as an expanding flower instead of a devouring flame. Love for her had meant marriage, protection, children. . . . Why must it mean something so different to her daughter, who needed all these things as much as she?—Oh, why, why, why? . . . "If Laurie really loved me, he would marry me—" she said in her heart—"it is all nonsense what he says about being un-

able to. He has a comfortable home and lots of money to spend on things like cars and trips to London. If he really loved, he'd let the mortgage rip, and be poor with me. Then why do I love him? Because I can't help it, I suppose."

As she was carrying the tray out of the door a new thought flashed upon her—"I won't go." She suddenly made up her mind not to go to see him at Warehorne. If he was calmly expecting her to come, though he hadn't written to her since their last meeting, it would serve him right if she failed to appear and perhaps make him appreciate her a little more. If he had been untrue to her, it would save her face—if he had merely gone away . . . it would be horrible turning up at the farm and having to ask, "Where is Mr. Holt?" and be answered—"He's not here, Ma'am—he's in London." No, she had much better not go, and for quite an hour she really thought she wouldn't.

During that hour she dressed, let in the daily girl who prepared the breakfast, and helped her mother over the last stages of her toilet. Perkins came up, voluptuous with the thought of fish, rubbing against Joyce as she knelt to fasten her mother's frock, with little hoarse cries in his throat. Joyce thought, "If I don't go, it will mean more uncertainty. Today's Saturday—I can't hear from him till Monday—perhaps I shan't hear then. I can't bear this for another three days. I must go and find out what's happened, however bad it is."

"What are you doing today, my dear?" asked her mother, when they were at breakfast.

"I'm going over in the car to Warehorne to see the Holts—don't you remember my telling you?"

"Yes, of course I do—and Lilian Smith is coming to spend the day with me."

That was another reason why she must go—she'd asked Lilian Smith to come in and spend the day with her mother. "So good of you, Lilian dear; you know I can't leave Mother alone all day, and I simply must go to see some people at Warehorne." What a fool she'd look if she stayed at home!

"Has Mrs. Holt come back from Italy?" continued her mother.

"Yes—she came back last week"—No need to tell that Mrs. Holt had gone to stop with a sister at Brighton.

"Well, give her my very kind remembrances. Tell her I'm so sorry I'm not equal to calling upon her. Mr. Laurie Holt is at home, I suppose?"

"Yes, Mother," said Joyce, and blushed heavily. It was dreadful having to deceive her mother like this—Mother who was so understanding, and so young, in spite of her age—so much younger than her daughter.

Mrs. Armstrong saw the blush and the droop of the head.

"Well, you be wise and careful, my dear. He's paid you a great deal of attention, but young men seem to be so queer nowadays. You mustn't let him play with you."

Joyce laughed.

"Darling, I'm not what you'd exactly call in my first youth, and if I'm not able to look after myself I ought to be."

That was true, anyhow.

When breakfast was over, she went out to get her car. It was kept in one of the sheds at the back of the house—sheds which did not belong to the Armstrongs, but to the smallholder who rented the steading. The car was a small Humber; she had bought it secondhand in a fit of extravagance and daring with some money left her by an uncle. Those were the days when the big Sunbeam could no longer be depended on as in the beginning to bridge the gulf between Pipsden and Warehorne, and she had become terribly conscious of the looping miles of the Marsh road. Moreover, the driving lessons had given her a less plaintive excuse for her demands on Laurie's time and company. She would never be a good driver—she was not capable or resourceful enough—but she had the right amount of timidity, neither so much as to make her nervous, nor so little as to make her presumptuous, and had come through her first six months without any mishap, though her speedometer recorded over two thousands miles, most of which had been run to and from Hawkhurst and the Marsh.

The Humber was difficult to start. She flooded the carburetor, advanced the spark, cranked furiously and in vain. This was when one wanted a man—when one saw the preposterousness of a woman living alone.

There! it had started at last. Chug-chug-chug. She brought it around to the door, and ran in to fetch her hat and driving gloves, and say good-by to her mother.

"When will you be back, dear?"

"I don't know. They may ask to stay to tea. But you'll be all right with Lilian, won't you?"

"Oh, perfectly. Enjoy yourself, my dear. You've got a lovely day."

Suppose Laurie wasn't there—what would she do about lunch? Suppose her conjectures were right as to his being away? She couldn't come home and tell them she'd found nobody at Warehorne. She'd have to get lunch at the inn—she must take enough money with her. Lord! what a fool she was, setting out on a wild-goose chase like this.

## II. Noon

She backed out of the gate—a process she hated—and was on the great ridge road that flows like a ribbon from Hawkhurst to Rye. Craunch!—that was an ugly gear-change—how careless she

**SHEILA KAYE-SMITH** is one of the most popular—and prosperous—of English authors. Her first story appeared when she was twenty, and since that time she has written several best sellers.

was—Craunch! the second was just as bad. Now the little car was running smoothly, the speedometer climbing into the twenties. She leaned back, giving herself up to the shooting of speed. It soothed her thoughts into a queer rhythm—they no longer fluttered to and fro like the needle on the dial—but went resolutely and rhythmically forward like the wheels. They told her that she was a fool to make this journey, and just because she was a fool to make it, it must not be made in vain. When she came home some useful purpose must have been accomplished, she must somehow have retrieved her life out of this miserable uncertainty, either by a fresh start in happiness or by a decided end. Her journey would definitely show her what had happened and what was going to be. She dared not think of joy, so she thought of sorrow.

She was going to break off with Laurie. She could bear no more of his treatment, of his neglect, of the slow, selfish dying of his love. Better end it all, and find herself free again as she had been once. Free . . . it seemed a hundred years since she had been free, since she had awakened in the morning feeling that the day belonged to her. Some words floated into her mind—*union libre* . . . that meant "free union"—free when you are bound in body, mind, and heart. . . . But soon she would be really free, so free that she would forget that once she had found her slavery sweet.

Free. . . . She remembered some words she had read in a novel, about how at the beginning of a love affair, the man is the seeker, the maker of occasions, and how at the end it is the woman. That was true. At the beginning it had all been Laurie's pursuit, his delicious pursuit—now it was hers, sorrowful, humiliating pursuit. Why, it was she who had fixed today's meeting—he would have trusted to something more for-

tuitous bringing them together. Why couldn't she let him go?

But she would let him go—more, she would send him away. "Laurie, I have endured enough—I can endure no more." "Oh, Joyce . . ." he would plead. But she would be firm—"No, I'm going. You must learn that a woman can't be treated like this." Oh, she almost hoped that he would give her the opportunity—that he would not have a reasonable excuse for his conduct . . . of course, he might. He might have gone away—he must have gone away—he couldn't have received both her last letters, and not answered them. . . . Perhaps he had been away, and for some reason the letters not been forwarded, and he had come back either last night or early this morning, and had found them there, and was now waiting for her full of anxiety, full of regret and tenderness. . . . "Oh, my darling little Joyce—how dreadful for you. I'm so terribly sorry. But I was sent for suddenly up to town, and those idiots never forwarded anything. How can I make things up to you? It's difficult now, but when we are married. . . ." The color had mounted on her cheeks and her lips parted joyfully—she almost forgot it was a dream.

She came out of it the next moment, as a flock of sheep met her in Sandhurst. She stopped the car, and her thoughts seemed to stop with it. She saw only the dusty, panting sheep, and her heart was full of pity—the poor things—many of them had lambs running along beside them, bleating, too, but in shriller voices. They were past now, and she set forward again, through the trim, wide street of Sandhurst, quickening her pace toward Linkhill.

How well she knew the road—the sign of the running greyhound outside the inn, the throws where one road went into Sussex and the other into Kent. She had hardly ever been along that Kentish road, though she had often wanted to. She had used the car almost entirely for her visits to Warehorne. But when she was Free she would drive a lot about the country; she would take her mother out (Continued on page 75)

## Figures Don't Lie

► A corpulent lady stepped on the scales outside a small-town drug store, not knowing they were out of order. The indicator stopped at 75 pounds.

An inebriated gentleman emerged at that moment from the corner tavern. He looked at the lady and then at the weight indicator.

"My gosh," he marveled, "she's hollow!"

—Stanley Browne







Weda Yap shown at her workbench in her midtown Manhattan apartment completing a pastel portrait.



Here the finishing touches are put on the picture. Mrs. Yap does splendid studies of children.

## PEOPLE



In her hands Weda Yap holds *Hunan Harvest*, which she illustrated. The drawings are for a Pearl Buck book.

The Chinese called her "witty and sagacious page," and in America she is known by that same Chinese name, Weda Yap. Philadelphia-born Louise Drew Cook by blood is a blend of New England (Elder Brewster and John Alden are names on the family tree), Maryland Irish, and Colonial Dutch. By education and culture she is a cosmopolite with, as she says, "a Chinese heart." Hers was a nonsectarian, liberal home where any night at dinner a turbaned Hindu or an Asiatic revolutionary might sit at table. Passionately dedicated to the brotherhood of man, the only reason why she could look on all men as her brothers was because all were united in "cosmic consciousness." Until one day it became clear to her that this was no reason at all. In fact, it was less than a reason. It was a hoax.

It happened on a return voyage from China. Several Passionist missionaries were her fellow passengers, coming back to America on furlough after years spent in quest of Chinese souls. On the way, without seeking, they found the soul of "witty and sagacious page." And Weda Yap found the answer to why it is that cosmic consciousness can never convert to human brotherhood the sort of woman who will love and feed a Pekinese dog and will refuse to love and feed a Pekinese baby. She found the true universality that neither her blood nor her education could give. She found Christ and the Fatherhood of God.

In her profession as an artist, Weda Yap has done much to bring Christian influence into Chinese painting. Her penetrating interpretations of Chinese life have appeared in many national magazines and have moved many publishing houses to put her under contract for illustrating books. During the recent war she gave up art and for two years worked in a war plant as a marine draftsman. Mementos of those weary days are an Army-Navy E and a union card.

It is difficult to conceive of Mrs. Yap as being the mother of a married daughter. In speaking with her, it is difficult to realize she is a successful artist. But it is not at all difficult to realize she is a true Catholic.



"While others came to stare and hasten away, Howard came to serve the lepers."

When the war scattered the American boys all over the face of the earth in order to fight an all-out war, it accomplished one thing for the cause of Christ which could not very conveniently be achieved in time of peace—it introduced thousands of these soldiers to the foreign missionaries who are laboring selflessly in the fields afar. Howard Crouch, the young man in the "People" column, is one of the veterans who had the opportunity to witness the works of the missionaries. Sergeant Crouch was sent by the Army to Jamaica, British West Indies, and it was there that he was introduced to the Jesuit Missionaries and the heroic Marist Sisters from Bedford, Mass. He studied their work among God's most neglected children—the lepers. This

inspired his apostolic zeal, and it wasn't long before he had Protestants, Jews, as well as Catholics interested in the cause. He started a subscription list, arranged for outings at the missions where all tried their best to cheer those unfortunate souls who are living lives of intense suffering and sorrow.

Father Philip Kiely, S.J., was in charge of the near-by mission. Howard went to see him one day and noticed that the church needed painting badly. Realizing that the missionary got about sixty cents in the collection, the GI started another drive. This time, with the permission of the Commanding Officer, Colonel J. V. Dillon, he gathered together some thirty-two soldiers, plus gallons of paint, brushes, and ladders, and in a short time completely renovated the mission. On another occasion Father Kiely gave a seven day Mission to the soldiers, and Howard was passing the basket again. He collected one hundred dollars for the missionary.

Although Sergeant Crouch has been away from the leper colony in Jamaica for some time, he has never forgotten it. He came home to establish a Society for Aid to the Lepers. He has an Eastern Division in New Brunswick, N. J., of which he takes charge, and a Western Division in St. Louis, Missouri, which is directed by Mrs. Mary Georgen. They conduct dances, socials, and have devised many ways of raising money for the lepers of the world and especially those in Jamaica.

Howard is convinced that no one can appreciate the good work, nor the needs of the missions, unless he has seen them in operation. His short stay on the Island filled him with a zeal of the great Damien of Molokai and has inspired him to use every spare moment of his young life in the promotion of this great cause. His good friends, the Sisters, describe him as, "genial and gifted with a great fund of sympathy and a keen perception into what constitutes the keener sufferings of the lepers." And again, "Whereas others came to stare and hastened away to forget, one visitor (Howard Crouch) came to the lepers' home to serve, and now back in the States still remembers the needs of the lepers."

Although he is taking a full course at Columbia University, Howard finds time to run his Leper Aid Society and to lecture on their needs. It is with great pleasure that THE SIGN introduces its readers to this magnanimous and generous young man who is living for the cause of Catholic Action. Veterans have been praised for their ability to get a start in the world, for their different business ventures, but this is meant as a tribute to a veteran, former Sergeant Howard Crouch, who, with the love of a Damien, continues to remember those whom he could very conveniently forget.



The heroic Marist Sisters, from Bedford, Mass., who conduct the leper colony in Jamaica, B.W.I., are shown with their great benefactor and friend, Crouch.



Religious News Service

*In many city schools like this one in San Francisco besides a teacher shortage there is overcrowding*



AP Wire

*While many a rural school is far from overcrowded, like this one in West Virginia, standards are low*

WE Americans are convinced that the continued existence of our form of government and our way of life cannot be guaranteed except by an enlightened and well-informed citizenry. That is why we have set up an ideal never before imagined possible by any state. We have demanded that every citizen be afforded equal opportunity for a full and complete education. But this ideal definitely does not involve the notion that education for our democracy must be received in government, tax-supported schools. It proclaims only this: in a free democracy all citizens must be educated in the ways of democracy and the opportunity for this education must be possible for all.

Despite notable achievement there are still areas of our nation where complete education is not available or where existing schools are poorly equipped and are staffed with poorly trained teachers. The educational opportunities of children in these areas are vastly inferior to the opportunities presented in states like Pennsylvania or New York. Many states are simply too tax poor to pay for an education as advanced as that offered in other states. This condition has led to various proposals for federal aid to equalize educational opportunity throughout the nation. Behind all such propositions is the basic idea that in America every citizen, regardless of race, creed, or color, should be afforded a chance to develop

his abilities to the highest possible level, not only for his own personal happiness, but to secure the general welfare.

In evaluating American education four facts stand out. First, America desires complete and equal educational opportunity for all its children and youth. This is part of American philosophy; this is a fundamental axiom of Americanism. Second, not all Americans are receiving that equal opportunity today. There is a notable difference in the breadth of school programs, the extent of school organization, and the training of teachers in various parts of the country. There are even some places in this land where children have no opportunity to attend school at all.

A third fact is this—the educational opportunities which are available in our nation are supplied from two sources, the public, tax-supported system of schools and the privately endowed and supported schools. The private schools exist on every level from kindergarten to university. Many of them are almost as old as the nation itself. Side by side with the government or state schools they have been promoting the general welfare of this nation, training its citizens, and developing its leaders in political, industrial, scientific, and cultural life. Approximately two million, nine hundred thousand students are being trained for America in the Catholic school system alone. Catholic schools represent the largest organized division of private education.

A fourth fact is that both systems together so far have been unable to provide complete education and equal opportunity for all the children and youth

# Catholics

of America. Therefore, to achieve our stated ideal, both systems must expand. Both systems must expand together. And there must be complete co-operation between them.

As our nation is constituted, both private and public schools are necessary. Education under strictly private auspices could never achieve the total American ideal. While education is traditionally a function of the church, it was evident in the first years of American history that nothing but confusion and failure would result, if each religious group in the country attempted to operate its own school system. Some religious groups then, as now, were numerically too small to maintain schools where the educational needs of the nation and the pupils could be adequately met. We could not stand by idly and allow these children to grow up uneducated. For the sake of its own security the nation has a right to demand that its growing citizens be well educated to meet the challenges of their times. Over and above this the nation has a duty to provide educational opportunities for prospective citizens. This provision of opportunity for educational growth is one of the functions of government. To fulfill its duty the state need not itself become an educational institution. Where the church or other groups are prepared, and are large enough to establish good schools, the government needs

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*Far advanced in design is this elementary school in Illinois. Note the diffused lighting and the desks*



*Acme photos*

*While in the hills of Tennessee pupils in this school sit on benches, have no lights or desks*

# and the schools

by HON. DAVID L. LAWRENCE

**In spite of the furore over parochial schools,  
the truth of the matter is America cannot  
very well do without their help and achievement**

only to encourage and assist them. But in America it seems necessary for the state to establish its own tax-supported schools to provide education for children for whom the churches did not or could not provide. Any other solution seems impracticable, if not impossible, in the United States.

Public or state schools are necessary for the development of certain individual Americans and for the promotion of the common good of the state. It does not follow from this that religion need be excluded from the public school program. It need not be "neutral" or negative in respect to man's supernatural destiny. It is a healthy sign in our days that both public educators and representatives of religious groups are seeking a way to introduce religious content and religious objectives into the program of the government's schools.

If it is evident, and I think it is, that private education cannot meet all the needs of such a complex society as we have in America, it is equally evident that public education, or education under government auspices, cannot do it alone either. The private schools are equally necessary. The two systems must co-operate if the American educational ideal is ever to be achieved. The task of supplying equal opportunity for complete education to all Americans is simply too big to be handled exclusively by tax-supported institutions. To raise



*Black Star*

*A typical parochial school wherein students are thoroughly grounded intellectually and morally for future citizenship*

the standard of education all over the nation to the level now maintained in Pennsylvania, for example, would require billions of dollars in additional taxes. If the millions of students now in private schools were also included in the program, billions more dollars would be needed. The tax structure of our nation could not stand the additional strain. The alternative would be a lowering of the standard of education everywhere and general cuts in teachers' salaries. But public educators themselves justly seek even higher wages for teachers and higher standards for schools in poor sections.

I agree that both their requests are just. Teachers deserve higher wages, and American children now receiving an education valued at below \$100.00 per child per annum are being cheated. To offer all children an education valued at, let us say, \$145.00 a year—about the cost in my home state, Pennsylvania—and to raise salaries of all teachers to a decent and just level will require billions of additional dollars. It will be a strain on local, state, and federal tax resources. I think we should strive to do it anyway, despite the clamor raised by certain elements in our midst. But imagine the clamor of protest, if all private schools suddenly were closed and their pupils were thrown on the tax-supported schools! Suppose the two million, nine-hundred thousand in Catholic schools and colleges alone suddenly became a public charge. Not counting a penny for capital outlay to build new schools, it would require \$425,500,000 to give these students an education valued at \$145.00 a year. If the people revolted against the necessary taxation to meet such costs, the salaries of teachers would have to drop. Certainly raises would be out of the question.

There is an even more important reason why private schools should be encouraged in our nation, a reason that is closely associated with fundamental Americanism.

Private education constitutes an example of something basic in our way of life. In its short history America has become the haven of freedom-loving men all over the world. The peculiar contribution that America has made to political science has been the attempt to balance the common good with the largest possible measure of individual liberty. The American ideal seeks this balance between the two. It demands social planning and co-operative activity. It even demands state intervention in the interests of the common good, but it demands with equal vehemence that this planning and this intervention must in no wise destroy the rights, liberty, or dignity of the individual man.

The promotion of the educational common good of our land requires state-

supported schools, but the protection of individual liberty requires that private institutions of learning also exist. Those who advocate an exclusive state system of schools which all future citizens must attend, are advocating a species of collectivism that is contrary to the American ideal and destructive of freedom of thought, without which no other freedom has any meaning.

From these arguments it would appear that in America private schools, whether they are Catholic, Lutheran, Jewish, or nonsectarian, are not merely to be tolerated, but encouraged. They are necessary for the promotion of true Americanism. They are part of the total picture of American education. Without them we would be less American. If private enterprise has the right to exist anywhere in America, it has the right to exist in education. Legislation which would destroy or weaken the private school systems would be un-American and would tend to promote Socialism.

As citizens of America every Catholic has a stake in the public school system, not because he is a Catholic but because he is a citizen. His taxes help build and maintain these schools, and they belong to him as much as to any other citizen. They are public schools. As a citizen, each Catholic should be concerned with their levels of achievement, the caliber of their teachers, with the adequacy of teacher salaries, and with their total effectiveness for the promotion of good citizenship and the general welfare of the nation. The Catholic citizen not only has a right to express his opinions about public school policies and practices, but he has a distinct duty to guard

► The automobile has divided mankind into two classes: the quick and the dead.

—ANON.

and protect the interests of the public schools, and to insist that their program be conducive to the development of sound Americanism. Catholics who evince no interest or concern about the problems of public education, simply because they have a school system of their own, are guilty of poor citizenship.

It seems to me that many Catholics have distorted notions about their relations to their own schools. Some of them regard the Catholic schools as competitors, or even enemies, of the public schools. This, I have pointed out is not the case. Others, limited by a narrow, parochial view, fail to see their schools as a huge, co-ordinated system of education contributing to the welfare of the nation, as a part of the total national educational agency. Too frequently they are interested only in their own parish

school, and even this interest lasts only as long as they have children in school. They do not see the parish school as a contributing factor to community development. They have no pride in the fact that their own state and the nation prosper immensely from the existence of a co-ordinated and well-organized group of schools. And even beyond this they fail completely to grasp the tremendous contribution that is made to the life of the nation by the huge, interlocking system of Catholic schools extending from coast to coast, and from nursery school to university, which, at this moment, is training almost three million future American citizens.

The Catholic laity is too apt to leave the entire educational problem in the hands of the priests and nuns. They show little concern with what is going on in their own parish schools. Their interest is aroused only when some harassed pastor makes his annual plea for financial support. Owning such a lackadaisical attitude, they abdicate their position as citizens and parents.

The general American public has a justifiable pride in the American public school system. With all its difficulties and shortcomings, people recognize its contribution to the growth of America. They are proud of it and quick to rush to its defense when it is attacked. Catholics, while participating in that general pride, should be equally proud of their own system, equally quick to rush to its defense, and eager to point out its contribution to national life. If the public school system, as represented by "the little red school house," is regarded as the proving ground for democratic citizenship and the training center of presidents, senators, industrialists, generals, admirals, labor leaders, and all the other personnel of American civilization, Catholics should know that their own schools are equal contributors in this cause, and in addition serve as a training center for the leadership of the Church and a proving ground of Christianity. There is scarcely a cardinal, a bishop, a priest, a nun, or any great lay leader of Catholic life in America, who is not a product of the American Catholic schools.

An Apostolic Delegate to America once said after an inspection tour throughout the nation: "The Catholic schools of America constitute the most amazing chapter ever written in the history of the Church."

We Catholics have indeed a right to be proud of our schools and a duty to defend them. They have contributed immeasurably to the propagation of the Faith and the promotion of American civilization. We should dedicate our effort to their continued support and strive mightily that they receive the recognition they deserve as an integral part of the American tradition.



• The SIGN POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

### Breaking the Sacred Host

(1) If the number of communicants exceeds the number of Hosts in the tabernacle, can the priest break the Hosts into several pieces? If so, what happens to Our Lord's body when this is done?

(2) Is there any limit to the number of particles into which the Blessed Sacrament can be divided under these circumstances?—T. M., YONKERS, N. Y.

Moral theologians teach that it is allowable and proper for a priest to break the Sacred Host when this is necessary to take care of the number of communicants who present themselves at the altar rail. The last time a doubt about this procedure was submitted to the Sacred Congregation of Rites was in 1833. At that time the Sacred Congregation replied: "If it is necessary, the custom of dividing the consecrated particles should be retained." (*Decreta Authentica*, 2704).

Before we can attempt to say what happens to Our Lord's body when the Sacred Host is divided, it is necessary to make a few observations about the manner in which Christ exists in the Eucharist. Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament has the full and perfect humanity of His adult manhood. His body is the same size as it is in heaven, and its various members are related to each other with that exquisite proportion which makes Him the most beautiful of the sons of men. Consequently, we are misled when the works of some artists or even our own imagination makes us sometimes conceive of Christ as being compressed or condensed, as it were, so that He can fit into the confines of the sacramental species. The arrangement of parts in Our Lord's Eucharistic body has no relation to the extended surface belonging to those appearances of bread which remain after the words of con-

secration have been uttered. The surface of the sacramental species simply serves to localize the body of Christ, which is not localized by its own dimensions.

The reason why Christ in the Blessed Sacrament is not localized by the dimensions of His own body is that He does not exist there after the manner of a normally extended body but after the manner of a substance. The Council of Trent was indicating what it means to exist after the manner of a substance when it said that in the Eucharist "Christ is whole and entire under the form of bread and under any part of that form." (D.B. 876). By the words of consecration uttered over the altar bread, the substance of Christ's body is where the substance of bread had been before the consecration. And the substance of bread was in the entire wafer and in every part of it; a small corner of the wafer, if broken off from the whole, would have been just as truly bread as the entire wafer was. Consequently, when, through the mystery of transubstantiation, the substance of bread is turned into the substance of Christ's body, Our Lord is completely present under the sacramental species and under its individual parts.

From all this it follows that when a priest breaks the Sacred Host, it is not the Body of Christ that is being divided but simply the extended surface of what was once bread. However, from this division there results a multiplication of Christ's Presence. For He will always be wherever the substance of bread has been before the consecration. Although this miraculous manner of Christ's existence is so marvelous that, as the Council of Trent remarked, we are scarcely able to express it in words, yet we can, through minds enlightened with faith, understand that it is not unreasonable and ought to believe most firmly that it is possible to God.

(2) For the avoidance of wonderment or anxiety among the faithful, theologians admonish priests not to break the Sacred Host into particles that are too small. Some say that a small altar bread should not be broken into more than two or three parts. And priests will ordinarily follow this admonition. But from the nature of the sacrament the only limitation upon the number of parts into which a Sacred Host might be divided would come from this fact: the Eucharist is instituted as a food, and the grace of the Eucharist is conferred through our eating the flesh of Christ. Hence the sacramental species which we receive should not be so small that it will dissolve in our mouths before we swallow it.

### Sins Against the Holy Ghost

*What is meant by sins against the Holy Ghost? Is it true that they cannot be forgiven even if one repents for having committed them?*—J.B., NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

The Holy Ghost is the Living Bond of Love uniting the Father and the Son in that Fullness of Life which is the Blessed Trinity. Although all the works of God in man's behalf are common to the Three Divine Persons, we attribute works of power in a special way to the Father, works of wisdom to the Son, and works of love to the Holy Ghost. And because man's sanctification is a work marvelously illustrating the goodness and love of God, we refer to the Holy Ghost as the author of our holiness. Following this same line of thought, sins against the Holy Ghost are sins which involve in a special way the rejection of God's goodness and manifest a malicious contempt for the means which His love has designed for withdrawing sinners from their sinfulness.

We usually say that there are six sins against the Holy Ghost. As outlined by St. Thomas, these sins are divided according as they reject different means used by God to prevent men from choosing sin irrevocably (*Summa Theologica*, IIa IIae, Q.14, a.2). Men are sometimes deterred from sin by thinking about the final judgment when God will reward virtue and punish vice; by rejecting the hope inspired by His



mercy, they commit the sin of *despair*; by casting aside the salutary fear inspired by His justice, they commit the sin of *presumption*. Again men are withdrawn from their sinfulness by two great gifts of God: the light of truth and the help of grace; by blinding themselves to the light so that they might sin more easily, men become guilty of *resistance to the known truth*; by lamenting the success of grace in the lives of others, they sear their souls with *envy of another's spiritual welfare*. Finally, God's goodness tries to draw men from evil ways by letting them experience the inadequacy of sin as a means of achieving happiness; by refusing to face the ugliness of sin and to recognize its shamefulness, men offend against the Holy Ghost by *final impenitence* or a determination to remain impenitent to the very end; by being unwilling to admit sin's inadequacy as a conveyor of happiness, they harden their hearts by *obstinacy in evil*.

It is not true to say that sins against the Holy Ghost cannot be forgiven even if one repents of having committed them. This notion probably arises from a misunderstanding of the words used by Our Lord when rebuking the Pharisees: "Therefore I say to you, that every kind of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven to men; but the blasphemy against the Spirit will not be forgiven" (Matt. 12:31). By so speaking Our Lord was not implying that sins against the Holy Ghost would not be forgiven even after repentance but that such sins leave men with dispositions of soul which make repentance morally impossible. So when we say that sins against the Holy Ghost are unforgivable, we mean that *according to their own nature* they create such an obstacle to God's grace that it is only most rarely and by, as it were, a miracle of His mercy that a soul repents of having committed them. But it always lies within God's power to work even such extraordinary conversions; and when He does, sins against the Holy Ghost are forgiven as well as other sins.

### **Blessing of Women After Childbirth**

*A friend of mine who is a good Catholic and the mother of three children remarked recently that she would not undergo the "humiliation", of being churched. I feel instinctively that her attitude is wrong but do not know enough about the ceremony of churching to argue with her about it. Will you please explain the ceremony?*

M. J., CHICAGO, ILL.

The ceremony of churching is more properly called, according to the words of the *Roman Ritual*, "the blessing of a woman after childbirth." In it the Church blesses the mother and joins with her in thanking God for committing a child into her care. It is usually preceded by a short exhortation which strikes the keynote of the ceremony when the priest says to the mother, "According to a very laudable custom, you have come to request the blessing of the Church upon yourself and the child committed to your care. While you return thanks to God for the many favors which He has bestowed upon you, at the same time fervently consecrate yourself and your offspring to His holy service." Then a psalm of thanksgiving is read, the woman is blessed, and the ceremony concludes with this beautiful prayer: "Almighty, everlasting God, who through the delivery of the Blessed Virgin Mary, has turned the pains of the faithful at childbirth into joy, look mercifully on this Thy handmaid, who comes in gladness to Thy holy temple to offer up her thanks; and grant that after this life, through the merits and intercession of the same Blessed Mary, she may prove worthy to obtain, together with her offspring, the joys of everlasting happiness. Through Christ, Our Lord."

The term "churching" refers to the fact that originally a part of the ceremony was conducted at the door of the church and after it the priest led the woman into the church itself. This feature of the ceremony indicates that it was also de-

signed in remembrance of Our Lady's fulfillment of the Jewish law of purification after childbirth. Before we can understand what this purification meant, we must understand the meaning of legal defilement in the Old Law.

In the Jewish religion a man or woman could become legally unclean without having been guilty of a moral fault, and this legal uncleanness excluded them from the Lord's tabernacle. Even the legitimate exercise of sex through marital relations, or involuntary sexual functions like menstruation or a seminal loss during sleep, constituted a legal defilement. From Leviticus 12:2-4 we learn that a woman who gave birth to a male child would be unclean for seven days and could not enter the sanctuary for another thirty-three days, at which time she would present herself to the priest who would offer sacrifice for her. It was this law which Mary fulfilled forty days after the birth of Christ, even though, strictly speaking, she was not bound by it.

By presenting themselves to be "churched" after childbirth, Christian mothers are undoubtedly honoring this act of humility performed by the Virgin Mary. But a woman who looks upon this ceremony as a "humiliation" would seem to imply that she thinks it presupposes that there is still some defilement, legal or otherwise, attached to procreation and motherhood. This is not so. The concept of legal defilement passed with the Old Law, and even then it was not meant to infer that sex was bad. When we remember that God's chosen people were surrounded by pagans whose worship of false gods was often attended by sexual excesses, it is easy to understand why He made the Jews so conscious of bodily cleanliness; their ritualistic washings were constantly reminding them that they should be pure of heart because they were the servants of an all-holy God.

Far from being a "humiliation," the blessing after childbirth is a public recognition that Christian motherhood participates in the dignity of Mary's motherhood. For the reason it is true to say that through the delivery of the Blessed Virgin the pains of the faithful at childbirth have been turned into joy is that in a world redeemed by Christ the begetting of a child by Christian parents is the preamble to that spiritual rebirth wherein Baptism makes the child an adopted son or daughter of God, endowed with supernatural life, and conformed unto the likeness of Christ.

Although it is desirable that women receive the blessing after childbirth, our inquirer should, however, be careful not to make her friend feel that there is any obligation to do so.

### **Morality of "The Eye Bank"**

*Kindly advise me of what attitude the Church takes toward deceased Catholics leaving their eyes to "The Eye Bank."—J.G.R.—NEW YORK, N. Y.*

This subject was treated at considerable length in the *Sign Post* for May, 1946, under the title "Morality of Organic Transplantation." So only a brief resumé of the discussion will be given here.

There is a certain type of blindness which is caused by the opaqueness of diseased or wounded corneal tissue. It can be cured by what is known as a corneal transplant, an operation which is delicate but not too dangerous. Organizations like the Eye Bank for Sight Restoration and the Dawn Society have been established to enable donors with healthy corneal tissue to will their eyes to the sightless immediately after death. Since the benefit accruing to the blind is so great, there is more than ample reason for allowing the minor mutilation of a dead body and consequently such a donation of a person's eyes is morally permissible and even commendable.

The problem is more complex if it is asked whether or not it is permissible to make such a donation while a person is

still alive. Probably it is. Even though a man does not have absolute dominion over his own body, it is generally recognized that he can permit the mutilation of a part for the welfare of the whole, e.g. he can have a diseased gall bladder excised lest his whole system be poisoned. Arguing from the principle that "what one may do for himself he may also do in similar circumstances for the sake of his neighbor," and looking to the unity of the human race whereby all of us are in some way united to our neighbor, theologians have concluded that it would sometimes be lawful for a man to permit a direct mutilation of his own body for the sake of his neighbor's health. According to this teaching, a mother whose child's blindness could be probably cured by a corneal transplant would be allowed to donate one of her eyes so that she could share her sight with her child.

### Christ's Casting Out of Devils

*The New Testament makes frequent reference to Our Lord's casting devils out of "possessed" persons. Is this an actual fact or a figure of speech? Would it mean, for example, that He cured a person of insanity?—R.A.N., ROCHESTER, MINN.*

When the Evangelists tell us that Our Lord cast out devils, they are recording facts which are literally true. In Christ's day, on the eve of the world's redemption, possession by Satan or other devils was a frequent occurrence. And one of the signs whereby Our Lord proved that He was the Messiah sent to deliver mankind from subjection to sin and Satan was His mastery over the devils who were tormenting afflicted men. From the Gospel narrative we can gather that it did sometimes happen that people from whom Christ cast out devils were simultaneously cured of some physical disease. Thus the possessed boy whom the disciples could not cure (Mark 9:13-28) was apparently an epileptic, the man of Gerasa (Mark 5:1-20) was violently insane, and the stooped woman (Luke 13:10-18) seems to have been partially paralyzed. But in all these cases and many others there was also real physical possession by a devil who vacated his victim only at the command of Christ.

When a devil possessed a body, it involved two factors: his presence within the body possessed and his dominion over the movement of its members and its senses. The devil, of course, could not directly touch the will of the person tormented by him. He might make a man utter blasphemous remarks about God, but he could never make the man will to do so unless the latter consented voluntarily.

Any power ever exercised by the devil over the bodies of men has always been done with the permission of God. It would be wrong to think of Satan and his followers as defiant tyrants whom God could not restrain until after the redemption of the world by Christ. The devil never had proprietary rights over men, even though he did succeed in leading mankind into the captivity of sin. But it is true that before Our Lord's sacrificial death on the cross, God allowed the devils greater power over the sinful human race. This served to make men more conscious of their need of a Redeemer and made them long more for His coming. After Christ merited forgiveness for us on Calvary, Satan's power over mankind was almost completely destroyed. That is why St. John wrote: "To this end the Son of God appeared that he might destroy the works of the devil" (1 John 3:8).

Even after Christ's redemptive activity, the devil is still permitted by God occasionally to possess the bodies of men, but the power of exorcism resides in the Church's ministers so that the victory of Christ over Satan can still be reaffirmed by casting him out. For the same reason God still allows the devil to tempt the followers of Christ so that, armed with Our Lord's grace, we can have the glory of triumphing over Satan personally.

### Knowledge of the Ten Commandments

*Would you please inform me as to whether or not the ten commandments can be discovered by everyone individually through the use of unaided reason, or can they be discovered only with great effort by learned men like philosophers?—B. J. MCM., PITTSBURGH, PA.*

Although the ten commandments are positive laws given to mankind by God Himself, all of them, with the exception of the commandment to keep the Sabbath holy, are also precepts of the natural law. By precepts of the natural law is meant that sum of obligations and prohibitions which can be formulated by simply analyzing the nature of man, considering him as a rational animal dependent upon God and designed to live in social harmony with his fellow men. In other words, man's own nature reveals to him that simply because he is man he has certain duties to God, to himself, and to society. However, not all of these precepts of the natural law are equally clear to individual men or to mankind in general. According to the varying degrees of facility with which they can be known, they are divided into three classes. The ten commandments, as we shall see, belong to the second class.

The first class contains precepts which are general in character, self-evident, and universally recognized. Anyone who has reason enough to understand the terms knows that good must be done, that evil must be avoided. These are the two basic principles of morality.

The second class is made up of those obligations and prohibitions which are immediately and evidently deduced from the broader precepts of the first class. Thus without any great expenditure of diligence or study, a man is able to know that stealing is wrong, that he cannot murder his neighbor, that he owes his parents love and gratitude.

The third class is composed of more remote precepts of the natural law; these are not deduced immediately from the broad, basic precepts, but manifest themselves through the unhappy consequences which follow upon their being ignored. It requires considerable thought on moral matters before a man recognizes that a lie is always wrong or that an injury should not be avenged on one's own authority, or that an article which has been found should be returned to its proper owner, or that it is wrong to demand exorbitant interest on a loan.

From this division it is clear that the ten commandments in their literal meaning belong to that class of moral precepts which should be discovered by everyone who has a fully developed use of reason. However, experience teaches us that such is not always the case. Bad habits contracted before reason was fully developed, conventional practices of a bad environment, or the urgency of personal passion might, and frequently do, leave an individual ignorant of some obligation or prohibition promulgated in the ten commandments; and this ignorance might even be without blame, at least for a short while. In a very primitive culture the blameless ignorance might last for a long time.

Applying this last observation to our own country, it should be noted that a culture which is most progressive in its material accomplishments can be very backward in its moral development. In this respect, miseducation can be worse than no education at all. Consequently, it often happens that seemingly cultured people are woefully ignorant of the precepts of the natural law in matters which are quite clear to the rest of us. Such, for example, are the sentimentalists who campaign for euthanasia, the social workers who recommend contraception and abortion, the unblushing sensualists who think that no misuse of sex is wrong as long as both parties are willing. It is hard to say when such ignorance of moral matters is without blame and for how long a time it can remain so.

The wife of the former Austrian Chancellor tells how she married in spite of Hitler's SS guards, how she lived in prison camps, how she found freedom

# I CHOSE EXILE

by VERA VON SCHUSCHNIGG



Press Association

## PART II

Former Chancellor Kurt von Schuschnigg and his wife Vera arrived in the U. S. in 1947 after seven years imprisonment

TO ALL appearances, the Metropole Hotel was the same familiar Viennese landmark. Yet already, because of the presence of the SS, it seemed to be invested with an atmosphere at once sinister and threatening.

An outer guard—an Austrian policeman—turned me away politely but firmly. Undoubtedly he considered it the height of naïveté that the lady thought one merely strolled casually into the headquarters of the dread and potent SS. But from him I obtained the name of *Obergruppenführer* Piffrader. If the *Obergruppenführer* would permit it, perhaps I might enter. . . .

I hurried to a telephone *automat*. After much delay I was put through to Piffrader. He listened as I told him that I had reason to believe that Kurt was imprisoned in the Metropole, and that I wished to see him.

"Come along at once," Piffrader said.

I hastened back to the Metropole, and this time I was admitted by the guard and ushered into the presence of *Obergruppenführer* Piffrader. His first ques-

tion was, "How do you know that he is here?"

I parried as best I could and begged to be allowed to see Kurt. Impossible, said Piffrader. No one was allowed to see the prisoner Von Schuschnigg. However, if I pleased, I could write a letter of request to the higher authorities. As a concession, I might bring in some things for the prisoner Von Schuschnigg in a small handbag.

"I want to help him," I said.

Piffrader's reply, none the less ominous for its quiet tone, struck terror in my heart. "Nobody can help him any more," said the *Obergruppenführer*.

Finally, before dismissing me, Piffrader warned me that on no account were Kurt and I to attempt to be married. This warning told me that he knew that, while we were still at the Belvedere, Kurt and I had petitioned Seyss-Inquart for permission to be married. Perhaps he guessed what was in my mind—that

I would move heaven and earth to marry Kurt by proxy now that he was imprisoned. The Nazis wanted no romance, no public interest in a marriage which could be construed, by them, as unfavorable publicity.

I had no intention of obeying Piffrader's dictum. Kurt's world and mine had crumbled, but perhaps we could at least salvage the one thing that was now nearest to our hearts. I called on Bishop Kamrath, an old man and, as I soon discovered, a timid one.

"But what will the Gestapo say?" he asked.

I replied, "Who cares what the Gestapo will say?"

Bishop Kamrath pointed out that it was necessary to secure the proper papers from the *Rathaus*, the City Hall, which was now filled with Nazis. The task would be doubly hard because the Gestapo had taken from me all my identity papers. I said that I would go



to the *Rathaus*, that I was determined to marry Kurt no matter what the obstacles.

And I got the necessary papers. At the City Hall, ringed about with hostile faces and adamant refusals, I heard a voice whisper, "I will help you." A sympathetic official who had not succumbed all the way to the Nazis! With the papers I returned to Bishop Kamrath, who now gave his permission for the marriage and authorized the priest of the *Dominikanerkirche*, my own parish, to perform the rites.

It was a strange wedding, but none the less meaningful and, for me in my distress, hopeful. In a flower-bedecked chapel, with Kurt's brother Artur standing in for him, with, as witnesses, Kurt's father and the *kirchendiener*, I took the solemn vows of marriage.

THEN I went to SS headquarters, bringing in a small basket of flowers and a gold wedding band. Piffrader raged and screamed, and I stood aghast, amazed that he had discovered the secret so soon. To this day I do not know how he was able to do so.

"Don't be so stupid," he shouted, "as to suppose there is *anything* we don't know."

But for all Piffrader's storming and threats, we both knew that my marriage was a *fait accompli*.

This was on the first of June. Four weeks later, I received a summons to come to the Metropole—not from Piffrader this time, but from Kaltenbrunner himself, from the Chief of the SS. My heart turned over. Weeks ago, I had written letters—to Hitler, to Himmler, to Goering—begging that I be allowed to join Kurt in captivity as a voluntary prisoner. Perhaps an answer had come; perhaps—it was almost too much to expect—my request had been granted.

Kaltenbrunner informed me that he had received orders from Goering granting me permission to visit Kurt, once a week, for four minutes. Four minutes—a cruel jest. Piffrader joined us, and I followed him and Kaltenbrunner up to the fifth floor of the hotel, to a small attic where my husband was kept prisoner. I embraced a man whom I almost did not recognize. The weeks of confinement had taken a terrible toll of Kurt. He had lost over forty pounds, his eyes stared out of hollow sockets, systematic mistreatment and the forced application of drugs had shattered his nerves.

And almost before they had begun, the four minutes were over.

For the next eighteen months I lived each week for Friday. Each Friday for four minutes. I do not know whether it was worse to have those four anguished minutes than to have had nothing. I know that they were a torture. I know

also that they sustained me. What did we speak about? What can one speak about in four minutes, when there is so much to say, in a tiny room in which there were always present no less than four guards, watching our every move, hearing our every word? I do not know what we spoke of. For the most I laughed. I tried very hard to be gay.

Kurt's physical and mental condition kept getting worse, and toward the end of his incarceration in the Metropole I knew that if he did not get help he would die. I pleaded that he be put under the care of a responsible physician. At last, after I had written to Himmler, orders were issued that a doctor was to visit Kurt once a week. These orders were followed, and a doctor saw Kurt once a week. An SS doctor!

Then suddenly, near the end of October, Kurt was transferred to Munich. On October 30, 1939, I left Austria for Munich. I took lodgings in a little pension in the Amalienstrasse, and on Friday I presented myself at Kurt's cell for my four-minute visit.

Not long after, Kurt's captors relented somewhat, and I was allowed three hours with him on Fridays. Three unguarded hours, three hours alone, in a small unfurnished room to which Kurt had been moved from his cell. For the first time since the terrible days of

Anschluss, I knew some small measure of happiness. Kurt too, prospered under this new regimen; slowly, his mind and body began to heal.

On the twenty-third of March, 1941, I left Kurt (it was a Friday) and went directly to a hospital. That night, Maria Dolores Elizabeth Von Schuschnigg—whom we have always called Sissy—was born. I was up and out of the hospital in time for my next visit with my husband. Even the birth of our child could not cause me to miss one of those precious Fridays.

In November, we were told by our jailors that Kurt was to be moved. He would, we were told, be transferred to a nice house in the country, where we could live together as man and wife, though still under surveillance. We were taken to Berlin by car, stopped briefly at the Prince Albertstrasse, presumably for further orders, and then resumed our journey. Perhaps an hour out of Berlin our car turned down a road which brought us to a bleak enclosure of which I could see, in the darkness, only that it was surrounded by wires, that the walls were gray and enormous and forbidding. This was our nice house in the country. The notorious Oranienburg concentration camp.

This "nice house in the country" was our home for the next four years.

What is there that I can say of life in a Nazi concentration camp that has not already been said a thousand times? The horror, the degradation, the unbelievable cruelties of these places has become, alas, a commonplace. Gas chambers, tortures, unspeakable bestiality—the world would rather not be reminded of these things. We who have been inmates of concentration camps would rather not be reminded of them either, but memory cannot be denied. We can never forget them.

WE were assigned to a house. It was not much of a house, but that did not matter. We were together. I could look after Kurt. For the first time, I learned how to do things for myself—the things that are overlooked in the education of a countess. To clean a house, to wash, to cook. I became, in all modesty, rather a good cook—and still today, cooking is something I like to do.

To say that our existence at Oranienburg was entirely bleak would not be true; for we were together. But to say that it was pleasant would be overstating it. We ourselves survived, but there were so very many who did not. And survival itself does not banish fear and terror when one merely exists precariously on a level little better than an animal's in an atmosphere surcharged with death and terror. There were always shots, always the processions to the gas chambers, always the screams of the tortured.



The author with her daughter Sissy, who was born in 1941

The firing squad performed its grisly duty each morning at five. And each morning, as regularly as though there had been an alarm clock, I woke a few minutes before five, even when there were no shots to awaken me.

There were many prominent prisoners at Oranienburg, among them Reynaud, the former premier of France, Princess Maria Parma, daughter of the King of Italy, and Breitschiedt, who had been the pre-Hitler Prussian minister. We did not speak to these people, who were separated from us by concrete walls and barbed wire. But we knew they were there. The marvelous underground telegraph of the inmates of the camp permitted few secrets.

Little Sissy, who had known no other existence than that of the concentration camp, grew up scarcely touched by the atmosphere of terror and restraint. So a flower grows fresh and lovely in a dung heap. One Christmas, we were able to provide her with a little tree. We felt ourselves lucky.

be ready in one hour: We were given three hours. Meanwhile, there was an alert, and the lights went out. The tide of war had changed, the roar of the Allied bombers had become a commonplace.

At six o'clock in the evening of the next day we were put in a police car. Sissy became frightened. She cried. I held her close to me, attempting to reassure her. But I was afraid too. Death had never been far away from us, and now I felt its presence close by. I was sure that we would be shot.

Our car drove to Berlin, stopped in front of the mass of rubble in Prince Albertstrasse which was all that was left of Gestapo headquarters. We were taken into a basement and locked in a cell.

"We'll take care of you in the morning," we were told.

Early in the morning we were awakened. But apparently we were not yet to be shot. We were taken to another police car. Already inside the car were three prisoners in chains. They were

anxiously for his return and at last I stood up and demanded of a guard to know what had become of him. I was told to shut up. A while later, Sissy and I were locked up in a cell.

I woke at seven the next morning and immediately began to pound the bars. I demanded to speak to the Commandant of the camp. When he came, at last, I told him that I was a voluntary prisoner and that I had a right to be with my husband. I invoked the name of Hitler, of Himmler, and of Goering, and the Commandant was sufficiently impressed to put Kurt and Sissy and me in one cell. Sissy was still upset and hungry. Fortunately, I had a child's story book with me. I read it to her over and over again and succeeded finally in calming her.

Up until now I had not known what camp we were in. When I found out at last that it was Flossenbürg, my knees trembled. Flossenbürg—the death camp.

Sissy shared my feelings about Flossenbürg, though from a more innocent motive. "I don't like this camp," she said. "Let's go to another one." Poor child—all she knew of life was concentration camps, and her young mind could make a distinction in quality between them. At Flossenbürg she played outside in the very courtyard where, earlier in the day, executions had taken place.

MEANWHILE, we learned from the prison grapevine the Americans were approaching. It was impossible to keep such news secret, much as the authorities tried. The atmosphere was vibrant with expectation—and, on the part of the internees, renewed hope. That the Americans were very near indeed was confirmed when, on April 14, we were told that we were again to be moved.

Again we were on our way, rushing through the countryside in a police car. At midnight, we were refused entry by a camp which was already overflowing with prisoners and had no room for additions. To the road again, with our destination infamous Dachau. Here, for the first time, in the days to come, there was permitted a certain amount of fraternization among the important political prisoners. In the courtyard were such celebrated internees as General Halder, Leon Blum, Schacht, Pastor Neimoller, and Joseph Müller, who is now head of the C.D.U. in Bavaria.

Kurt and I were certain that Dachau must be the end. The Americans were already in Munich, little over an hour away. But our hope was mingled with despair, our joy was restrained. For Himmler had said that we would never be allowed to fall into the hands of the Americans. Before that could happen, we would be killed.



*This was the first picture of Von Schuschnigg after his liberation. Reporters were shocked at his looks*

So four years went, an endless procession of days and nights, brutally monotonous, haunted by the constant ghost of fears. Yet always we hoped.

In the late afternoon of the fourth of February, 1945, we received orders from Berlin, transmitted to us through the Commandant of the camp. We were given an hour to get ready, to prepare to depart from Oranienburg. We would be allowed to take one suitcase of our possessions. I protested that I could not

Hjalmar Schacht, Admiral Canaris, and General Halder, the latter two leaders of the abortive coup of the twentieth of July. We were warned not to speak to each other. In the gray dawn, the car moved out of the ghostly city.

We traveled for many hours. Our destination, as we discovered only when we entered its gates, was another concentration camp. We were taken in hand roughly by a squad of brutish SS men. And then Kurt was taken away. I waited

But we could not waste time brooding on eventuality. There was too much to be done. As the only woman in our particular sector of the camp, I had many tasks. There was mending to be done, washing, and the concocting of edible dishes from the few scraps that fell to us.

And then we were on the move again, a nightmare flight by fast car over dark roads, fleeing from camp to camp over war-torn Germany. Sometimes we spent a night or two in a camp before pushing on, sometimes we went for days on end without getting out of the car except for a few closely guarded minutes when we stopped along the road. The Allies were gobbling up Germany, and our captors fled before them, taking with them their unwilling prisoners.

Our caravan pushed into the mountains of the South Tyrol, driving through three days and nights of pouring rain, stopping at last at a little village high in the mountains, near the Italian frontier. There was nowhere else to go. The string had run out. We could tell that our guards were bewildered, frightened, that they were deadly weary of the flight. But we took only partial comfort from that. For with us always was the knowledge that they carried orders commanding them to shoot Kurt when it seemed that they could no longer keep him from being liberated.

There were two hundred and fifty of us prisoners—representing twenty-two nations—and despite all we had been through we still had a little fight left. Perhaps the nearness of the Americans gave us courage. Boldly, we approached our guards, told them that we had to have food and that we proposed to get it in the village.

"We are two hundred and fifty; you are eight," we said.

We were permitted to find food and shelter.

Then a German officer in our group made contact with a company of the Wehrmacht in nearby Italy, and the soldiers came across the border and dismissed our SS guards. The army and the SS had never been friends. We knew now that at last our constant fear of death was over. The long days of misery were almost behind us.

There was a little chapel in the village. We all crowded inside it—people of every religion and denomination—and gave solemn thanksgiving for our deliverance. Here, five thousand feet high, in the lofty, snow-capped mountains, in the fresh sunshine of the morning, we gave thanks for the miracle that had come to pass.

For most of us, it was the first free breath we had drawn in seven years.

Four days later, the Americans came in. We were out of danger, free from fear. The reign of terror was finished.

## THIS BEAUTIFUL ONE IN HIS ROBE

by JESSICA POWERS

*Who cometh up from Edom with the dyed  
Garments of Bosra, this beautiful one in His robe?  
My faith enlightens me to name this stranger  
Who to the heart is a sweet sudden danger,  
Who walks in red apparel and Whose stride  
Utters the coming of magnificence.  
Ruddy is my Beloved, sings the bride.*

*The seeds love casts along His hallowed highway  
Swiftly, miraculously come to bud  
And speak in crimson roses to this presence,  
A royal figure garmented in Blood.*

*I tear away in haste the snowy garments  
And toss the wreath and pallid lilies down.  
White sandals lie abandoned on a stairway.  
I comb the castle for a crimson gown.  
Bring me, I say to sorrow, my red mantle  
Which has for clasp one ruby gem alone.  
I cry to love whose passion is resemblance:  
Weave me a colored thorn-crown like His own.*

*The mind bewildered by the glowing hurry  
Halts the mad heart with its accustomed Why.  
Because the King's Son has come gowned in crimson  
And I must meet him as He passes by  
And go with Him.  
To a cold Whence and Whither  
A wisdom past the heart presents reply:  
Great in His strength He has come up from Edom  
And He Who trod the wine-press there alone,  
In crimson vested goes alone to die.*

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## THIRTEENTH STATION

by WILLIAM J. RIGNEY

*For this it was in that now vanished spring  
That Gabriel in all his splendor came,  
His words shot through with God's eternal flame  
That you might know pain's bitter burgeoning:  
For here He lies: His body broken, spent,  
His beauty shorn of all its comeliness,  
His eyes a stranger to your grief's caress—  
Foreseen that moment of your dear consent.*

*Hold, hold Him close against your warming breast  
In this your hour acrid with its gall,  
And let your tears in sweet anointing fall  
Upon His wounds and in them find their rest.  
And though this night be heavy with portent,  
Remember how the Temple veil was rent.*





# Couples only

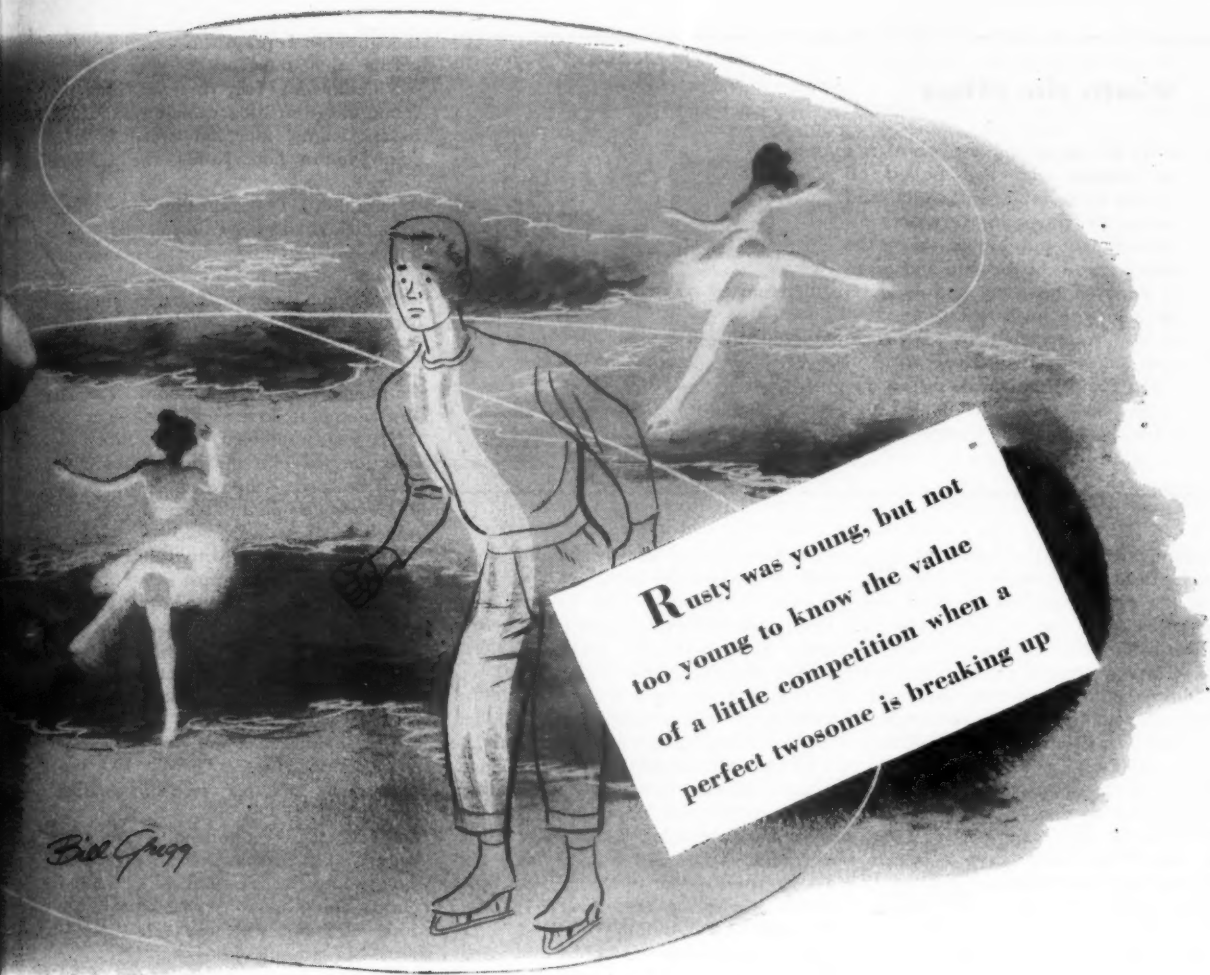
by IRENE McDERMOTT

UNEASILY Rusty stamped her skate-shod feet as she watched Joey and Valeria circling the rink together for the 'steenth time. She felt helplessly young and inadequate. For Joey was making a complete goon of himself over a doll face done up in a white satin skating suit with red velvet shorts.

Rusty remembered the doll she had gotten for her sixth birthday. It had had a white satin dress too. And that awful Jackie Decker had snatched it right out of her arms and run. Only then she had known what to do. She had yelled loud and long until her mother came and tactfully rescued the doll.

But she couldn't run crying to her mother now. She was grown up, practically. But tonight she felt terribly new-fledged and ungrown-up. Savagely she hitched her blue jeans above her knees and yanked at her father's plaid shirt which she was wearing.

She might as well be stranded on an ice



Rusty was young, but not too young to know the value of a little competition when a perfect twosome is breaking up

floe in the middle of the Pacific, or wherever it was they had ice floes! She and Joey always paired off together—especially for the “Couples Only” skates. Now look at him. Acting like an adolescent about a frothy blond, and he was almost sixteen.

Joey and Valeria circled twice around Rusty and stopped.

“Hi-yah, Rus!” Joey boomed above the music. “How come you’re stayin’ out here in the middle all the time? Afraid you’ll fall down?”

“No,” Rusty stated defiantly. “I’m practicing figures, goon.”

“You’d better,” he scoffed, “if you want to keep up with us *good* skaters.”

Valeria squeezed his arm and giggled her appreciation.

Joey was getting to be a smarty, Rusty thought. And he used to be so nice. He used to call her “Stoplight” because of her red hair and green eyes. But he said it as if the word had a vanilla flavor. And it was always Joey who sharpened her skates, found her sweater, and gave her more sugar for her chocolate.

He *looked* just the same though, she thought. His short, brown hair still stood up like a porcupine’s quills, his blue eyes wide apart and honest. His whole face was so sort of uncomplicated—how could he be such a double-crosser? But you never could tell about men.

Valeria, hanging on Joey’s arm, said, “How can you skate in that outfit, Rusty? Personally, I think dressing for the part puts one in a better skating mood.”

Rusty looked away from the shining perfection of Valeria and wished she had at least worn her new slack suit. But she said, “Oh, I get along all right.” But the words sounded empty and unconvincing.

Swiftly she turned and executed a neat figure eight, her hair a bright fan behind her. But neither the figure eight, nor a spin which she did as casually as an afterthought, gave her the confidence she needed. She looked hopefully across at her mother who was in the warming room. But her mother only smiled through the glass and nodded calmly, just as if the stars were still in their right places.

Rusty had practically been born on ice. Her father and mother had skated professionally. Almost as soon as Rusty could walk, her father had had a special pair of skates made for her. She had waved her chubby arms experimentally, flipped her brief skirts, and taken off, just as a true daughter of the “Skating Gayles” should have. But tonight her parents were in the warming room because her mother had a cold. And now that Joey had let her down, she felt orphaned.

Not that she ever had a definite date with Joey. It was a kind of understanding, and they had skated together for months now. Since Valeria Carney had burst on the scene looking like something out of a Sonja Henie Picture, Joey had been acting like a moon-eyed squash.

Dejectedly, she watched him now, in dingy tan cords and faded blue sweat shirt, as he circled the rink gallantly supporting the pale, ethereal figure of Valeria. Not that Valeria couldn’t support herself. Rusty had to admit that Valeria was practically semipro.

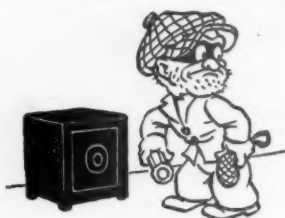
## Worth the Effort

► It was to be the last job of two safe-robbers who had pulled off several bank jobs successfully, and one of the thugs was very nervous. His companion, however, sat on the floor in front of the safe and calmly removed his shoes and socks. He then started to twist the dial of the safe with his toes.

"Are you crazy?" his partner said agitatedly. "Let's get this over with and get out of here."

His companion shook his head.

"It won't take much longer this way," he replied, "and won't we drive them fingerprint guys nuts!"



—L. J. Reynolds

Abruptly Rusty did another fast spin, stopping dead on her heels. "They make me ill, the drips," she commented to the flying spray of ice. Joey had never been a problem before. Now he had become one of those x plus y equals z things, and she couldn't make the answer come out right.

The music stopped and the announcer's voice came over the mike, "Couples Only! Couples only!"

Hastily Rusty skimmed across the ice and clanked into the restaurant as the lights dimmed to the tune of "It's Love, Love, Love." She didn't have to look to know that boys and girls were pairing off in twosomes. Hadn't she and Joey always? But now Joey was skating with Valeria, his arm close around her. "The lunk," she whispered fiercely, "the irresponsible lunk!"

Resignedly she sat down at the long, gleaming counter and ordered a hot chocolate. It would be the third one she had had that evening. It seemed as if every other skate had been for couples only.

She kept her eyes on the huge red roses emblazoned on the curtains at the many windows. "They're so cheerful," she thought miserably, "they ought to make me feel better." But they didn't. She wished her father and mother would come in from the warming room; she couldn't feel so left out.

But they didn't and the chocolate finally gave out, and still the "Couples Only" was blaring forth in full swing. Maybe she ought to go home. Yes, that would be bright, leave the field entirely clear for Valeria.

Somebody bopped her on the shoulder, "Hi, Rusty—where's Joey?" It was Starr Sommes.

Shrugging her shoulders, Rusty stated loftily, "Oh, he's around—besides how should I know?"

Starr giggled. "You know all right. But if Joey was mine, that slick chick would get him—over my dead body! You have to fight for your man, Rusty!" She winked

at Rusty as if they already shared a secret and clanked out the door.

Fight for your man? But how did you? Rusty had a swift mental picture of herself going out there and socking Valeria on the jaw. She giggled hysterically.

Wouldn't that be a sensation! But the thought of the shocked look on her mother's face made her squirm uneasily.

Of course there was that oldie of making a man jealous. Inquiringly she looked around the room at the prospects. Nothing but a bunch of drips. But it was worth a try. She touched Bill Sturgis' arm, not that he was superior to any of the others, but he was sitting next to her. "Huh?" he asked, his mouth full.

Rusty batted her eyes at him and asked for the sugar. He slid it down the counter and looked at her worriedly, "S'matter, got sumpin' in your eye?"

Rusty mumbled a disgusted, "Yes," and fished for her handkerchief. The dumb jerk!

**B**ill turned to the boy on the other side of him and Rusty heard him say, "Tony Bond, Silver Skates Champion, is looking for a woman partner for the Cascades."

A bell rang in Rusty's mind. Tony Bond. She knew him. Her father had introduced him to her one night at the Pan Pacific. He was tall and shining and sort of, well, finished, and he was simply divine on skates.

Valeria. The bell bonged loudly once more and quit. That was it. Valeria and Tony Bond. They'd click just like that. She'd make a slick partner for Tony. The immensity of the idea made Rusty feel faint. It was tremendous. If only she could make it happen. With Valeria out of the way, Joey would come back to her.

Sighing absently, she put the empty cup to her lips. It would take some tall planning. Maybe her mother would help. No, this was something she'd have to manage herself. Frowning, she rubbed her ear

thoughtfully. Perhaps she should just forget the whole thing.

Valeria and Joey breezed into the restaurant—just long enough for Valeria to ask loudly, and too sweetly, "How come you're not skating the Couples Only, Rusty?"

That did it. Determinedly Rusty's back straightened and her chin squared. She'd do it! And right now before she got scared.

Tony had told her father he was staying at the Ridgeway Arms. The telephone was handy and the book simply fell open at the R's. It was almost too easy. She even had a nickel in change. "Just one hitch," she thought, "and I won't do it. It would be a sign not to do it."

Her fingers fumbled, but the nickel almost jumped into the slot. "Maybe he won't be there," she thought; "he probably won't be—on a Saturday night," she prayed.

But he was. Before Rusty could swallow the lump that kept coming in her mouth, a masculine voice was saying, "Hello," with a question mark at the end of it.

It seemed an eternity before Rusty could get the lump out of her mouth and her voice up out of her stomach and, when it came, it was high and squeaky. "I heard you wanted a woman partner for the Cascades."

"Yes," he said, his voice still slanting upward.

"Well," Rusty continued breathlessly, "there's a girl here at the Eastwood rink who's simply a whizz—and she's beautiful besides. You'll know her, she's wearing a white satin suit with red velvet pants—shorts. I'm sure she's just—"

"Who is this calling?" Tony interrupted impatiently.

Gasping, Rusty swallowed her words and hung up the receiver. Her knees shaking, she leaned against the booth. It hadn't worked. Of course he wouldn't come on the strength of a blind phone call. What a goon she was to think he might.

At least she hadn't blurted out who she was! Now she could be miserable without complications. Maybe she was born to be unhappy.

"All Skate. All Skate," boomed from the loud speaker, and Rusty moved automatically through the door with the rest of the skate-clanking crowd. She hesitated a moment, scanning the flying skaters. Rusty's heart grew heavier, even her feet felt heavy.

She didn't want to skate. She wanted to go home to her own blue and white room. She wanted to crawl under the blue spread and hide her face on the pillow.

But she skated. She took two turns around the ice, then seriously devoted herself to figures in the center of the rink. If she practiced alone, perhaps no one would wonder about Joey. Then too, she could keep a better eye on him from the middle of things. But Joey was utterly ob-



livious to any one except Valeria. He never left her side.

Not until a blond young god in white cords and a white sweater stepped casually onto the ice and circled the rink leisurely and nonchalantly. Valeria pulled away, from Joey, stopped and stared, as did every girl on the ice.

Rusty strangled and bit her tongue. Tony! Holy mackerel, it couldn't be. But you had to believe your eyes. And there it was in black and white—huge letters across the front of his jersey, "Silver Skates Champion."

Fascinated, Rusty's eyes followed him. He moved as smoothly as if he were on electric runners. What should she do now? She couldn't tell him it was she who had called. How could she get Valeria and him together?

But Tony was already slowing up beside Joey and Valeria. Breathless, Rusty watched while he introduced himself. She felt as if her eyes were popping right out of her head as she saw Tony confidently place an arm around Valeria. Dazed and round eyed, Valeria moved off with him. She looked as if she didn't know what had happened.

Neither did Rusty know what had happened. Tony was too smooth for her. What a sense of the dramatic he had! Coming all decked out in white to match Valeria. Everybody moved out of their way, they practically had the ice to themselves, and they were making the most of it.

Rapturously Rusty thought, "Gosh, they're beautiful together." She followed them around the rink and a great peace began to fill her mind. It was perfect. She could feel her heart swelling up inside. It was the first time she had ever done anything so colossal, and all by herself. Rubbing her hands together, she felt a glow of magnanimity spread all through her.

Now to find Joey. She had to look a long time before she found him. He had left the ice and was slumped on a bench, his chin in his hands. Disconsolately, his wide eyes followed the flying white figures of Valeria and Tony.

Rusty's heart shrank a little. She had not thought that this might make Joey feel badly. A quick sting of regret darted through her. Remorsefully she skated over to Joey and leaned on the railing beside him. "Hi, Joey," she said.

"Hi," he said tonelessly, without taking his eyes from the exhibition skaters.

"Joey,—," she started. But there was nothing she could say to Joey. She couldn't tell him it was all her fault. She couldn't say she hadn't meant to hurt him, that she only wanted him to skate with her again.

Heaving a large sigh, Joey straightened up. "S'fine thing," he blurted, "when they start letting wolves in at the front door. If I knew who that guy was, I'd take a pop at him, just to hear him howl."

"Oh, I know him," Rusty said eagerly,

"he's Tony Bond, Silver Skates Champion."

Joey looked at Rusty with new interest. "Yeah? That's who he said he was. Do you know him?"

"Sure—my folks know him. I met him at the Pan Pacific."

"H-m-m—," Joey groaned and sank down into his shoulders again.

Sick at heart, Rusty turned back to the ice. She couldn't bear the worshipful look in Joey's eyes as they followed Valeria. She had muddled everything for everybody. Joey liked Valeria better than ever, now that this white god had flown off with her. "Bird brains," Rusty whispered to herself, "bird brains, that's all I am." She knew just how Joey felt too.

Skaters were moving again, but they still gave the show couple a wide berth. Rusty went back to her place in the center and, unconsciously, to her figure skating. Between jumps and spins, loops and spirals, she watched Valeria and Tony. But mostly she watched Joey. Joey looked unhappier by the minute and Rusty was growing more and more miserable.

All the elation she had felt about Tony and Valeria being together was lost. And that awful young feeling was smothering her again, draining her somehow. Desperately she wished she could do something to straighten things out, make Joey smile again—even if it was at Valeria.

If she could break up Valeria and Tony. But there was no way except—perhaps to go right to Tony and tell him. If he knew it was just a kid who had called him, and not a talent scout, he'd soon lose interest in Valeria. Rusty shivered violently. She could never do that! She just couldn't.

She looked over at Joey. He was no longer on the bench. Then she saw him. Bent nearly double, he was tearing in and out among the skaters at a terrific rate, gaining speed as he went. The dumb goon! Showing off. He'd be thrown off the ice. A guard started after him, but Joey didn't slow up. As he whizzed by Rusty,

she glimpsed the desperate look on his face. Joey was headed for trouble!

Rusty knew then she had to do it. And quick. She had to give Valeria back to Joey—even if it killed her to do it.

Shaking and scared, Rusty eased up beside Tony. "Tony," she said, her teeth chattering, "Mr. Bond—I—I—"

"Hello!" he said brightly, "You're Rusty Gayle, aren't you?" But it was a statement. Tony, Rusty thought, was pretty sure of himself.

"Y-e-s-s," she said, petrified. She glanced hopefully over at her mother, no help there. But Joey was looking at her, slowing down.

Tony was still smiling in that confident way he had. He said, "I've been watching you. I wonder if you'd go around with me a few times? You know we've been properly introduced, and I think your parents would approve."

Rusty giggled with relief. She said, "Sure, why sure—I'd love to."

Tony whisked Valeria around the rink and unceremoniously handed her back to Joey. Rusty saw Valeria smile up at him and saw Joey's drooping mouth lift a little. Without surprise, Rusty felt the ache filling up her chest again. It was like going to the dentist, you knew beforehand it was going to hurt.

But then Tony was back, and they were off. Um-m-m, it was as smooth as cream. They were a bright spring breeze set to music and Rusty gave herself up to it. She forgot her rolled up jeans, and her father's plaid shirt. She even forgot Joey for a minute. She was a princess, a fairy speeding across the ice on silver skates with this young Nordic king.

"Couples Only. Couples Only," sang out of the mike, and the lights lowered seductively. Rusty's heart skipped a beat. But Tony smiled down at her, "You'll stay?" Again it was more of a statement.

Stay! Of course she'd stay, but all she could get out was "Uh-huh." But it was [Continued on Page 74]

## Fish Story

► Arriving at the river, a fisherman discovered that he had lost the worms he had dug for bait.

For a half hour he searched for worms, but with no luck. About to give up and go home, he came upon a snake which was trying to swallow a frog. He decided that the frog would make good bait if he could get hold of it. The snake refused to be robbed of its



dinner, however, so the fisherman decided to persuade him by pouring a few drops of brandy into the side of the reptile's mouth. The snake dropped the frog, and the man returned with it to his fishing site.

After fishing for a short time, he felt something nudging him. He turned around, and there was the snake looking up at him with another frog in its mouth.

David Neale



Josephine Hutchinson is the wife of Joe E. Brown, crusading small-town minister in "The Tender Years"



Peter Lawford selects a rather awkward moment to recite his French for June Allyson in "Good News"

### The Red Probe

At this writing, the stage is being reset, the lights retested, and the reportorial pencils poised for a return engagement of the Congressional probe into Communist activity on the screen. That such an investigation was long overdue no one can deny; that it is being conducted intelligently is still open to question. The writers and directors with leftist leanings may yet emerge triumphant in the guise of martyrs, unjustly persecuted, unless the Committee rolls up its sleeves and buckles down to serious business.

The Reds are a wily group, well versed in the technique of confusion and fabrication. That they hope and intend to take over the world screen as the number one medium of indoctrination is no secret. They have already appropriated all studios and theaters in Eastern Europe and have made serious inroads into the industries of the Western democracies. That they have made progress in Hollywood is undeniable and was inevitable considering the lax methods of supervision admittedly employed by the producers.

They must be defeated decisively this time—not by an indiscriminate blast at the entire industry, nor gaudy smears, nor vague and shadowy hints. If the Committee has facts, they should be made public. Charges without substantiation are worthless, and unless the Committee backs up its future imputations with proof, it will have done a disservice to the vital battle now being waged against the Communist fifth column in this country. The Reds have infiltrated into stage, screen, and radio to an alarming degree. For safety's sake they must be eliminated!

### Reviews in Brief

THE SENATOR WAS INDISCREET is a political satire, broad in its humor and implications, but a mite short on entertainment value. Verging on outright slapstick at times, it scampers from hotel room to hotel room as a group of political bigwigs attempt to separate a not-too-bright senator from his presidential ambitions. There is much confusion, in the best slapstick style, about a missing diary in which the senator had recorded the backstage doings of the party over a period of thirty-five years and a fade-out shot that brings the affair to a close with a chuckle. William Powell handles the title role with expected competence; Peter Lind Hayes makes a promising debut as a wide-awake press agent; Arleen Whelan and Ella Raines offer the slight romantic interest, and the net effect is amusing to a degree. One wonders, however, why Hollywood is indiscreet enough to poke the Senate in its collective ribs at a time when the legislators are not in a laughing mood. There is more in-

# STAGE &

discretion there, than in this frothy adult comedy. (Universal-International)

Joe E. Brown changes pace with surprising success in THE TENDER YEARS, a simple, sincere little drama with a theme that should find special favor with the SPCA adherents. Cast as a small-town minister who crusades against the popular 1880 sport of dogfights, Brown gives one of the best performances in his long, successful career. Unpretentious in story and production, this is nonetheless enjoyable and refreshing throughout. Josephine Hutchinson, Richard Lyon, and Noreen Nash give him adequate support in a movie designed for the family trade. (20th Century-Fox)

CAPTAIN BOYCOTT is based on the story of the brutal land agent who was responsible for the coining of a new word in our language and untold misery for the men and women in the County Mayo of the 1880's. At first the enraged folk of the Irish countryside, who find themselves impoverished and dispossessed as a result of the landlord's injustices, attempt to use force, but eventually they heed the advice of wiser heads and try passive resistance. There are historical inaccuracies in the telling, but in general this British-made study of a turbulent time in Ireland's unhappy history is worth seeing. Stewart Granger, Kathleen Ryan, several alumni of Dublin's Abbey Theatre, and Robert Donat are all excellent in their roles. There is excitement, entertainment, and artistry in this social study that finds a parallel in the headlines of today. (Universal-International)

The law enforcement arm of the Treasury Department comes in for overdue accolades in T-MEN, a fast-paced, suspenseful melodrama designed to thrill the youngsters and



Lizbeth Scott and Burt Lancaster in "I Walk Alone," latest screen offering concerning the underworld



Tyrone Power is a member of Cortez' expedition in the adventure yarn, "Captain from Castile"

# SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER



Robert Duke and Katharine Cornell in the brilliantly staged "Antony and Cleopatra"

keep the grown-ups equally enthralled. The dramatic high points are piled one on the other in a smartly conceived movie based on actual case records and told in the fast-developing semidocumentary style. Dennis O'Keefe is fine as the agent, and the rest of the players follow the pace he sets. This is one of the best action tales to appear on the screen in some time. Authentic and absorbing, it is far superior to the manufactured yarns spun by high-salaried scenarists, proving that truth is not only stranger but better than fiction. (Eagle-Lion)

Betty Hutton tries hard to lift *DREAM GIRL* above its level, but the fact remains that this adaptation of a technically unique stage play falls rather flat. On the stage the clever manipulation of scene and mood made the Elmer Rice analysis of a rather neurotic young lady seem more important than it actually was. The cold, hard light of the camera is less kind, and all the Hollywood craftsmanship cannot cover up for the lack of story value. Miss Hutton exhibits unusual versatility, and players like Macdonald Carey, Patric Knowles, Peggy Wood, and Walter Abel really work at their assignments, but the report is unfavorable. (Paramount)

*GOOD NEWS* is in the best Technicolor musical tradition with the added attraction of some song favorites of 1927 vintage. Somewhere in the maze of collegiate hijinks and gridiron calisthenics there is a story, but it matters not. This is a musical and when frail-voiced June Allyson, Peter Lawford, Joan MacCracken, Ray MacDonald, and Mel Torme lend their energies to the singing and dancing at hand, all else is forgiven and forgotten. You've seen this a good many times before, but it is still good fun and good entertainment for the whole family. (M-G-M)

In the tight-lipped school of half-world melodramatics, *I WALK ALONE* stands out by reason of its fine production values. Acting, direction, and dialogue are brittle, high pitched, and in character. Crime and its employees continue to fascinate the moviemakers, even if they are beginning to depress audiences. The limit to this sort of gory narration was reached long ago, but the parade continues. Burt Lancaster, Lizbeth Scott, and Kirk Douglas are the best members of a uniformly good cast, in this modern blood-and-thunder yarn for the adults who never really grew up. (Paramount)

All the ingredients of the lush historical romances are present in *CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE*, a gaudy, Technicolor display set in the Spain and Mexico of the sixteenth century. The Inquisition, which is touched on though never



properly interpreted, drives our dashing hero to the New World where he joins the Cortez expedition into Mexico. Physically it is one of the most impressive exhibits in years, but its story is shallow and most of the performances on the same level. Outstanding exception is newcomer Jean Peters who does a praiseworthy job in her first assignment. Tyrone Power, Cesar Romero, Alan Mowbray, and John Sutton give form to the familiar clichés. There is an adult audience eager for this type of adventure yarn, and for them it will probably prove entirely satisfactory. The more critical will wonder what all the excitement is about. (20th Century-Fox)

Robert Taylor, Audrey Totter, and Herbert Marshall are the able principals in *HIGH WALL*, a somber, psychoneurotic affair set in an insane asylum. Depressing throughout and related with a high degree of suspense, it is strong stuff, not to be recommended indiscriminately. An ex-Army flier believes he has murdered his wife and is committed to the asylum awaiting trial. There a young woman doctor, convinced of his innocence, sets about to prove it with the aid of a "truth serum." Fanciful, brutal in spots, but continually absorbing, it owes much to the convincing characterizations of the stars and the even tempo maintained by the director. Taut and tense, this is only for the shock-proof. (M-G-M)

*DAISY KENYON* is one of those supersophisticated items in which one woman covets another's husband and spends more time than any audience should in deciding whether or not she really wants him. Joan Crawford slips back several notches with this ill-advised affair, as do Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. Morally objectionable, it is also singularly dull from start to fadeout. Not worth the time, trouble nor the admission price. (20th Century-Fox)

The unmoral *VOICE OF THE TURTLE* finds its way to the screen in a sapolioed version of the Van Druten stage play that misses fire on all counts. Though it rates an "acceptable" mark for adult audiences, it is merely a dull, poorly acted, and routine screen romance with little of the sparkle and verve that has kept its stage sister running for several seasons despite its vicious amorality. Ronald Reagan, Eleanor Parker, Wayne Morris, and Eve Arden top the cast without winning any new laurels. (Warner Brothers)

*BILL AND COO* is a fantasy in color with a group of trained birds playing the leading roles. Startling and original, it is highly entertaining with a charm all its own. More than two hundred birds flutter through a simple little romantic story with a villainous black crow on hand to provide the menace. George Burton, who trained the birds, appears briefly in the prologue of this refreshingly different offering. (Republic)

### The New Plays

Katharine Cornell and her manager-husband, Guthrie McClintic, have presented the season's playgoers with a beautifully staged and brilliantly acted version of Shakespeare's *ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA*. Their faithful transcription of the Bard's tragedy of the Nile is stately, impressive, and spectacular. It is a quality production in every respect, but it lacks fire, warmth, and in the final analysis, complete conviction.

Always a difficult drama to stage, it emerges this time as a pictorially stunning, meticulous affair acted to the hilt by a handpicked cast, staged with infinite care and no little expense. That the resulting performance is slightly less than sensational rests in part on the fact that Miss Cornell is not really Cleopatra. Giving the infamous Egyptian Queen the benefit of every possible doubt, she was never the regal,

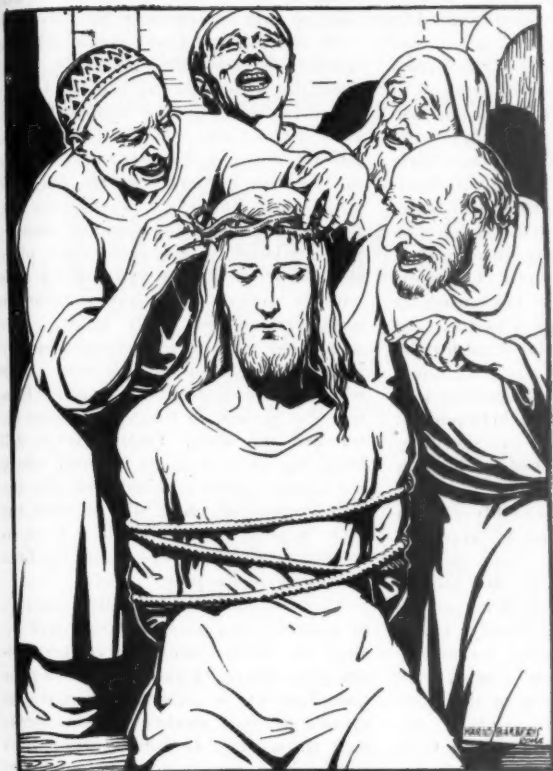
patrician, almost gentle woman that Miss Cornell makes her. She has developed her own private "Pygmalion," and the result is less than satisfactory to the cause. On the other hand, Godfrey Tearle is a magnificent "Antony" in both manner and speech, conveying all the fire, the impetuosity and stubbornness of the warrior. He is the mainstay of the evening, contributing one of the finest Shakespearean interpretations of recent memory. Others who stand out are Kent Smith, Ralph Clanton, and Lenore Ulric. The McClintics rate a bravo for bringing to a tepid season a production that meets a full 90 per cent of its requirements. It is a performance every serious student of the drama will want to see.

Paul and Grace Hartman built a reputation as ballroom dancers with a zany twist. They now exhibit additional talent as a comedy team in their own intimate revue, *ANGEL IN THE WINGS*. Surrounded by a small cast of modestly capable youngsters and with a series of frantic, often hilarious skits, they are now riding the crest of the popularity wave. When they burlesque the husband-and-wife radio teams the Hartmans are priceless, but when they stoop to vulgarity for a laugh you wonder why they feel it necessary. Such descents into the maelstrom prevent an unreserved recommendation for a revue that has far more than the usual quota of laughs to offer.

Though the plot is sadly in need of repair and the humor cries out for the scrubbing brush, *FOR LOVE OR MONEY* has one asset to its credit and a life-saving one at that. This tawdry affair marks the stage debut of June Lockhart, daughter of the screen's popular character player, Gene Lockhart, and the brightest young star to reach the theater in many seasons. Beyond her sparkling performance, the comedy has nothing to offer either the discriminating or the sensitive playgoer, being nothing more than a rehash of an old and wheezy theme liberally sprinkled with sex. It is unfortunate indeed that Miss Lockhart's personal triumph could not have occurred under better auspices.

Dostoevsky's *CRIME AND PUNISHMENT* is being given a whirl by John Gielgud, Lillian Gish, and Dolly Haas with fair to middling success. The Russian novelist's opus has had several dramatizations, many of them murky and confused. This one by Rodney Ackland is less confused than some of its predecessors, but it remains murky and undefined, a sprawling and ponderous affair made palatable mainly because the three stars and their supporting players give it vigorous and effective enactment. The casual entertainment seeker had best pass this by, but the drama student and the inquisitive will find it richly rewarding in some spots to compensate for stretches of perplexity and dullness.

Playwright Tennessee Williams, who gave us such a haunting and affecting study in *The Glass Menagerie*, goes far down the ladder of human degradation for his latest probe of Southern decay in *THE STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE*. Exhibiting the same brilliance shown in his first hit, Williams has taken a sleazy background, a shoddy theme, and a group of unattractive fringe folk for his current poetic play. It is extremely regrettable that he has not seen fit to turn his undeniable ability to better use than the present theme. Williams' talent is promising, but unless he displays a wider versatility of thought and abandons his predilection for the seamy side, his own little streetcar will shortly reach the end of the line. This well-acted tragedy is a smash hit on Broadway, with Jessica Tandy winning great acclaim for her portrayal of a fallen southern belle. It cannot be recommended despite its technical brilliance and style, because the moral tone is far below accepted standards of theatrical decency. It is the perfect example of misdirected abilities.



*Brutal soldiers put Him upon a platform and reveled in their degrading invention of malicious wit*

The farce to which Christ was subjected  
was no comedy for smiles or laughter

## A Comedy for Tears

by  
**NORBERT HERMAN, C.P.**

IN the wide range of human behavior there are many disheartening attitudes of mind and manners. But there is one poignant experience which seems to afflict more predominantly the world's great men. It is the sad fate of a man being set at naught. The stature of many an astounding statesman has suddenly grown quite small under the pressure of constant carping and unrelieved ridicule. Many a promising artist or poet, inspirationally straining for the stars, has been rudely knocked down to earth by an uncourteous and even hostile public which desired only to be amused. There is no telling what harm has been done to the world's men of genius by men less gifted who scoff at industry and talent and make a joke of every great man's cause. Neither is there any telling what the saints must suffer when the wicked refuse to take them seriously. If the human audience has its moments of appreciation and applause, it also has its sinister intermissions of unrestrained parody and capricious amusement at the expense of those gallant souls who ever seem to hold the human stage.

The scene of Christ's mock coronation immediately after His cruel scourging was but another and more disgraceful variation of this theme which places

good and great men at the mercy of the malicious who dare to enjoy their malice with a smile. There, in a Roman barracks, soldiers wantonly enjoyed a perverse joke when they disparaged and insulted Christ's Person and His claims to kingship. There, God was made the plaything of men; amid the laughter and license of human mirth, divine tears silently fell.

We need not speculate too broadly on the reason which prompted this outrage. It is not likely that the incident anticipated that which occurred later when Herod Agrippa I was named king of the Jews by Caligula. As the king was passing through Alexandria, a crowd, bent on ridiculing him, seized a fool named Karabas and in sportful mockery enthroned and crowned him as a living effigy of Herod. Neither were the soldiers here performing a repetition of the Babylonian and Syrian cult of Anaitas, in which at the feast of Sacaea a condemned man was paraded as a triumphal king; once the feast was over, however, he was stripped of his borrowed royalty, whipped, and later hanged or crucified. Nor need we believe that the soldiers were somehow sharing in the rite of Saturnalia, the harvest-home festival, during which a Roman soldier, chosen by lot, was cus-

tomarily transformed into a sort of "Saturnalian king for a day" but later when the revelry ended was obliged to offer himself in sacrifice to the pagan god. There is a possibility that the soldiers might have been motivated by a game of dice they were wont to play, derived from the Saturnalian festival, in which the winner's prize was the playful jest of pretending to be king. Perhaps, too, the soldiers meant to hail Christ sportfully as the victorious conqueror of the Jews. In this circumstance, their behavior would be sheer mimicry of war prisoners who begged for life and liberty at the feet of a triumphant Roman general. At any rate, the scene of this shameful tribute to Christ's royalty may be sufficiently explained by the simple fact that our blessed Lord had actually proclaimed Himself a king.

This farce to which Christ was subjected included an investiture ceremony and its accompanying declaration of homage. We may well imagine that the report of Christ's seizure was made widespread among the cohort and that an invitation to attend the mock coronation was eagerly extended and accepted. The soldiers stationed Christ upon a platform in a gesture of sham enthronement. Upon His bare and bleeding shoulders they placed a short, scarlet

cloak. Upon His head they plaited a crown of thorns in cruel imitation of the diadem worn by kings or perhaps even of the golden crown worn by the victorious Roman generals. A reed of solid substance they thrust into His hands. Their Syrian blood tingled as they witnessed Christ, the unresisting target of their horseplay and disgraceful hilarity. At the same time, their Roman training helped to stifle any undue sympathy for this Jewish criminal, which otherwise might have been keenly felt and expressed.

**T**HEN began their derisive procession, filing before Him in a long, continuous line. They reveled in this degrading performance of malicious wit and base comedy. Meantime, they mingled their curses with shouts of "Hail, King of the Jews!" Then they simulated signs of fealty by genuflecting before Him, taunting Him meanwhile and striking Him on the head with the reed. Finally, they climaxed their sport by descending to that deepest degradation of spitting into His face. If ever Hell enjoyed a holiday, surely it was then, that first Good Friday!

The comedy which Pilate's soldiers performed in the praetorium was no comedy for smiles or laughter. That is why the saints, horrified at this outrage, have detected here the direct intervention of the devils. That God was betrayed was understandable: an avaricious and proud Apostle had already made in his heart a tragic choice of Mammon instead of God, long before he finally sold Christ for a handful of coins. That God should be scourged was expected once Pilate uncourageously began his series of vacillations which ultimately ended in Christ's condemnation. But that Christ be made a living toy simply for the humorous gratification of Pilate's uncouth court; that His kingship be ridiculed and turned into an empty boast; that He be refused to be taken seriously; that He be reduced to the low level of something so utterly worth contempt as to be spat upon—this scene might well arouse our indignation and leave us wondering why divine power did not interfere to draw down the curtain.

No human cruelty is so base as that which, through the ugly means of amusement, attacks a man's person, his claims, and the nobility of his cause. The inconstancy of a friend is much easier to bear; so is physical torture and even unjust condemnation. But that a man's person and his message be made derisive and be reduced to a scornful farce, without the courtesy of an unprejudiced hearing and sincere discussion—this indeed is the punishment which stops all laughter and excites instead pity and tears. Pilate's soldiers

were playing dramatic roles beyond their comprehension. They were like small, grinning puppets dancing and gyrating with great glee, controlled from afar by demon hands which plucked at and maneuvered the strings. The soldiers perhaps thought that they were hurting Christ by their sport; how little they realized that they were really hurting only themselves. God was still being honored by a dishonored Christ. But the soldiers in honoring their humor were dishonoring their souls. The irrelevant farce was more than a sad encounter between a pathetic Man who was God and soldier-comedians who acted for the moment like devils. It was a culmination of hostility between dignified seriousness and cheap travesty, between virtue deadly in earnest and vice shockingly gay, between the forces of good which triumph through apparent defeat and forces of evil which miserably fail to conquer once the illusion of apparent victory has passed away.

It is the continuation of this pseudo comedy which tinges to a deep purple the sad pages of man's history. God's honor or man's convenience, seriousness in God's cause or worldly minded frivolity, the nobility of virtue or the baseness of vice, the tears of saints or the drollery of sinners, the tragedy of God insulted or the comedy of men insulting—these concepts are ever opposed down the years. The role played by Pilate's soldiers has been bequeathed to modern protégés who acknowledge God only to sit Him down upon a make-believe throne and vest Him with the second-hand trappings of a questionable royalty. These are the men who have heard the word of God but who do not believe for a moment that God was serious when He spoke. These are the men who will have their hollow laughter and their degrading levity even at the price of sin, even at the expense of God's honor and glory.

Any man makes his life's work a comedy when he rails against God's law. Like a contentedly performing clown he may laugh at God just so long as God does not retaliate. It is the way of all heretics who will not take Christ at His word any more than Pilate's soldiers believed Christ when He claimed to be a

king. It is the way of the sinner who tries to find contentment in a constant cycle of violating God's commands and self-justification of his tragic folly. Paradoxically, at least in this life, a man may enjoy his sinful jesting undisturbed because he will discover that God is quiet and unvindictive. In fact, God is so sure of His own mastery that He does not strike back. But here again heaven witnesses the staging of a human comedy without laughter. For there takes place that perpetual human farce which ends without an approving ovation in an atmosphere charged with failure. The same God who once performed so uncomplainingly on the human stage where men ridiculed and insulted Him was also present in the wings where He watched the show. Today, He is still both the central figure around which the sinner's farce is acted and also the only competent critic who attends the play. If men must know, it is God, as the divine audience, who passes the final judgment on the play.

There is no greater tragedy than that of a sinner who does not weep over his sins. The wicked man who converts his sin into a source of amusement is a poor comedian. He is rather like a character dressed in comic clothes but who speaks only tragic lines. He ambles upon life's stage with a jaunty air, trying so hard to be funny. The saints who stand by weep, because so sorry a picture calls for tears.

**M**AY the sinner's night of mirth pass quickly, leaving him only the memory of what a fool he was, trying to make a fool of God. When later he has forgotten the silent Christ of the Roman barracks, whom both he and Pilate's soldiers have desecrated; when instead he beholds the Christ of Calvary's cross, forgiving and forgetting, praying and promising, suffering and saving, endearing while dying, may he finally come to know the full tragedy of his sin and understand the overwhelming beauty of God's love. Then might he well proclaim his profession of faith in the words once uttered at the foot of the Cross by a Roman soldier who took God at His Word: "Truly this man was the Son of God."

## Plenty of Nothing

► A booklet you can slip into your vest pocket is being handed round British trade union circles. Boldly printed on the cover are the words: "What the Socialist Government Has Done for the Working Classes of This Country."

It contains about a dozen pages—all blank!

—London Evening News





There are more prescriptions for the  
cure of scruples than for any disease of the body.  
The problem is to find the most effective one

# Confession and ME

by LUCILE HASLEY



ILLUSTRATED BY MAY BURKE

FOR years I approached confession as blithely as if I were sauntering out to pluck field daisies. As far as I could see, it was one of the easiest things on the Catholic calendar; it was even, for a convert, somewhat disappointing in its simplicity. No hair-shirts, no ashes, no nothing. You just marched in, got it off your chest, and marched out. Simple.

When I read stories about uneasy souls suffering from something called "scruples," I was fascinated. There was, for example, the elderly Miss Tessie in *Pride's Way* who devoted all Saturday afternoon to getting shriven. No sooner would our Miss Tessie emerge from the confessional than a new scarlet sin, a new knife-like doubt, would assail her. Back to the end of the line she would trot, girding herself for a repeat performance: "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. I made my last confession five minutes ago. . . ."

This was fiction, of course, and good for a laugh, but soon real cases reached my ears. There were Catholics, it seemed, whose insides curled up because of the have-I-broken-my-fast phobia: inadvertently swallowing a gnat (not gluttony!), chewing a fingernail, using Vick's nosedrops, munching a toothpick, having a snowflake melt on one's lip. Not to mention the elusive drop of water (did it or did it not slide down the gullet?) from one's toothbrush.

All my calloused mirth at the expense of these harassed souls was before I, in

person, came down with an elegant case of scruples. I found out for myself that it was worse, far worse, than the time I had flu and yellow jaundice, combined, back in 1927. Yet this time no one put me to bed, no one stroked my hot moist brow, no one said I would ultimately recover. They left me to die like a dog.

So, little Miss Fix-It here started doctoring herself by lugging home big books from the library. The most comforting diagnosis I could wring from the spiritual doctors was that scruples were a "mental aberration." This was just ducky. Was I supposed to order the patrol wagon to back up to the front door? In preference, I decided to lug home MORE books. It was unthinkable that I, a literate and reasonably intelligent citizen (albeit temporarily aberrated), couldn't cure myself. Goodness knows there were enough methods at hand.

The favorite seemed to be the Bully Method: "Come, come, my good woman, relax." Next in line was the vague Pious Method: "Say thy Rosary and all will be serene." Next, the Whistling-Past-the-Cemetery Method: "Do you honestly feel your sins would hurl you into Hell?" (This is intended to bring forth a hearty and merry laugh of denial. For the scrupulous, it merely raises a very neat point.) Worst of all was the Involved Method: "Did the higher part of the soul sufficiently resist the lower part?" (I'd always stupidly thought that

a feature of the soul was its oneness. Now, suddenly, I had a soul that was dividing on me like an amoeba.)

I also resented having tricks played on me. I vividly remember one magazine article on scruples with the last sentence, in big bold type, warning me: "DO NOT REREAD THIS. If you cannot resist, you have a pernicious case." (I read it three times, just to get even.)

The case histories in the books left me cold with indignation. I wasn't Miss X who worried as to whether the "purple thing around the priest's neck was hanging straight, thus insuring the validity of the absolution." I had honest-to-goodness problems. Was I hanging straight?

Let me say right here that you don't have to hack your grandmother to pieces with a buzz-saw in order to develop an inflamed conscience. (Don't bother looking up my police record. Very dull: two tickets for overparking.) Scruples, I have gleaned along the way, can arise from purely physical reasons: nerves, insomnia, an infected tooth, adolescence, menopause, overwork. They can arise from spiritual indigestion: reading the wrong books, trying to become a Little Flower overnight. They can arise from a sudden and rude awakening to sins of omission. And whereas to review old sins in the light of new values is not exactly a sedative, the *quickest* way to a padded cell is to doubt your present good intentions.

My first symptoms appeared when my confessor kept saying, "Now is everything perfectly clear?" and I kept coming back, like Little Sir Echo, with "Perfectly clear, Father, but". . .

After the "But" stage, you sink rapidly.

Next I went blind in one eye and couldn't see out of the other. I couldn't tell a mortal from a venial sin even with a microscope. Yet, St. Francis de Sales had said that a mortal was as easy to spy as a scorpion crawling across the floor. I was also told to wait for "a bell to ring"; to have the mathematical assurance of "2 plus 2 equals 4." So I looked for scorpions, listened for bells, and went in for first grade arithmetic. Since I operated on the iron-clad principle of "Never give a sucker an even break," it didn't turn out so good.

It reached the point where, obviously, the only sensible confessional procedure was to point out my virtues, not my vices. This would make for brevity, if nothing else. The only flaw was that it didn't coincide with the Council of Trent's conception of confession.

My scruples reached the swollen, high-water mark one night in a hospital, the night before a major operation. Putting no stock in the axiom that only the good die young, I knew—absolutely *knew*—that the bells would soon be tolling. I also absolutely knew I wasn't ready. True, I had been to confession only three days before—but—glory, seventy-two hours to account for! To play safe, I had previously made the hospital chaplain promise to be on deck for a final, thorough, and last minute absolution. (I was secretly provoked that I couldn't also receive Extreme Unction. If you've got a bad case of pneumonia, okay, but if you're climbing into the electric chair, no. No apparent danger of death, see?)

AT 7 P. M. I pushed the buzzer, demanded the priest (he was fifteen minutes late), and was casually informed he was "out." At 8 P. M. the priest still hadn't shown up but the nurse *had*—with a sleeping pill. I swallowed the pill and then settled down, grimly, to fight off its effect. At 9:30 P. M.—still no priest. Help! Murder! Who was I to come through with perfect contrition, for only the saints—said the books!—could achieve same. At 10:30 P. M. all faith, hope, and charity departed. The corridors were dark; everyone else was sound asleep, including—no doubt—that Judas of a priest.

All that was left was to throw myself on the mercy of Christ but here was the catch. Christ was no longer Christ. To my panicky mind, he was Boris Karloff in *The Monster Strikes Back*.

At 11 P. M. the priest poked his head

around the door. Did I greet him with open arms, strewn palms, loud alleluias? I sat up in bed, burst into tears, pointed my finger at him, and bellowed: "Traitor!" Now that absolution was in sight I could afford first to tell him what I thought of him. I then issued careful orders.

"Look," said I, between clenched teeth, "if I say a sin is mortal, it is mortal. Do not argue. Do not talk me out of it. Do not even comment. Just absolve."

"All right," said the traitor meekly. (In dealing with danger, Mother Church does not demand heroism beyond the call of duty.)

The minute the dove of peace descended, I was a new and radiant person. I lit a cigarette and we chatted—leisurely, happily—for another good hour. What was a touch of mental aberration betwixt friends? He pointed out that conditional absolution can be given even after apparent death. What had been my hurry? Besides, I had asked for a *last minute* absolution, hadn't I?

I survived. The scruples also survived. Didn't I know, by now, just how silly

~~~~~  
▶ A man usually lands a soft job the hard way.

—CAREY WILLIAMS  
~~~~~

I was acting? Certainly. Even the insane have their lucid moments and know they're *not* Napoleon.

With my next relapse, I confided my woes to my best friend for—said the books!—"trouble shared is trouble halved." My friend almost collapsed from mirth. "Oh," she gasped, wiping her eyes, "I'm sorry. It's just the way you *tell* it. With your sense of humor you couldn't possibly—ha! ha!—be serious about this."

But I was—ha! ha!—serious. I resolved, then and there, that if I recovered I would shout out the remedy from the housetops. I would become a one-man testimonial bureau.

There is, barring a Lourdes miracle, only one solution for scruples: cold facts, warmly presented. My heart bleeds for people who need—not the patrol wagon, not a pat on the back, not a kick in the pants—but *specific* answers. Poor souls, they don't even know how to phrase questions.

Thus it is that I nominate for canonization one Reverend Alfred Wilson, C.P., for his highly entertaining, highly illuminating book called *Pardon and Peace*. That's the medicine. Let the rest of the world have its old penicillin.

Father Wilson lets down his hair with abandon, discusses both sides of the confessional, and leaves not a stone unturned. He even tells you where to park

your umbrella. Understand, the saints had the right idea—be God-centered, not self-centered—but they didn't handle the umbrellas. This British priest has taken the confessional, turned it inside out and upside down, and shaken it *good*. Out tumble the lax, the tender, the scrupulous, the calloused, and the "What's it all about, anyway?" penitents. He rolls away the clouds and makes spring come busting out all over.

THE first sign of spring, for me, was: "No one is obliged to put himself to serious inconvenience when he goes to confession." (*Inconvenience!* I love the quaint understatement of some of these theologians. The box, for me, was merely like stepping into a cement mixer.)

Why *wouldn't* it be like a cement mixer if you felt that every single word dropping from your palsied lips had to be painstakingly accurate? According to my logic, everything was up to *me* (leave nothing to the mercy of God or the brightness of the priest—too risky) and I began on Wednesday to prepare my essay for Saturday.

And beautiful essays they were, too. It was a shame that the priest never had the pleasure of actually hearing one of them. What *he* heard, when the slide went up, was a halting, gasping, sweating, thrashing recitation that bore no resemblance to the original polished manuscript. Even a Curé d'Ars would have been hard pressed to figure out, from the noises, whether I was fish, fowl, or mineral. (Advice: when you reach the gasping fish stage the only way to get off the hook is to be excused from integral confession. Just say, "I am unable to judge the gravity of my sins" and swim away into less troubled waters.)

I'm afraid confession, for me, will never be the good old "plucking daisies" session it was originally but I'll tell you this much. E'en though I do not yet measure up to the ideal penitent ("Be blunt, be brief, be gone"), I can now get through confession without the priest or myself collapsing from the strain.

*Pardon and Peace* has actually left me so little to worry about that I hardly know what to do with my spare time. I don't *even* have to worry about any possible future trip to Bulgaria. When one is traveling abroad, and not able to speak the language, absolution may be received by confession and "displaying sorrow by signs or gestures." Isn't that wonderful?

I also found out something else: I am of some use in the world. Penitents like me are "the direct answer to the priest's prayer: 'Jesus, send me here my Purgatory!'"



Director John Ford, rugged individualist

Blending brains, talent, and hard work,  
John Ford, veteran Academy Award winner,  
has written his own passport to fame and  
restored much of the movies' tarnished prestige

## Assembly-Line Artisan

by JERRY COTTER

"I HAVE a great respect for people who go to motion pictures," says John Ford. During thirty-eight years as a director in the fantastic and fabulous industry, the artistic Celt from Maine has translated that respect into tangible form on more than one occasion.

Three times in the past twelve years his directorial efforts have won for him the coveted Oscar of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences. Ford doubtless has more respect for such honor than the overpublicized star who uses his statuette as a doorstop, but we suspect in the final analysis he gains far greater satisfaction from the knowledge of a job well done. The trappings, the glitter, and the laurels of Hollywood life mean precious little to the man who has set a fast pace of artistic achievement for his contemporaries to follow.

The studio's assembly-line isn't exactly conducive to any deviation from the pattern laid out in the blueprints. There must be a boy-meets-girl romance with the conventional, saccharine fadeout. There must be a gargantuan song-and-dance sequence sandwiched between murders or psychoneurotic probings. Working girls must have sumptuous, eye-dazzling apartments. Heroes must have Barrymore profiles. And so on, *ad nauseum*. But Ford has had little truck with such claptrap. Even in the days when he served as a contract director he was continually striving for different effects: stories that had something to say; movies with a punch instead of mere pallid flickers retelling the same old, tired plot. The fact that he is now "on his own" is ample proof that Sean

O'Ferna had the right idea all along.

Back in 1895 when Sean Sr. and Barbara Curran O'Ferna welcomed a new son in their Cape Elizabeth, Maine, home, these devout Irish parents had little thought of motion picture success for their second child. With the love of the sea in their hearts they, and eventually he, hoped for a Navy career. But he failed to make the grade at Annapolis and had to turn his attention to other tasks. Today that love of the sea persists, and he spends much of his spare time on the 110-foot ketch, "The Araner." When he heads out into the Pacific for a session of swordfishing, his crew of seventeen or so is recruited from the studio workers rather than the playboy contingent. If Ford is a rugged individualist in his work, he is even more so in his hours away from the studio. In four decades of Hollywood success he has consistently refused to run with the pack and, as you might suspect, is respected for it.

The glitter, the false glamour, and the pseudo sophistication of the cinema city haven't touched Ford in his private life any more than they have influenced the movies he produces. He has exhibited an old-fashioned and laudable devotion to one wife, two children, and the same rambling home he had back in the early days. Pub-crawling, premieres, and the dizzy pace are alien to the handsome, soft-spoken man who remembers when movies were minute-to-minute affairs instead of the carefully planned and plotted productions of today.

One of the most valuable men in the

industry now, Ford worked up the hard way. His brother Francis was one of the early stars back in the era of D. W. Griffith, Mary Pickford, the Gish Sisters, and Wallace Reid. Through him John got a start in the infant industry as prop boy. In those days actors directed, directors wrote scenarios, and prop boys did all three when the occasion demanded. Everyone learned the business from the bottom up. John finally graduated to a director's chair and spent several seasons guiding Tom Mix and his retinue through the familiar "he-went-that-way" routine.

His early solo efforts won attention for him in those post World War I days when the movies were just emerging from the shadows into a stumbling form of artistic expression. *Cameo Kirby*, in which John Gilbert made his screen bow, and *The Iron Horse*, which brought Ford's best friend, George O'Brien, into the limelight, were two of the most important. Later he made the highly popular *Three Bad Men* with his brother Francis playing one of the title roles; the memorable *Four Sons*, and the adaptation of Donn Byrne's *Hangman's House*. Early in the talkie era he directed the sentimental but appealing, *Mother Machree*, with the late Belle Bennett starred. Ford was feeling his way in those days, learning, developing, and molding the skill which was to blossom to maturity with his 1935 production of Liam O'Flaherty's *The Informer*. It was an Academy Award.

An inveterate reader, Ford had come upon the O'Flaherty story some years before and had worked it over in his





## Postwar Plan

► When General Brehon Somervell retired after four years of work, seven days a week and twelve hours a day, as head of Army Service Forces, he was dog-tired. A friend asked him his plans.

"I'm going to rest," Somervell declared. For six weeks I'm going to just sit on the porch. After that, I'm going to start rocking—slowly."

—Pine Echoes

mind time and time again. The studio heads would have none of it, but after considerable pestering on his part they finally agreed to let him make it. The result was one of the greatest movies of all time, setting a new high for the industry to match. Yet it was turned out by Ford in something like twenty-one days of actual camera work.

Probably more than any other director, Ford has a reputation for speed and economy. Because every scene has been worked out, revised, and completed in his head before he starts production, he is able to finish a full-length picture with less than 80,000 feet of exposed negative. Considering that most other directors use from 300,000 to 400,000 feet, with far less satisfactory results, the Ford record is even more unusual. He still places emphasis on action rather than dialogue, for he feels that the purpose and the main asset of the screen is motion.

His second Academy Award came for his stirring version of John Steinbeck's controversial novel, *The Grapes of Wrath*, and his third for the impressive *How Green Was My Valley*. He also won acclaim for the startlingly original Western, *Stagecoach*. The latter came along at a time when the so-called horse-operas were at the lowest point of their popularity. Even the rabid Saturday matineers were beginning to tire of the threadbare plot about the mortgage and the sun-bonnet heroine with the stupid stare. Ford and Dudley Nichols worked on a script in which the characters were three-dimensional and the action plausible. Again with a minimum of dialogue and a definite toning-down of the familiar Western movie tactics, Ford blazed a trail. The result changed the entire course of the outdoors movies, and to this day, while the old formula is continued to a degree, the course charted by *Stagecoach* is quite obviously being followed.

When he read Graham Greene's novel, *The Labyrinthine Ways*, some years ago, Ford was convinced of its movie possibilities. Recognizing that its false conceptions and twisted characterization would have to be revised for the screen, Ford waited until he was able to secure the writing services of Nichols,

who is rated high among the screen scribes. Together they worked on an adaptation that would serve all purposes. This done, they joined forces with producer Merian C. Cooper and set out for location in Mexico, where the hauntingly beautiful production was entirely filmed.

Immediately after his return from Mexico, Ford and his new Argosy Pictures partner, Merian Cooper, lined up a schedule for the coming two years. It is as promising for the jaded moviegoer as it is ambitious. First on the list is *War Party*, a post Civil War Western, produced on a spectacular scale. Next will be Nina Federova's charming story of White Russian exiles, *The Family*, followed by one of Ford's own stories, a murder mystery entitled *Uncle Mike Meets Murder*. Topping the list will be *The Quiet Man*, based on a series of short stories by Maurice Walsh and produced in Ireland with Maureen O'Hara and Victor McLaglen in leading roles.

WHEN the final scene was shot on *How Green Was My Valley* in 1940, Ford turned his attention to a first love and offered his services to the United States Navy. Commissioned a Commander and placed in charge of a photographic unit, he was responsible for photographing, editing, and scoring the impressive documentary, *Battle of Midway*. During the filming of the picture he was wounded by shrapnel when the Japanese attacked the island. With his arm swollen to twice its normal size, he continued to handle the camera himself, getting some wonderful shots of a decisive hour in the Battle of the Pacific. He then flew the reels to Washington before having his wounds attended. It wasn't a case of flashy heroics, just the usual Ford determination to finish a job that had been started.

"If there is any artistic merit in Hollywood," a publicity director recently told this writer, "it's under the hat of John Ford. He knows more about this movie business than anyone out there and is one director who doesn't resort to trick shots to cover up the worn spots." The fact that Ford uses 80 per cent of all the scenes he takes is proof that he knows what he is about.

At this writing *The Fugitive* stands a better-than-even chance of winning the 1947 Academy Award. It has already received our own SIGN AWARD and has been cited by critics here and abroad as an exceptional contribution to the year's motion picture output. Produced in the technique of the silent screen, it has a message that is at once simple and powerful, ageless and as timely as tomorrow. It combines reverence with suspense, and an arresting, brooding beauty with all the thrills of a fast-moving Western.

The result is something the entire motion picture industry should rise up and cheer about. Critics and audiences are already doing that, and Hollywood is never very far behind the rest of us in that respect.

Though he doesn't like to talk about his private life or his contributions to charity, one of the latter came to light recently when he established a memorial to his service buddies who were killed in the Pacific actions. Though his generosity has been something of a legend in Hollywood, his recent endowment of a \$250,000 home for all former members of the Field Photo Unit of the Office of Strategic Services rated special attention.

Veterans of the group and their families may live at the home, which has been called "The Farm," until they find work or suitable living quarters. In emergency cases, they may secure loans from a community fund, and the place is always open for those seeking temporary rest or relaxation. The house has eight acres of ground, a chapel, swimming pool, tennis court, stables, and guest cottages. The furnishings and decorations have all been purchased and supervised by Mrs. Ford. "The Farm" is operated under the direction of a Board of Trustees and can never be sold. Children of the vets in the photographic unit will inherit all its privileges in due time.

Though he turns out a major portion of the screen's real art, Ford is more artisan than artist. To him making movies is a trade, a highly specialized and slowly developed skill blending together the best that is in a script, an actor, a cutter, and a director. When the industry turns out a picture that earns the plaudits of the hypercritical press and a demanding public without sacrificing simplicity for effect, you have a work of art. Chances are it will also bear the trademark of a dynamic, far-seeing, tireless director who continues to refute the belief that you can't be artistic on a Hollywood budget. Blending brains, talent, and hard work, Ford has written his own passport to fame and at the same time restored a goodly portion of the movie industry's recently tarnished prestige.

# TERESA AND THE DEVIL

by FRANCIS FLAHERTY, C.P.

TERESA was a simple soul. Her husband had died, leaving her a little girl to be reared. The two of them eked out a respectable but spare livelihood. Moreover, Teresa was quite deaf. Many of the beautiful nuances of the Chinese language were lost to her.

In due time the good widow came in contact with a Christian of the region, who told her of the Church. A few festivals such as Christmas and Easter were attended, and she was judged worthy of admittance to the catechumenate for instruction.

For six hours of every day, over a period of four months, Teresa struggled with the deep mysteries of God and the intricacies of the Chinese written language. Mainly, she relied upon the spoken word of the catechist, but her ear was bad. Daily she went to Mass and evening prayers and associated with those old in the Faith.

Finally, after examination, she was deemed thoroughly sincere and of sufficient instruction for Baptism. Part of the retreat for Baptism was a sermon or two on the ceremonies of the Sacra-

ment. This is brought home to catechumens the solemnity of the vows they are to take. Teresa listened attentively and apparently understood.

Now the Chinese term for "renounce" is "*chee-jueh*" and the term for "edible" is "*chee-teh*"—two sounds of sufficient distinction to be easily discernible by an ear drum of high frequency. But remember, Teresa's hearing was bad.

For want of a baptistry, the catechumens were lined up along the Communion rail. There were twenty some people to be baptized. The sponsors stood immediately behind. The minister, of course, was inside the rail, as during the distribution of Holy Communion. Teresa was one of the last in line.

One after another, the catechumens renounced the devil and all his works and all his falsities, and professed their belief in God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. By the time the minister reached Teresa a good hour had elapsed and the crowd was restless as is the way of the children of God after too long a period in church. Anything might happen to touch off the keyed-up group.

Solemnly I asked Teresa if she renounced the devil. In a loud and distinct voice, she replied: "*Chee-teh!*" Instantly the whole group, including the priest, caught the humor of the answer—"the devil is edible." Tight little snickers hissed along the whole line of catechumens, my own face turning purple in my efforts to salvage the solemnity of my own feelings. The simple face of Teresa maintained a solemnity born of the ignorance of her mistake.

Helen Liou, her sponsor, in her manish voice leaned over and hissed into Teresa's ear: "*Chee-JUEH!*" Obediently and solemnly Teresa repeated: "*Chee-jueh.*" The ceremony went on to its glorious end.

Today Teresa greets the priest with a warm and welcoming smile and all the hospitality her poor home affords. When conditions permit, she trudges the twenty-five miles over the mountains to attend the greater feasts of the Church. She is a full-fledged Christian, known to all the Catholics of the region, but to this day she is known by the name of *Chee-teh* (edible)—not Teresa.

## "LOOK SEE" AROUND TOWN

by MICHAEL A. CAMPBELL, C.P.

Back in the early '30's opium was planted in most parts of our Vicariate but now due to the influence of the Central Government of Nanking you never see the poppy growing anywhere. Then it was a common sight in Yüngshun to see tables out in the street, covered with bowls of raw opium.

\* \* \*

To take the place of our hot water bottle, the Chinese heat a quantity of rice and put it in a stocking. This rice will keep warm during a whole night. Though efficient, it is an expensive process.

\* \* \*

Sometimes while walking along a road in the winter time you will find a piece of ice tied by a string to the limb of a tree. Why? I just don't know, unless it is to call the traveler's attention to the fact that they had freezing weather that night.

\* \* \*

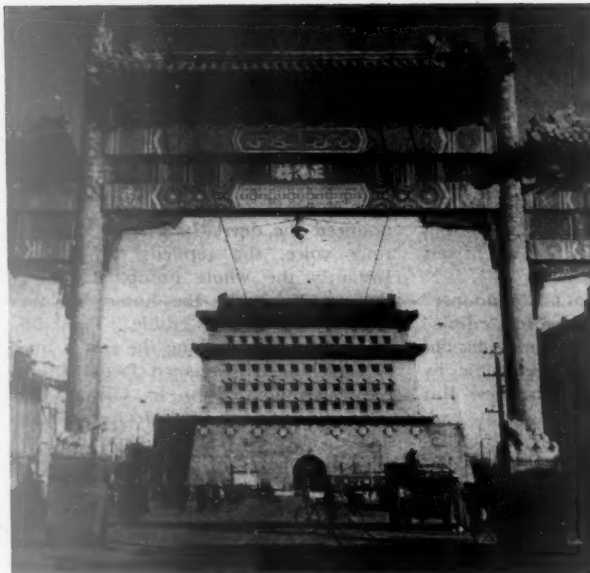
We were talking about people's ages, when Kung Paul spoke up and said that his mother was 110 years old. That certainly was a ripe old age. But my admiration at the longevity of Paul's mother received quite a shock when he added that his mother had been dead for more than forty years! Each year Paul will add another year to his mother's age, until he himself dies. One must be wary when speaking of ages with the simple country folk of Hunan.

The Chinese in Hunan take to the foreign umbrella not because it keeps them dry but because it keeps them cool. The foreign style umbrella manufactured in China is made of poor cloth, therefore during a heavy downpour it merely acts as a sieve, making the big drops smaller. The Chinese paper umbrella is far more effective in a rain storm for not a drop can leak through its oily surface.

But the Chinese paper umbrella has this disadvantage: when the sun is shining hot in the summer time the oiled paper absorbs the heat, making it unbearably warm for the one beneath it, not to mention the inconvenience caused by its weight. The foreign style cloth umbrella is light of weight, does not absorb the heat, and throws a darker shadow. Therefore it enjoys a much greater popularity among the Chinese of Hunan as a parasol than it does as an umbrella.

\* \* \*

The Wuki Mission dog used to watch the pig dig a hole in the sand during the summer time to make a comfortable bed. When the pig got well settled the dog would chase her away and use the spot himself. Later on the dog himself learned how to dig the hole for his bed and did not disturb the pig any more. Quite a bit of intelligence for just an ordinary Chinese dog! It was the coolness of the sand below the surface that appealed to the pig and the dog.



**1.** Beyond the arch is one of the nine-story gates, entrances to the "Imperial City." Openings in the gate are portholes for cannon to defend the city.



**2.** People haul heavy loads in China. This Peiping street scene shows coolies drawing a heavy cart loaded with bags of rice. Note the modern bicycle.

## PEIPING — "FORBIDDEN CITY"

**3.** A peaceful scene in the gardens of Peiping's "Forbidden City." The ornamental tower in view is framed by the gnarled trunks of ancient trees.



**4.** A unique building in China is the Temple of Heaven on the outskirts of Peiping. Fashioned in a tiered dome, hand-carved stonework surrounds it.







**5.** Most Rev. Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., Bishop of Yuanling, Hunan, China, and Father Regis Boyle, C.P., Superior of Peiping Passionist house of studies. **6.** Bishop of Peiping visiting Passionists. These priests are now war-veteran missionaries in Hunan Province.

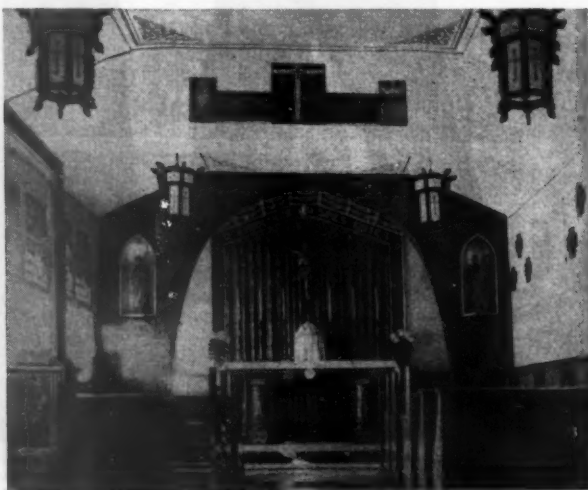
**P**EIPING, formerly Peking, was for hundreds of years the capital of the Manchu Dynasty, and it so continued under the Republic of China until 1928. It is a city rich with traditions of learning and scholarship, interest and romance. In recent years it has been greatly modernized, but it still retains most of its historic buildings and ancient features. Most noted is the section known as the "Forbidden City," a walled city within the city, set aside for affairs of state and religion and for the safety of the Imperial family. The Forbidden City is now open to all. The march of progress is slowly but surely changing many of the centuries-old customs of a China that was venerable long before our own continent was sought by adventurous explorers.

In 1938, in Peiping, the Passionist Missionaries opened a modest house for young Passionist priests studying the Chinese language preparatory to their entrance into the Hunan mission field. Two years of intense study is required. It is an angle of foreign mission work seldom realized by the faithful. Yet the two years of language concentration triples the value of the neophyte missionary when he begins his active work among the people. We have advanced far from the day of the pioneer missionary who practically began his catechizing the day he arrived in China. God grant that the Church in Peiping, and all China, will flourish magnificently through the prayers and sacrifices of all who so generously assist in this work of true Catholic action.

**7.** The picture below is a view of the courtyard and unpretentious buildings of the Passionist Missionaries' house of studies in old Peiping.



**8.** Here in this modest chapel the Passionist priests begin their day by offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for conversion of China.



# Slow thou the rock

*He had been holding the silver coin all through your scrutiny of his pockets, trousers, shoes*



ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL KINNEAR

**S**ISTER ROSELLEN, at last you have done it!

*Tonight we love, you sing as you dart a fervent glance at the crucifix above the piano in your little music room, and sit down to play Tschaikovsky's Concerto with a strictly Rosellen interpretation, which veers a degree closer to Freddie Martin than to Sanroma, you admit.*

In your overflow of joy, you are resorting to a trick that had been a favorite with you during high school days. You used to choose popular tunes (which your eyes will never learn to ignore) and sing them to Christ. They serve to express the real you so much better than purely spiritual lyrics from the approved White List. At a time like tonight a Gregorian *Te Deum* simply wouldn't do.

My, you have slipped a long notch from the high resolves that fired you during novitiate when you were part of the *schola*. Maybe you have compromised too much with your environment these past sixteen months in the West. Should you make that the subject of your particular examen? Maybe. But the decision can wait a little.

Just now you have come from the parlor where you and Sister Pachomia, principal at St. Isidor's, and Mr. Thomas, Juvenile Detective of the mountain metropolis police force,

Danny was the kind of boy who would try

the patience of a saint—so who could blame

Sister Rosellen for the way she felt about him?

by MARY SULLIVAN

had met to discuss and decide the fate of Danny Gonzales. All because a tavern keeper left a case of beer outside his shop door, and Danny saw fit to dispose of it. The last word rested with you. It was in your power to reinstate him at St. Isidor's or to send him to the State Boys' Industrial Home.

Poor Danny! You had been praying every day since your arrival at this school in the west side slums that something would happen to remove him from your classroom. You had felt a little guilty about such a prayer. It wasn't quite "loving all men for Christ's sweet sake." But you felt the Lord must understand.

Danny is simply impossible, you had explained to Him in the Blessed Sacrament. He's dirty. He's stupid. He's too old for the group. He keeps everyone upset. If the police want him, they can have him; and they can't come for him too soon.

Had not the other Sisters, the veterans of St. Isidor's, told you all about him? In the second grade he had been "admonished" by the police when they found him letting air out of the seventh tire in a row of highway department cars. That was when he was still living with his mother. Before she had a chance for an honest-to-God marriage to which the younger fruit of a gentler promiscuous alliance was no hindrance. But the older, more violent Danny had been the cause of one quarrel, and rather than have him "wreck the works," she had taken him to a vacant house, and left him there, locked in a cupboard. When he was found thirty-six hours later, he was given to his grandmother, with whom he had lived ever since.

When you got him in third grade, you were appalled at his truancy, even in a school where 5 per cent were normally absent. You really thought the truant officer a bit soft when she told you Danny had been out two weeks because he had no shoes. But you believed it when he finally came in, wearing a pair three sizes too large, which his grandmother had bought at the St. Vincent de Paul shop for fifty cents.

Later that year when Danny was hailed into court as a purse snatcher, you wondered if it was those big shoes that kept him from running fast enough to make his getaway.

There was no doubt about it. Danny Gonzales was society at its dregs. His background revealed no hopeful ray of

light, whether you sided with those who pleaded the cause of heredity over environment, or vice versa.

Something in the back of your brain tried to start an argument—bringing up the Scripture phrase about Christ coming to save, not the just, but sinners. But you quieted the voice with a long list of misdemeanors your memory had tabulated up to this February point of his fourth grade.

Danny was the only real fly in the ointment of being advanced with your class. Ordinarily it was nice to go along with the same group from grade to grade. You had liked it very much back at St. Ann's when you had the same class in fourth, then fifth, and finally, sixth grade. That was just before you came West.

All through the summer months you gave yourself little encouraging speeches each Sunday as you noted Danny's absence from Mass. *Maybe he has gone to California, you'd say. Lots of people do. If he has, then having the fourth grade will be heavenly.* You completely overlooked the half-dozen other bullies eager to assume ringleadership in case Danny did not return.

But you never really believed he might be in California. You knew that Grannie

started him off to Mass, and that he never got farther than Cherokee Creek, or a corner drug store where comic books could be snatched fairly easily on a Sunday morning.

And of course you were right. The Tuesday after Labor Day there sat Danny in your classroom, radiant in brand new corduroys. That was all you saw him that week. The truant officer did not go on duty until the following Monday.

He came on an average of three days a week. Some days he brought bona fide excuses. The notes were penciled by Grannie on cheap paper. "Danny stood at home 2 days. I gots to comb nits out his head." Another, "I was sick of the tooth yesterday, and Danny had to hãlp me." Or, "Yasterday, I had to went for my penshun check." (With no explanation why this should affect Danny's attendance.)

But the other days Danny was there (Woe is you!) sharing with Max the doughnuts he had stolen, making 8 per cent on his spelling tests, dog-eared his reader, stealing the show in the Bible History dramatizations.

The day the half dollar that Porfirio brought for the Community Chest disappeared, you suspected Danny. But he pleaded not guilty, and even invited you to search him. Which you did, fruitlessly, for four minutes. You thought you were through, and were almost ready to give up (with a pang that you had misjudged the lad after all) when you spied his clenched fist. He had been holding the silver coin all through your scrutiny of pockets, trouser cuffs, and the shoes he had removed.

"Danny stood home two days. I gots to comb nits out of his head"





And then there was that session that followed the report that he had been bothering little first grade girls.

You had gone over all these episodes with the Lord as they happened. And He must surely agree with you that Danny's twelve years had taught him nothing but evil. And twelve years more (despite anyone's best efforts) would only weight the scales more heavily on that pathetic left side.

Again that inner voice prompted, "Whosoever receives a little one in My Name . . ." By dint of prayer, meditation, and much self-conquest you had brought yourself to see how that applied to the other forty-one in your room. But Danny! Surely, surely the Lord understood that the principle admitted of some exceptions here and there.

It is probable that the Lord did understand, and that His judgment was merciful as He weighed Sister Rosellen's dilemma against the backdrop of her youth—innocent, happy, loving, secure. To little Rosemary Martin, growing up in an enterprising, small, Midwestern town, it was beyond all imagination that families existed who never ate breakfast except for the first day or two after payday. And St. Isidor's counted such families in the dozens! To her, beds were things everyone routinely slept in every night. Not a piece of luxury furniture that your mother tucked you into only when you were too ill to sleep on the floor, as her pupils believed.

Impetigo, rickets, scabies, congenital syphilis were only names to Rosemary—names you found in your brother's very dull medical text. And words like eviction, murder witness, court summons, came into her vocabulary through the back door of thrilling stories. Never in the unforgettablely impressive way of personal experience her children knew. And forever a foreign language to her was the habitual cursing and swearing that was their native tongue.

Even the most sympathetically inclined

heart in the world needs practice in sympathy. And never had the growing Rosemary opportunity to practice on such destitute derelicts as now claimed her love.

On that summer morning when she first opened her blue eyes to even bluer skies, father was hovering about, peeking gingerly, delightedly, every five minutes at his pink little Rose-of-the-world, utterly unmindful that even bankers' hours start sometime. Mother, rousing from a nap, asked the nursemaid to call Father O'Brien at the parish house to say she would be glad to embroider that surplice for him now; she would have leisure these next six weeks while the maid stayed.

A five-year-old brother surveyed his toys, picked out battered ones, the ones he was tired of, and declared magnanimously that he would be glad to share these with his new little sister. Eight-year-old sister sat on the porch steps, outlining a cup and saucer in red in a tea-towel that would eventually be a Christmas present for grandmother.

The older brothers, eleven and fourteen, spent the day washing and currying their 4-H Club calves; and Sis, sixteen, canned plums before putting the finishing touches to a dress she was to wear to a dance later in the week.

That same Martin family thirty years later (which is just last August) was pictured in the town's weekly newspaper under the feature heading, "Familiar." It was a good likeness of each and the accompanying story did justice to their activities—to the father's position as banker and friend to the whole community; to the mother's zeal as president of the Altar Society; to the labors of the younger generation—the respected physician; the young mother of twins (which she prayed would be priests); the brothers, partners in a model Hereford farm. The eldest and youngest Martin girls, who are nuns, were not pictured with the group, though their teaching endeavors earned mention in the story.

Thirty years of sane, salubrious, sanctified, spirited living had made this family what it was. Had ever a youngster grown up in gayer, holier, happier environment? Rosemary Martin had not thought so. Neither had Sister Rosellen. You still didn't, did you, Sister?

No wonder you frequently relive those days with a grateful heart. You remember how your father used to say, "When you once choose a life work, my Rose-of-the-world, stay with it, work at it, live by it; or nothing will ever matter at all." He himself had done that as the banker in your farm community. He had gone right on believing in the soil and conservation, small loans and large families, despite depressions, droughts, hail storms, and shadows of foreclosures.

It was an important day in your novitiate when you resolved really to heed his words with intensity. Your existence so far had been one of basking in the smile of God. But you had been reading John of the Cross and Francis Thompson and were determined to run straight to the Heart of God by whatever hard and rugged path you could find. Intrepid and undaunted you would brave the "dark nights." With courage you would meet the challenge, "Plow thou the rock until it bears."

Once you made a lovely little hand-painted bookmark with that line from the *Mistress of Vision* copied on it, and sent it to your father. You were a little disappointed at the time that he had not shown more enthusiasm for it. You realized later how little need he had of the motto. Why, in his lifetime he had plowed acres and acres of rocks. And they had borne. And he had seeded new fields from their harvest.

But you were still young, uncertain, untried, and in need of studying maps of the spiritual life. You meditated on your Rule and grew eager for the day when you would have a class to whom you would "show all that is good and holy by your deeds more than by your words."

You read St. Gertrude and wondered how best to love Christ "with wisdom, with tenderness, and with strength." You read the *Autobiography* of St. Therese of Lisieux and promised yourself never to abandon her "little way of trust and self-surrender."

And when a long illness struck you, you didn't think it too presumptuous to regard yourself as another Little Flower, for you had overheard five or six others remark the same thing.

You were quite satisfied with yourself, with the speed at which you "ran in the way of God's commandments," at the sizable deposits you made daily on your heavenly bank account.

And then you were assigned to St. Isidor's! And in no time at all that bank account showed up in the red! You found



► A couple of ex-G's invested in a greyhound, with the hope of sharing its winnings. The animal was entered in several races but finished last every time.

The disappointed partners decided that the dog wasn't worth the expense of his food and made up their minds to get rid of him. Tak-

ing him for a walk one day, they came to a river bank.

"Here's our chance," one fellow said. "Let's throw him in the river."

"No, we can't do that," his companion replied after a look into the dog's appealing eyes. Then he brightened: "I know," he said, "let's run away from him!"

—Peter Wojcicki

the children repulsive, the other nuns too tolerant, your patience short, your trust in God undermined, your prayer-life full of distractions.

It was terribly discouraging. You acknowledged to yourself that up to date the nights of the soul hadn't been too dark, and your plow had not been set in stone. But this was it! And you began to pray harder and work harder than you had heretofore imagined any saint ever had to do.

And you could see some little result. For instance, in church you were no longer perturbed by the superabundance of vigil lights, lighted frequently as not at the elevation of the Mass. You hadn't yet begun to kiss your crossed thumb and forefinger yourself, but you had showed your children how to do it properly. You could take in stride the Spanish sermons and Sunday morning weddings, the presence of a catafalque at a white Mass.

You were even a little amused now as you remembered your thoughts the first morning you sat through a funeral Mass at which Benny Baillard petulantly attacked the organ. These Spanish priests may be holy, you said to yourself, but they certainly have never read the *Motu Proprio* on Ecclesiastical Music, or they would fire that madder-than-a-hatter organist. You had learned since what it means to a flat-purse parish to have services rendered gratis; and how convenient it is to have a man who will play any hour, any day, when corpses (suddenly released from the morgue and demanding immediate burial) are rolled up the church aisle.

It had been part of your self-imposed discipline to remind yourself that two priests, taking care of one large parish, two Mass-every-Sunday missions, and four Mass-once-a-month missions, could not have time for much more than Mass and the administration of the sacraments. Finding time to read liturgical reviews was a puzzle piece from some other pastor's puzzle chest.

And now if Sister Pachomia placidly dismisses a sex case with the remark, "Well, God writes straight with crooked lines," you aren't disturbed the way you were the first time you heard it. Nor are you distressed at her more earnest comment in similar situations: "It is man-made economy, not God-made biology, that is at fault here."

You had come to hate race discrimination and all its injustice; you were growing in tolerance of low intelligence and in patience with errant wills. But Danny was still a problem.

Your morning meditations these past three weeks could have been labeled "Danny and the Theological Virtues," for he was the yardstick by which you measured the depth of your growth in faith, hope, and charity.

*To His own image and likeness God created Man. Even Danny?*

## DESIRE OF THE EVERLASTING HILLS.

by SISTER MARY OF THE VISITATION

*Calvary has not lost Him; Olivet*

*Trembles, remembering yet*

*His night of agony and bloody sweat.*

*Thabor recalls His wondrous beauty still.*

*On every earthly hill*

*The standard of His majesty is set.*

*But oh, the heavenly hills that waited long*

*To see His human loveliness and hear*

*The never-ending, blissful nuptial song*

*Reechoing, resounding far and near*

*From glade to glade their beauteous slopes along!*

*The valley of death is drear—*

*Onward, my soul, undaunted, unafraid!*

*I will uplift my eyes unto the hills*

*Whence comes my aid.*

*A cup of cold water given in My name.* Should you let Danny get a drink of water every time he asked?

You really hit a snag on hope. *Nothing is impossible with God*, the text read. "Nothing." And last week when you gave your class that *feroicino* on helping the Poor Souls, Danny remained completely untouched, although you had been persuasive enough to make yourself do three additional mortifications that day. Maybe that is just what God intended, your guardian angel suggested later.

RÉSUMÉS of these meditations were in the back of your mind this afternoon as you sat in the parlor with Sister Pachomia and Mr. Thomas, where Danny's fate weighed in the balance.

"Now, Sister Rosellen," Mr. Thomas was explaining with all deference, "Judge Gilleran at the Juvenile Court says he will abide by Sister Pachomia's judgment in this matter. But Sister refuses to decide until she has learned your attitude.

"It is true that he is completely out of hand as far as the grandmother goes. If you, too, have no control over him, then we'll do best to put him in the home.

"On the other hand, he is young. At the Industrial Home he will be associating with older boys who have done much worse things than he has. Furthermore . . ."

But you were not listening. You were reviewing how Sister Pachomia felt. You knew because you had often heard her comment to the Sisters: "The poor children! Their lives are so full of sorrow and misery. If we add to their burden by our harshness or coldness, we don't know what we may have to answer for. But God will be merciful to them.

"Let us pray for them and teach them to pray. Love them. Make their school days as pleasant and delightful as you can. They have so few joys. In later years, when they come to die, if they can recall that their contacts with God's servants were happy ones, they won't be apt to refuse a priest at their deathbeds! I really believe that is all God expects of us here at St. Isidor's."

Always before you had interrupted mentally with bitter thoughts; "If *she* had Danny in her classroom, she'd tell a different tale." But tonight, somehow, for the first time her argument seemed to click.

The bell rings for supper. You have five more measures to go, so you finish Tchaikovsky right down to the final deep chords. Sister bell ringer is probably shaking her head, and thinking, "She is nothing like the Little Flower, who would stop even in the middle of a word."

You feel chastened as you recall that once you said the lad had no business with a name like Daniel, for he disgraced it. Tonight you knew he deserved the patronage of the Hero of the Lion's Den fully as much as O'Connell himself. Some people are thrown into lion's dens; Danny was born into one. There were enough ravenous beasts of every description seeking to devour him. How glad you were you had restrained your own snapping jaws.

In fact, right now you are planning how to make Danny happy at your Valentine party. And won't it be good to see him at class in the morning!

"Tonight we love," you hum again. Yes, tonight you are thoroughly in love with God, and Danny, and the whole wide world.



Gus Mauch—Yankee trainer

### Boxer Of The Year

Gus Lesnevich, the light-heavyweight champion, isn't likely to forget the month of January. For in that month he became one of the most awarded athletes of all time. To begin with, he received the Edward J. Neil Memorial Award from the New York Boxing Writers' Association as the one who had contributed the most to Boxing in 1947. Then, Nat Fleischer, Editor of the *Ring Magazine*, gave him The Ring Award as "The Fighter of the Year." Last, but far from least, he has been voted "The Man who has done most for Cliffside Park, N. J.," his lifelong home town. One imagines, however, that Gus would be willing to trade them all for another victory over Billy Fox, the Philadelphia kayo artist, when they meet for the title at the Garden, March 5. Lesnevich knocked out Fox in the tenth round a year ago, but the Philadelphian is a lot more experienced now and will be tougher to take.

### Sports Quiz

(For answers see opposite page.)

1. Name the four players who hit four home runs in a Major League baseball game?
2. How many former world's heavy-weight champions has Joe Louis beaten?
3. With what sport should you associate the following cups?
  - a. Allen Cup.
  - b. Gold Cup.
  - c. America's Cup.
  - d. Davis Cup.
  - e. Stanley Cup.
4. And in what sport would you be a participant if you won:

# SPORTS...

- a. The Bendix Trophy?
  - b. Edward J. Neil Memorial Trophy?
  - c. Lambert Trophy?
  - d. James E. Sullivan Trophy?
  - e. Herbert Lee Pratt International Trophy?
5. A football field is 100 yards long. How wide is it?

### Yankee Trainer

In the spring of 1947, the New York Yankees were a doubtful proposition as far as the American League pennant race was concerned. The previous year they had finished third behind the pennant winning Red Sox and the Detroit Tigers. Most of the experts again conceded the pennant to the Bosox with some nominating the Tigers. Few thought the New Yorkers could do it. It was said by one and all that the Yankees' hopes rested on Joe DiMaggio, but these were slim hopes indeed, for the Yankee Clipper had been in and out of the hospital due to an operation on his heel and missed most of spring training. Guesses as to when DiMaggio would be in the line-up ranged from June first to not at all. Truly things looked glum for the Bronx Bombers.

As the team was about to break camp and start north from St. Petersburg, Florida, Yankee pilot Bucky Harris came up to trainer Gus Mauch and said, "Gus, as you know, DiMaggio is an important part of our plans. If we can get him in the line-up, we'll surprise a lot of people around the American League. He hasn't been able to do anything in training yet, but I'm going to leave him behind with you in St. Petersburg. See if you can get him in shape."

So Gus and DiMag stayed in the South while the team trekked north for its exhibition games. Also left behind were second baseman Stirnweiss, suffering from a bad knee; Frankie Crosetti, now a coach; a catcher, five pitchers, and Dr. Mal Stevens. How well Mauch succeeded can be seen from the fact that Stirnweiss played in the opening game, and DiMaggio, who wasn't figured for service until almost midseason, got into the fourth game as a pinch hitter, was in the regular line-up for game number

five, and celebrated by hitting a home run. And the "Clipper" stayed in the line-up, going on to win the American League's Most Valuable Player Award, while the Yankees, inspired by his great play, won the pennant and the World Series. Truly, Gus Mauch had done a remarkable job on Joltin' Joe.

As a matter of fact, Gus has been doing a remarkable job of keeping athletes in trim for more than twenty years. Right now, besides being the trainer for the baseball Yankees, he also trains Steve Owen's football Giants, a job he has had since 1932.

The path taken by Gus to the big time in sports has been devious but sure. He always wanted to train great athletic teams and studied accordingly. His first opportunity came when he was hired as conditioner for the skating team representing the Brooklyn Ice Palace. Later, he became a masseur at the Roof Athletic Club of the Hotel McAlpin. This was a great break for him for, soon after, Chick Meehan, coach of New York University's football team,



Gus Lesnevich—"most awarded athlete"



## by Don Dunphy

joined the club. Gus worked on Meehan and told him of his ambition to follow sports. In 1929, Meehan requested Gus to join the N.Y.U. staff. Gus had arrived. When Meehan went to Manhattan College in 1932, Mauch went along, but at Manhattan he coached swimming as well. That same year he signed as trainer of the football Giants. In 1943, when Manhattan abandoned athletics because of the war, Mauch stayed on at the Christian Brothers' School to teach warfare aquatics to the GI's.

We asked Gus who the athlete was who gave him the least trouble in all his years of condition. Without hesitation he answered, "Mel Hein. He was the most durable football player I ever saw. In his first eight years with the Giants, he never came near me once for a treatment. And mind you, he was in some pretty rough company playing against fellows like Nagurski, Beattie Feathers, and those other big pros. Finally, one day, he walked into the dressing room. I thought, 'boy, oh boy, at last I've got you.' Hein said, 'Gus, I've

just broken a finger nail. Can you lend me a nail clipper?'"

Ward Cuff was just the opposite of Hein. It seemed that the ex-Marquette star was always on the rubbing table. The day of a game he'd be taped from head to foot, yet he'd be good for sixty minutes and score most of the points.

Incidentally, Gus shares with Andy Lotshaw of the Chicago Cubs the honor of being the only men ever to train both an All Star baseball team and an All Star football team. Gus trained the National League football stars for their game with the Chicago Bears in 1941, and in baseball, trained the American League All Stars in 1944.

Mauch resides with his wife, Mae, and their son, Richard, in Jackson Heights, Long Island. An early ambition to be in theatricals crops out every year when Gus coaches the minstrel show at the St. Joan of Arc Catholic Church in the Heights.

### Sports Flashes

Remember Bob McAllister, the Flying Cop, who sprinted on our Olympic teams in the 1920's? Well, we may have another Flying Cop on our side in the next Olympics. Fred Sickinger, former Manhattan College ace, now a New York policeman, has returned to the track wars in a campaign that he hopes will lead to an Olympic berth. Two years ago, when he won the Track Writers' Cup as the outstanding runner of the 1946 season, he swept the boards from 600 to a 1000 yards.

As usual, Duquesne University is proving one of the powers of the basketball season. As we go to press, the

Duke five is undefeated, and seemingly headed for one of the big postseason tourneys in Madison Square Garden. Duquesne is playing one of the toughest schedules in the country, and the game with Long Island University at New York on February 23 looms as a real obstacle. Chick Davies, who is in his twenty-first season at the Pittsburgh School, has long been acclaimed one of the great cage teachers of the country.

Garry Schumacher of the N. Y. Giants' front office scoffs at the idea that the Ottomen need another twenty-game pitcher to win the 1948 flag. He thinks a little more development on the part of Koslo, Kennedy, Hartung, and another great year by Hansen will do the trick.

### ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ

5. Fifty-three and one-third yards.
- e. Volley Ball.
- d. Amateur athletics.
- c. Football.
- b. Boxing.
4. a. Aviation.
- c. Pro hockey.
- d. Tennis.
- c. Yachting.
- b. Motorboat racing.
3. a. Amateur hockey.
- Schmeling.
- Jack Sharkey, Jim Braddock, Max Baer, Primo Carnera.
2. Five. Max Baer, Primo Carnera.
- July 10, 1936.
- Chuck Klein, Phillies (10 innings).
- 3, 1932.
- Lou Gehrig, New York Yankees, June 13, 1936.
- July 13, 1896.
- Ed DeLahanty, Philadelphia Nationals.
- May 30, 1894.
1. Bobby Lowe, Boston Nationals.



Duquesne University's basketball team is playing one of the season's toughest schedules

# 'twill Please again

Items Humorous or  
Unusual on Matters of  
Great or Little Moment

## Deep Sleepers

► W. W. WHEATLEY writes in "Family Circle" Magazine about the world's marathon sleepers, which include some two-legged animals. Some of his observations:

If you could lift the cover off the ground and look beneath the surface of frozen earth and stream, you would see many forms of animal life comatose in out-of-the-way places, with the fires banked, just lying low till spring.

There are light sleepers, like field mice, chipmunks, and the few squirrels that hibernate; and heavy sleepers like some frogs and turtles. But in a sleep marathon snails are the winners. One overslept himself so far that when he came to he was in a glass case in a natural-history museum with a ticket many years old. Another Rip Van Winkle snail awoke to find himself famous as an extinct species. . . .

According to legend, the woodchuck emerges from his subterranean hut promptly at noon on February 2, and if the sun is shining, he eyes his shadow fearfully and hustles back underground for another six weeks' snooze. (After all, he has hibernated without food for half a year, and maybe his slimmed shadow makes him think he is in a bad way, so he returns to recuperate.) . . .

We hear about many strange goings on in the Soviet, but nothing more curious than the alleged deep winter sleep of human beings. It is reported that in the lake regions of Smolensk, where food is scarce all year and is a minus quantity during winter, the peasants resort to a practice bordering on hibernation. Whole families shut themselves up in their huts, huddle around the stove, and lapse into slumber, each member taking his turn to keep the tiny fire going that staves off freezing. Only once a day do they rouse themselves to eat a scrap of dry bread. Drowsiness is said to take the edge off starvation.

## Baseball's Gladiator

► A FEW SIDELIGHTS on the career of Louis Rogers Browning, oldtime baseball player, are presented in an article in the "Louisville Courier-Journal" by A. H. Tarvin, from which we quote:

Real old-time fans will tell you Louis Rogers Browning was the most colorful of all the baseball players of his own and succeeding eras. And we might add he was the most popular. . . .

In the spring of 1884, Browning had a batting slump, failing to get a hit in several successive games. This worried him. He could find no bat to suit him. One night he visited a wood-turning shop near Second and Main and spent the entire night supervising the making of a bat that met his requirements. From that time forth, the slump was gone. He ordered more custom-made bats, and soon other players, hearing of this, followed his example. Today the bat-making

industry is one of tremendous scope. And all because Pete Browning had a batting slump and an idea. . . .

In a midsummer game in 1888, between the Colonels and the Cincinnati Reds in the Queen City, Bid McPhee, Red second sacker, lifted a high fly, and Pete, playing that spot in the dazzling, burning sun, saw it coming. There were no sun glasses then, remember, and the glare—or something—"got" Pete. He started to wobble about, trying to judge the high-hit sphere, and finally fell to the ground. In falling, his feet went up into the air. I didn't see that game, but I did read what Harry Weldon, sports writer of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, said about it next day, which was, in substance, that just as the ball neared the ground, Old Pete's feet came together and held on to that ball like grim death. As to McPhee, he was as out as the clothes on the line, because this feat of the feet antedated by a year or two the rule which provides that a ball shall not be caught with any part of the uniform. Browning never claimed glory for the remarkable performance; according to Weldon, he claimed it was accidental.

## The Nose Knows

► A NOSE may earn as much as \$12,500 a year in France, center of the world's perfume industry. So writes Donald Williams Dresden in the "New York Times Magazine." A few excerpts:

In all France there are only twenty Noses. They belong to—more properly, they are—those masters of the olfactory sense who create perfumes designed to induce "Un Reve," "Mystery," or "Wild Abandon" in perfume users and/or their escorts the world over. Women who found flacons of these potent mixtures in their Christmas stockings this year have particular cause to be grateful to the Noses of Grasse. . . .

Only a few people have the supersense of smell necessary to become a Nose—for reasons known only to Noses themselves, no woman has ever had it—and still fewer the patience and emotional attitude to undergo the required training. . . .

Becoming a Nose is a process almost as arduous as compounding a new scent. Normally, it begins in the teens, when a father or uncle in the business conducts the hopeful to a perfume factory to give him his first inhalations. This paternal or avuncular interest is well calculated; by teaching a son or nephew the secrets of the art, they are kept in the family. . . .

After several summers of working in the factory and a few winters studying such subjects as chemistry and botany at the French equivalent of an American college, the tyro finally gets down to work. His first job, after he has been formally employed, is one of prosaic mixing and pouring. But every day, if he is serious about becoming a Nose, he roams among the factory's thousands of bottles of exotic essences like a bibliophile browsing among books.

In one Grasse factory, the Nose in chief holds classes for

the young men who aspire to his chair. He begins his course by teaching the wood smells: pine and sandal; flower smells: jasmine, rose; animal smells: Abyssinian civet cat, Tibetan deer. The fledgling Nose studies these smells as other students can regular and irregular verbs, aspiring some day to be able to lift the stoppers of some 7,000 bottles and tell at a sniff what is inside.

Eventually in ten or fifteen years, he becomes a *parfumeur createur* or Nose in his own right, and is then in a position presumably to alter the course of romance around the world. If he conjures up a good smell then, he has "arrived."

### Tattooing

► AS IN ITS ANCIENT PAST, the use of tattooing in the future will be less frivolous than it has been in recent years. A few paragraphs from an article by Mary Whiteford in "Holy Name Journal":

Well-known Chicago tattooist, Mr. Tatt's Thomas, who works with a group of doctors, says modern tattooing's greatest value is its effectiveness in cases of slight disfiguring that are not important enough for plastic surgery. "Lots of fellows come home from service with scars that make them self-conscious but that they don't feel they have the time or money eradication by surgery would require. I develop a pigment the same color as the patient's skin and the scar can be made almost invisible by tattooing."...

Early Christians used tattooing to identify themselves. A fish, the symbol of Christianity, tattooed inside their wrists, was proof of their privilege of entering the catacombs. At a later date when Christians no longer were punishable as such, but still were considered an outcast group, those taken prisoners of war were tattooed on the forehead with a cross. . . .

That tattooing persists in the minds of primitive people as an inherently important item of group or tribal ceremony was discovered by the missionaries to an isolated village of Indo-China. The natives showed doves tattooed on their wrists as a symbol of the Holy Ghost and as evidence that generations before they had been visited by missionaries, and that they had retained at least certain aspects of the Faith.

### Pleasure Before Business

► PLEASURE AND ENTERTAINMENT are big items in the modern businessman's budget, according to Lester Velie, writing in "Collier's":

American business ingenuity being what it is, entertainment is limited in variety only by taste, inventive imagination, and the hired skill of professional scholars of the art of good living.

There was the luncheon lavished on New York's press by Samuel Slotkin, president of the Hygrade Food Products Corporation. Garlanded over the door, Hygrade frankfurters waited a fragrant welcome: "Abandon all Hunger All Ye Who Enter Here." Curtains of all-beef frankfurters festooned the windows of the hotel suite. And among the thousand-odd Hygrade products on display was a pottery figure with salami ruffles on her skirt. . . .

Hardest licks at making business friends are put in at conventions. Wherever businessmen feel they have something in common they get together for a convention. The reasons for conventions—some 5,000 a year—range from pest extermination (National Association of Pest Control) and selling horoscopes (American Federation of Astrologers) to opening up new oil sources (American Petroleum Institute) and weighing world monetary problems (American Bankers Association).

High tide for all conventions was the Machine Tool Builders Exposition in Chicago in September. Since practically every manufacturer in America uses some sort of machine tool, close to half a million visitors came to look. Entertainment? Selling a machine tool is akin to selling a bridge, since

a tool can cost from \$50,000 to \$100,000. So prospective customers can expect good treatment. Best treatment was that provided by a Middle Western machine-tool man who sailed to Italy, picked up and flew back with a prospect, showed him the sights en route to Chicago, then later returned him to Italy—all for free.

### Hollywood Diner

► MOVIE-LOT COMMISSARIES rival our biggest restaurants in output and service. From an article by Cameron Shipp in "Today's Woman":

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, manager Burt Baker turns out 500 coffee cakes, 250 orange muffins, 350 pecan rolls, and 300 doughnuts every morning for breakfast alone, among other items. Over his desk in the kitchen he has a memo pad on which he has written in large letters: "Hold down the salt for Gable," "Barrymore hates sugar," "Keep Beery's steaks rare," "Powell loves mustard," "Eggs for Williams (Esther) scrambled very, very lightly," "No fried foods for Allyson."

This commissary, which is typical, covers 5,600 square feet and has large windows on three sides hung in beige, matching the walls. Anyone working at the studio may eat there, from the grips to Louis B. Mayer. . . .

Many a movie-goer has wondered what the actors really eat when they are shown eating on the screen. Nine times out of ten they are *really* eating because you can't fake marrons in jelly or roast gilded peacock, items which hungry writers are likely to put in the script. And since scenes are shot as often as ten or fifteen times from different angles, players frequently are required to consume prodigious quantities of food. The only star on the MGM lot who thoroughly enjoys these scenes is the juvenile Butch Jenkins, who gobbled every available food prop in those fine dinner-table scenes you'll recall in *National Velvet*.

### Accidents Will Happen

► BERTRAM VOGEL, writing in "Redbook," cites some freakish accidents revealed in an annual survey taken by the National Safety Council. From Mr. Vogel's article:

Youngsters, of course, are always getting into mischief, but the story of one literal-minded three-year-old is particularly amusing. After hearing his mother recite, "Ding, dong, bell, pussy's in the well," he naively removed the wooden cover of the family well and decided to have a look for himself. After a fall of eight feet into deep water, he was rescued. Hurt? No. But awfully angry. "There's no pussy in that well!" he told his mother.

In general, falling people constitute as great a hazard as falling objects, but a particularly queer case was that in which a dead man saved another man's life. The man saved fell into an open elevator shaft and landed on the body of another man who had just fallen into the same shaft.

The coziest plunge in years, though, took place in Seattle when a man fell three floors down an air shaft—and landed in an easy chair. . . .

The "hot" platters and tunes which "send" so many of our bobby-soxers really sent one soldier in a Nebraska dance hall in earnest. In a supertricky maneuver, he spun, grabbed for his jitter-bugging partner's hand, missed—and went out through the window. . . .

Some people who play with guns are bound to be hurt, and a Michigan man who was showing a friend how he had shot off part of a finger twenty-six years before was no exception. He pulled the trigger of an "unloaded" gun—and shot off the rest of the finger.

A California man wondered why two men approaching him were walking so far apart. He decided to walk between them—and then discovered that they were carrying a large sheet of window glass. Paneful, he said.



# RADIO

by DOROTHY KLOCK

## The Network for Peace

"If I had my life to live over again. . .

Did you ever say that? Do you think you could make a change for the better? Well, right now you have a choice for better or worse—for peace or for death.

The United Nations is dealing with that problem—your problem—your life! Keep posted!"

This is one of the spot announcements supplied to radio stations throughout the country by the Radio Division of the United Nations. That division does much more than give advice on keeping posted. It also supplies the means, the radio means, of being well informed about the work of the UN. Its combined newspaper-textbook-on-the-air is called *United Nations Today*, the Network for Peace program now broadcast by more than 100 locally owned and regional network stations in the United States.

The broadcasts consist of news of matters that call for international co-operation, and special features such as transcribed portions of important speeches, recorded when they were made, and interviews with representatives of UN agencies and members of the secretariat.

The Network for Peace program is now broadcast daily, Mondays through Fridays, over the Yankee Network on the East Coast, over stations in Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, Kansas City, Denver, Salt Lake City, and many other cities; on the Intermountain Network in Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana; and on the Don Lee Network covering the West Coast from Seattle to San Diego.

Judging from the comments of station managers throughout the country, the fan mail has voiced marked approval. The front office at WMCA in New York has this to say: "The UN review program is, in our opinion, the answer to radio's limitations in broadcasting lengthy sessions of the UN. . . Judging from the response of our audience, this program plays a vital role in meeting the people's need for information on UN activities by providing a front row seat for important UN sessions."

It is noteworthy that the success of

the Network for Peace program was achieved without the co-operation of the four major networks whose interest could not be aroused when they were approached. Hence, the appeal for aid was heard and met by the regional and locally owned stations—the true heart of broadcasting in the service of the people in this or any other country.

In line with the best methods of good commercial advertising, the UN Radio Division offers an assortment of other special features, in addition to the Network for Peace program. "Let's Talk It Over" highlights interviews with average citizens on the work of the UN. "In the Common Interest" is an expository series, explaining how the agencies, councils, and committees of the UN function in a business sense. Spot announcements, to be used in those quarter- or half-minute lapses between programs, are supplied to radio stations. These are designed to awaken in the listener a consciousness of the necessity on the part of every individual of *working for peace*.

Like any good radio merchandiser, the UN radio officials read the public's pulse. Thus, to conform to the popular demand for dramatic programs, a dramatic series featuring Hollywood stars

will shortly go on the air to explain the work of the United Nations. Your newspaper will tell you the rest of that story, not available at this writing.

Now this is where you come in. Look for the United Nations program in the listings of your local stations. If you find it, listen to it, tell your friends about it, and enlist the aid of the organizations to which you belong in publicizing it. If you don't find it, write to the managers of your local stations asking why it is not carried, and urge your friends and your organizations to write. Station managers are usually glad to render real public service, providing they know what the public wants. Let them know.

## You ought to know that . . .

**FOREIGN REPORTERS** (ABC, Sunday, 12:15 P.M., EST) features analysis of conditions in the trouble spots of the world, with one ABC foreign correspondent taking the rostrum each week. Listeners are invited to submit pertinent questions in advance to the ABC Foreign Editor in New York. These are cabled to the correspondent and answered on the air.

**THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERTS** (ABC, Tuesday, 9:30-10:30 P.M., EST) are now presented as a "co-operative" program, which means that they are sponsored by local and regional network stations' advertisers, rather than by one national commercial sponsor. This is indicative of a general trend in radio advertising which promises to give the local advertiser more opportunity to reach his particular public through top-quality programs.

**THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM** has been searching its script properties for story material useful to the film industry, whose budget-cuts have created the demand for non-epic story



Children interview Chester Bowles, Chairman of Advisory Committee, UN Appeal for Children, in New York Board of Education radio series

plots. This is more of the turning-of-the-tables which began with moving-picture versions of *Dr. Christian*, *The Whistler*, and other radio originals.

**DOCTORS TODAY** (NBC, Saturday, 4:430 P.M., EST) uses both dramatic and documentary techniques to present current happenings in the world of medicine. A medical specialist is guest speaker on each program.

**TWO THOUSAND WAR ORPHANS** were "adopted" by foster parents within four days as the result of a CBS broadcast, "A Parent Is Born." The program explained the work of the Foster Parents Plan for War Children which solicits \$15 a month to support a war child.

**PATTERNED PROGRAMMING** is the radio trade's name for the type of scheduling which calls for broadcasts of the same general nature in succeeding time periods. Radio surveys are said to have indicated that this is what the home listener wants. In accordance, CBS is featuring "Fun for the Family" on Friday nights beginning at 8 P.M., EST. In succession, CBS expects to tickle your risibilities with Baby Snooks, Danny Thomas, the Morgan-Ameche-Langford triple-threat, Ozzie and Harriet, It Pays to Be Ignorant, and the musical insanities of Spike Jones. Mark Friday as F-Day, on your calendar—if you can take that much fun! ABC counters with a series of mystery programs the same evening, and it pursues this pattern business with comedy and variety on Wednesday and serious music and discussion programs on Tuesday. Time was when the networks sought to catch all types of listeners in one evening. The age of specialization has caught up with the kilocycles.

**CROSS-SECTION, U.S.A.** (CBS, Saturday, 3:30 P.M., EST) has returned to the air with a new series of across-the-country interviews with spokesmen for major business, labor, and agriculture organizations.

**THE FRED ALLEN-VICE PRESIDENTIAL CONTROVERSY** of last year, wherein Mr. Allen was cut off the air for some-odd seconds because of script material which the broadcasting network found objectionable, has had many repercussions. Notable among them is the NBC decision to fade from the air what it considers patently objectionable material. While the program is faded, the following announcement will be made: "The National Broadcasting Company regrets the necessity of interrupting this program in order to delete material which in its opinion would be objectionable to listeners in many American homes."

## A spiritual thought for the month



# Go Into The Desert

by

**IGNATIUS SMITH, O. P.**

**T**HE holy season of Lent is very near. It is the time set aside by the Church to commemorate the forty days and forty nights which Our Lord spent in the desert without food or drink, and in prayer to His heavenly Father.

Jesus did not have to undergo the rigors of that first Lent. He was under no compulsion to go into the desert. He did it for our sakes, to satisfy for our sins and to set an example for us to imitate.

It is different with us. We are under divine compulsion to practice mortification, especially during Lent. "Unless you do penance you shall perish." We may be excused by the Church from severe and ancient Lenten observance but we cannot be excused from the obligation of self-imposed mortification and generous prayer.

Our Blessed Lord found much that was profitable in the desert, profitable to Himself and to us. St. Thomas Aquinas says that in the desert Jesus found rest from the distractions of the crowds that followed Him and plentiful opportunity to speak with God, His Father, about the salvation of human souls. The profit to us lies in the merits of Jesus' sacrifice so readily available to us and also in the superb example He gave us.

We too can gain great reward for ourselves and others by taking Lent seriously, by going into the desert with Jesus. We fulfill an obligation imposed by God and insisted on by the Church. We sanctify our lives and help to save our souls. Salvation is not out of date. Neither are Lenten fast, abstinence, and other forms of self-denial outmoded. We strengthen our characters and develop our personalities by Lenten discipline and sacrifice.

Lenten observance ought to be more than corporal and concerned only with food, drink, smoking, theaters, and other forms of physical abnegation. It ought to be spiritual and it ought to be constructive. During Lent one must, like Jesus, speak more often to God in prayer. This is done best at Holy Mass, Holy Communion, and by attendance at Lenten devotions.

One must try during Lent to live socially and sociably like our divine Model. This will make our Lent profitable to others too. We can and must try to be more loving and kindly in thought, word, and deed. We ought to make Lent a time of deeper trust in others and of more careful regard for the rights and sensibilities of all. The spiritual and corporal works of mercy well done are credentials that must be presented at the judgment if we hope to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. What better time to write a record of service to the needy and distressed than the Lenten season. What other time in history reveals so many millions of underprivileged who need food, clothing, shelter, consolation, and comfort.

A spirit of rebellion against the restrictions demanded by a holy, godly Lent will not only nullify its possible blessings, but will also add to our sins. So also will a criminal indifference to Lent deepen our guilt. What a pity if days supposed to be used for the suppression of vicious habits become instead the occasions for added criminality before God.

Join the countless millions who will take Lent seriously. Make it a time of profit for body and soul. Make it a time of real spiritual joy for yourself and others. Go into the desert with Jesus.

# Books

Edited by Augustine P. Hennessy, C.P.

## THE LETTERS OF POPE CELESTINE VI

By Giovanni Papini. 223 pages.  
E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00

Papini's book has been called unusual, and it deserves that title on many counts. It is a book on the difficult subject of the failure of Christians in the modern world. Though a layman, the author does not hesitate to point his finger in all directions, at the clergy as well as at the laity. He accomplishes this with unusual tact and understanding. This will be evident to all who are familiar with recent works, whether fiction or nonfiction, in which the authors hastily don the loin cloth of the "Baptist" to thunder out denunciations at the Church and her official representatives. The author has none of the noise of those pseudo reformers, but writes with the quiet wisdom of an aged and learned Christian. However, the most unusual feature of this book is the form in which it is cast. The author introduces a fiction that he might more easily express the truth and have it more readily accepted. He pretends that he has discovered an ancient manuscript of the writings of a Pope Celestine VI, who "lived in times similar to our own." In this way Papini is able to deliver his important message through the mouth of the most beloved of all authority, the Holy Father.

The letters are addressed to all mankind: to Christians in general; to the clergy and the laity; to the rich and the poor; to those without God and to those without Christ; to the politicians, historians, and scientists. Some of the most moving passages in this book are addressed to the Jews, the schismatics, and unbelievers. He speaks to those without God with a paternal tenderness and understanding. He tells them: "you are not the real culprits. The real culprits are we—hardened in those sins of omission which are of all sins the least worthy of forgiveness." He launches out against the politicians for the divorce existing between their promises and their practices; he is impatient of the historians who try to write history without God



G. Papini

and the supernatural; he deflates the scientists and reminds them that they have no reason for pride. He pleads with them to work for the betterment of mankind rather than for the destruction of civilization.

Though these letters are written to all who are responsible for the failure of Christianity in the modern world, with a necessary accent on faults and failings, there is a kindness and understanding in the rebuke that does not cause resentment and rancor, but rather induces one to bow his head in a humble *mea culpa*. Again, though the letters reprove us, they are not entirely negative for the author is always careful to present in a positive manner what he expects of each.

This unusual book has been a postwar best seller in Italy, and should attain the same rating in this country. It deserves the acceptance wherever men who are gathered together in the name of Christ are aware that they have failed the Master and are anxious to make amends.

WILFRED SCANLON, C.P.

## CONFESSIONS OF AN UN-COMMON ATTORNEY

By Reginald L. Hine. 268 pages.  
The Macmillan Co. \$1.00

Barrister-author Hine delightfully, and we suspect delightedly, disproves the old theory that his original vocation is dull, dry, and dreary. In his rambling, scholarly autobiography he turns up innumerable instances in which the quaint, the incredible, and the joyous aspects of country law practice are blended to provide his readers with a humorous and thoroughly absorbing insight into English methods, modes, and manners.

Mr. Hine is a gentleman of insatiable curiosity and a great love for medieval records and documents. The combination has led to some strange byways and as related in his precise, occasionally diffuse, style makes for fascinating reading. Whether he is concerned with law or literature, Hine has the happy faculty of carrying his reading friends along



R. L. Hine

with him, either to a night spent alone and contented in a long-deserted church or a Chesterton lecture where the ro-tund G.K. found it embarrassingly difficult to disentangle himself from the snug chair in which he was relaxing.

Anecdotes concerning the great, near-great, and the country folk among whom he has lived his life fleck the Hine reminiscences. For example the story of . . . "the telegram sent by an American bookseller in response to an urgent request for copies of Dean Farrar's *Seekers After God* and Manning's *Confidence in God*: 'No Seekers after God in New York, try Philadelphia. Manning's Confidence in God all gone.'"

If Hine's recollections, his fascinating literary-world musings, and his writing skill make for pleasant association, his sincere, but no less reprehensible, religious indifferentism is annoying. Like too many of his contemporaries, he "has thought it best to be a friend of all churches and member of none . . . in this baffling world the truth would seem to be dispersed here a little, there a little, and the wise man will go on seeking it wherever it may be found." It is disappointing indeed to find a man of such evidently fine intentions come close to Truth . . . then shy away from it. Most readers will feel that Hine does precisely that in his chapters "Touching Upon Religion." More is the pity since they come at the final moments of an otherwise highly pleasant author-reader association. Perhaps some day Reginald Hine will have a happier sequel to add to his recollections of a life divided between legal and historical documents.

JOHN WYNNE

## A HISTORY OF BOSTON COLLEGE

By David R. Dunigan, S.J., Ph.D. 362 pages. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$6.00  
An Ulster Irishman's dream of a college in Boston, a dream that fired the determination of Father John McElroy a century ago, was never as ambitious, never as daring, never as magnificent as the Gothic spires that are the concrete realization of that dream today. Boston College today is one of the greatest Catholic institutions in the country. Its physical architectural beauty, its intellectual and spiritual achievements are the pride of Catholic New England.



Like all great things, its beginnings were small. The growth of a mustardseed is the story Father Dunigan has to tell. He tells it well, and the telling cannot but inspire something like unto awe in those who read. Men like Fathers McElroy and Fulton and Gasson, against odds of bigotry and poverty, built better than they knew.

This second title in the publisher's Catholic Education Series may cause some to wonder. If I live in Peoria, what care I about the history of Boston College? And the answer may well be, nothing about this particular college as a college. But as an example of what Catholic higher education has had to struggle against, what it has to offer, what it can achieve, Boston College is a monument of courage and encouragement. And its story is worth reading.

DAVID BULMAN, C.F.

#### WASHINGTON CAVALCADE

By Charles Hurd. 320 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4.50

Like Belloc's friend who tried to paint the soul of Switzerland on a fan, Mr. Hurd is to be forgiven if his attempt to synthesize the social life of the nation's capital over a century and a half is a little less than successful. The Dutton Company cannot be let off so easily for their market quotation on this capsuled history and small beer in equal parts. To say that the book is uninteresting would not be true; equally is it true to say that just at the point where interest has been aroused there is likely to occur a space of two lines indicating some such trivial occurrence as the War between the States. The meat of the book is divided between the development of the city's social life and protocol, through its developers—as Dolly Madison, Kate Chase Sprague, Evalyn Walsh McLean—and the slow burgeoning of the compromise location of 1800 from a combined Georgetown-Alexandria wood, farm land, and magnolia swamp, to the recent wartime metropolis of a million population. While the former considerations provide the book with its reason for existence, the latter will afford both a more solid enjoyment and a real disappointment at the necessary inadequacy of treatment.

Mr. Hurd is not particularly gifted as a raconteur (ten of his pages contain less sparkle than one of Sandburg's), but his facts are fun. He grows earnest about disfranchisement in the city, and gives insight, through background material, into the present position of the Negroes there. Chiefly is he to be thanked for his historical tidbits. It is absorbing to follow the changing aspect



Charles Hurd

of the city as viewed from the "magnificent vistas" of Pierre L'Enfant, its planner. The changing aspect of official friendships and capital interiors on various "large evenings" is another matter. Like all books intended *urbi et orbi*, this will sell best at home, but deserves at least a quick skimming elsewhere.

GERARD S. SLOYAN

#### LATIN AMERICA, AN HISTORICAL STUDY

By John Francis Bannon, S.J., and Peter Masten Dunne, S.J. 944 pages. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$6.50

Scores of writers have done their best to make the ancient American countries to the south understandable to the Anglo-European nation to the north. And scores who write have failed to understand, themselves, let alone to make understandable. Latin American civilization is more ancient than ours, its origins are different from ours, its culture alien, its religion Catholic. And it is this last which is very often the key to what is otherwise baffling, a key so many even sympathetic writers do not possess. It is in the possession of this key that the authors of this book are able to make lucid what others covering the same ground have left obscure.

There is little that is new in the pages here presented. Readable as they are, they lack the sweep of drama found, say, in John Crow's *Epic of Latin America*. Intended as a history text, they lack the fire and fascinating partisanship of so many other works not meant to be texts. The canvas is so gigantic, stretching from about 8000 B.C. to 1947, A.D., that much detail must needs be left unsketched. And yet aside from classroom value, *Latin America, an Historical Study* looms as an important achievement. It fills a gap so many authors could not fill. For Fathers Bannon and Dunne possessed a key.

PETER VANDERHORN

#### COMPENDIUM OF THEOLOGY

By St. Thomas Aquinas. Translated by Cyril Vollert, S.J. 366 pages. B. Herder Book Company. \$4.00

Like the Apostle Paul, St. Thomas was aware that "the whole perfection of this present life consists in faith, hope, and charity." So when he wanted to write a handbook of theology for his friend and secretary, Reginald, he planned it in three parts, arranged under the headings of these three theological virtues. Although he was only partially through his treatment of the theological significance of the virtue of hope when he died suddenly in 1274, his uncompleted *Compendium Theologiae* gives us in capsule form much of the profound doctrine embodied in *Pars Prima* and *Pars Tertia* of the *Summa Theologica*. Without the stimulation of the objections and responses found in his larger and



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earlier work but offering an amazing conciseness as an alternate inducement to the reader who needs to be coaxed into studying theology, this Thomist work, sometimes called *De Fide et Spe*, investigates the wealth of meaning hidden beneath those words which Christ uttered the night before He died: "Now this is everlasting life, that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Him whom Thou hast sent, Jesus Christ."

Accordingly, the first half of the section under "Faith" treats of the unity of the divine essence, the trinity of persons, and the effects wrought by divinity through creation, providence, and the meting out of final rewards and punishments; the second half concerns itself with the humanity of Christ and His roles as redeemer and judge of the human race. The uncompleted treatise launched under the heading "Hope" begins to explore the proper Christian attitude toward God's providence but here St. Thomas was able to go no further than the second petition of the Lord's Prayer.

In giving us this smooth translation of the *Compendium Theologiae*, Father Vollert has not only done a service for the laity but also for priests and seminarians, for even the Latin text of this work is not nearly so accessible as one would expect it to be.

AUGUSTINE P. HENNESSY, C.P.

## LABOR RELATIONS AND HUMAN RELATIONS

By Benjamin M. Selekman. 248 pages.  
McGraw-Hill Co. \$3.00

This is a psychological approach to the motives of the principal actors in the industrial melodrama—the management leader, the union leader, and the worker. An understanding of the interests and loyalties of each group brings an understanding of their actions.

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JOSEPH P. CONLIN

## HERITAGE OF FREEDOM

By Frank Monaghan. 150 pages.  
Princeton University Press. \$3.50

What the Freedom Train brought to Americans in all parts of the United States, this book supplies in permanent form. Here are the texts and photographic reproductions of the great documents, letters, F. Monaghan and other papers of American History, presented with notes and explanations. The author and editor, Mr. Frank Monaghan, is historical consultant of the American Heritage Foundation, which sponsored the Freedom Train, and he was formerly on the faculty of Yale University. His selection covers a wide and thrilling range of history from the days of Columbus to the present time.



Like the old lady who complained that *Hamlet* was all made up of quotations, a reviewer can only cite some of the many fascinating items. Columbus writes a long and interesting letter about his first trip to this hemisphere, and General Wainwright sends a tragic one—"With broken heart and head bowed in sadness but not in shame . . ." to President Franklin D. Roosevelt, reporting the surrender of Corregidor to the Japanese. We learn, in another place, the true details of how Lincoln wrote his Gettysburg address. Andrew Jackson, in his letter to the Secretary of War, gives us a vivid picture of his great victory over the British at New Orleans in 1815, and of how success was almost turned into failure by the desertion of some of the American troops.

The restless idealism of Thomas Jefferson and Tom Paine vibrates through their letters and other writings. In contrast there rises the serene patriotism and religious sentiment of George Washington, who writes to the Hebrew Congregation in Newport, Rhode Island: "May the father of all mercies scatter light and not darkness in our paths, and make us all in our several vocations useful here, and in his own due time and way everlastingly happy."

HUGH H. BLAKE

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RICHARD KUGELMAN, C.P.

### LAST CHANCE IN CHINA

By Freda Utley. 408 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$3.50

Wanted—an American Policy for China! Recently, a China specialist in the State Department propositioned a visitor: "If you've got an idea on China that will work, name it, and we'll try it. Here is your chance to make American policy for China."

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Came the change in American policy for China. Vice President Wallace went to China. His report to President Roosevelt, written by his three pro-Communist advisers, dates the progressive deterioration in our foreign relations with China. Our Open Door Policy was abandoned and the planned destruction of the government of China began.

A few months later, Yalta completely buried our traditional Open Door Policy. Practical control of Manchuria was given to Russia in secret agreement; the rape of Manchuria by Russia quickly followed. General Marshall's dismal failure in China was a foregone conclusion.

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ern division of the State Department, many of whom have been sabotaging our American policy toward China, are getting scared. Their erstwhile friend, "the great Soviet Democracy" is on the Fascist rampage of world conquest. And now, behold, the very survival of China (one-fifth of the human family) in the ranks of democracy's friends is in doubt. Hence, the new echoes resounding through the high halls of our State Department: Wanted—an American Policy for China.

The author thinks that, for China, time is not only marching on, it is running out. This reviewer thinks that Miss Utley is voicing the awakened public opinion of the country when she recommends return to the traditional American policy, as the "last chance in China."

RONALD NORRIS, C.P.

## LIBERIA

By Charles Morrow Wilson. 226  
pages. William Sloan Associates. \$3.75

Liberia, one of the two Negro republics existing today, is hardly bigger than the state of Ohio. But despite its smallness, it has a claim upon the attention of the world. Last year it celebrated its centenary as a republic; and the idealism lying behind the amazing story of its origin and growth is well summarized in its national motto: "The love of liberty brought us here."

Mr. Wilson tells some fascinating details about the people of present-day Liberia, as when, for example, he writes about the "drum conversations" natives can hold with one another even when miles apart, or when he describes the intricacies of pidgin English where-in a phrase like "it is ours" might come out in the hardly recognizable "he be for we." Or when he relates the curious fact that in the menu terminology of a Liberian anything from a field mouse to elephant meat is euphemistically called "beef." Or when he records how tribesmen determine the length of a quarantine imposed on a man with contagious disease—they give him a small rooster and when it is old enough to crow, the quarantine is over.

But such interesting sidelights on Liberia are only accidental to Mr. Wilson's story. He, above all, wants to focus attention upon Liberia as "a laboratory for democracy in one of the last frontiers of the earth." In the history of a poor, backward colony which became a free nation and, during the recent war, was esteemed as a valuable ally producing forty-five million pounds of rubber a year, there is much that builds up hope for the survival of democracy in an era when the people's love of free-

dom is being challenged and crushed in so large an area of the world.

ROBERT MICHELE

## THREE GENERATIONS

By Katherine Burton. 312 pages.  
Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.50

Her biographical pen well steeped in the reveries of an American "first family," Katherine Burton (THE SIGN's own columnist) again molds historical reading into a human interest experience. The trio of subjects from whom the book derives its title are three relatively obscure women, affinitive by reason of blood, an extraordinary devotion to their Church, and their ultimately celebrated husbands.



Kath. Burton

Maria Boyle Ewing, wife of Thomas Ewing, the popular Washington lawyer who served in the Senate and the Cabinet and missed being President Taylor's successor only through party jealousy, is the grandame of these "Three Generations." But the principal emphasis lies properly on her daughter Ellen, who married Camp Sherman, the red-haired Lancaster neighbor boy destined to spearhead the North's victory over the rebellious South. The descendants of Minnie Sherman, born of the latter union, and her husband William Fitch, the power behind the Pittsburgh Wire Co. which later merged into the United States Steel Corporation, round out the cycle to the present century.

The drama of intimate things concerns the author most, and so she glosses over matters of political significance and prominent names in order to project a scene of genuinely Catholic family life, never overwhelmed by temporal glitter but fostering instead the old-fashioned virtues of courage, charity, and honor. Thus, while sporadic mention is made of General Sherman's march to the sea, for instance, a great deal more space is given to his son Tom's preparation for the priesthood—a fact often slighted by less delving historians.

Because of its theme and the viewpoint from which it is written, this novelized biography is a natural "woman's book"—that is, women of all ages.

LOIS SLADE

## SHORT NOTICES

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF FRANCIS THOMPSON. Edited by Wilfred Meynell. 292 pages. Newman Bookshop. \$4.75. Whenever the name of Francis Thompson is mentioned, most people think immediately of the majestic cadences of "The Hound of Heaven." But almost always there are some who may recall, somewhat wistfully, the joy they experienced when they first discovered his *Poems on Children*, or they may remember their pleasurable efforts at seizing the elusive mysticism

THE † SIGN

running through the thought-laden poems of *Sight and Insight*. Some will want to talk about the solemn yet cheerful spirit of the ode "To the English Martyrs," or there will be those who sing the virtues of his ventures into prose. In this three-in-one volume from Newman Bookshop no lover of Francis Thompson will fail to find his or her favorite offering—and it will be placed in a setting of other famous pieces of poetry and prose.

**NATURE, KNOWLEDGE, AND GOD.** By Brother Benignus, F.S.C. 622 pages. The Bruce Publishing Company. \$4.50. Brother Benignus' experience as a teacher has convinced him that courses in philosophy have become so departmentalized that the student ends his course without an integral picture of the universe in which we live. So in his own text book, aptly named *Nature, Knowledge, and God*, he has presented the core of Thomist teaching on cosmology, psychology, and natural theology, together with the viewpoints of its outstanding historical opponents. His emphasis is well placed, but his book, while readable enough, presupposes a teacher and supplementary reading.

**BEHOLD THIS HEART.** By H. J. Heagney. 347 pages. P. J. Kenedy. \$3.50. Father Heagney here presents the life of St. Margaret Mary in the form of a historical novel. All who cherish devotion to the Sacred Heart know something of St. Margaret. All who would like to know her better, her childhood, adolescence, and convent days, with their charm, simplicity, trials, and reverses, will find this book interesting and, at times, gripping.

**BABE RUTH.** By Tom Meany. 180 pages. A. S. Barnes & Co. \$2.75. This is the story of the greatest figure in American athletic history. It is the story of Babe Ruth who has become a legend even while we enjoy his presence among us. Tom Meany, sports writer who traveled with the Yankees for years, tells the story very convincingly. He has the ability to recapture conversations and dramatic incidents that makes one wish the book were much longer than one hundred and eighty pages. The author reveals Babe's true greatness on the field, where he was not only the home-run king, but also one of the best pitchers in the books. Meany brings out the warmheartedness and generosity of the Babe, who despite many setbacks and sorrows has succeeded in keeping that broad grin that has been his trademark through the years.

#### REVIEWERS

HUGH H. BLAKE has recently been engaged as a teacher in the Middletown Collegiate Center.

JOSEPH P. CONLIN, teacher at Loyola College, spent four years as a conciliator with the United States Conciliation Service.

RONALD NORRIS, C.P., is an associate editor of *The China Monthly*.

LOIS SLADE, literary critic, is a free-lance writer who lives in Dubuque, Iowa.

REV. GERARD SLOVAN, who recently received his doctorate at Catholic University, is a priest of the Trenton diocese.

## For Lenten Reading WHISPERINGS TO GOD WAY OF THE CROSS

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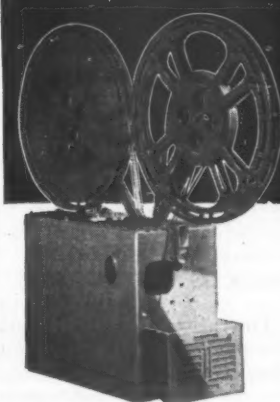
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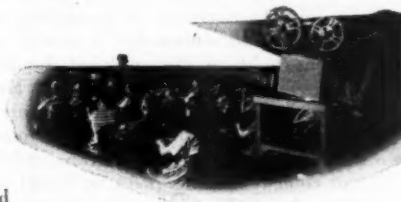
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# FICTION IN FOCUS

by JOHN S. KENNEDY

**Step Down, Elder Brother**  
by Josephina Niggli  
**Prisoners of the Night**  
by Andrew Corvin Romanski  
**Private Enterprise** by Angela Thirkell  
**All the Girls We Loved**  
by Prudencio de Pereda  
**The Blowtop** by Alvin Schwartz  
**The City and the Pillar** by Gore Vidal  
**The Purple Plain** by H. E. Bates

**Step Down, Elder Brother**  
by Josephina Niggli  
► Here is the second novel of a young writer who is fast stepping up to the front rank of her contemporaries. Like its predecessor, it has Mexico as its scene; but, whereas the earlier book dealt with a remote, quiet, naïve country town, this concerns the populous, bustling, industrial city of Monterrey.

The Vazquez de Anda family is ancient, conservative, wealthy. It has remained largely unchanged during the travail and mutation of Mexico's modern history. But now radical alteration is swiftly taking place. The eldest son, Domingo, stands halfway between his parents' traditionalism and the liberalism of his sisters and brother. He is a kind of buffer in the struggle between old and young. He is not uninvolved himself in the clash of old and new, which, at the close, is resolved as a victory for the latter, but with elements of the former persisting and offering their valid contributions to the future.

This analysis makes the book sound dry and documentary. It is nothing of the sort. The author has a faculty of getting hold of the pith of human beings and effectively conveying it, and of weaving a complex but always intelligible and interesting web of human relations. The juice and tang, the pathos and comedy of life are to be found in what she writes. Although the family is Catholic, one encounters small evidence that Catholicism is a vital force in its thinking and conduct.  
(Rinehart. \$3.00)

**Prisoners of the Night**  
by Andrew Corvin Romanski  
► This is the story of Dr. Wolski, a young Polish physician arrested by the Soviets when they invaded Eastern Poland in 1939 and sent to a "corrective labor" camp in the far north of the U.S.S.R. It is a tissue of horrors. The author is a Pole who underwent experi-

ences comparable to those which the novel comprises. His book, while not impressive as a novel, is most impressive and unforgettable as still another piece of eyewitness testimony concerning the Soviet system.

It is now incontestable that the system rests on a foundation of slave labor, constantly expanding. Estimates of the number of slave laborers in the Soviet Union vary, but a safe mean would be between ten and twenty million. These wretched human beings are brutally used: housed in filthy, verminous barracks; given the minimum of food requisite to keep them alive; cruelly overworked; beaten and otherwise outraged; and finally, when death comes, disposed of like garbage. There is nothing in history to match this hideous desecration of God's images, and the bitterest feature of the ineffable crime is that it is perpetrated in the name of democracy and progress and palliated as such by many in the free world.

Under Mr. Romanski's hand, a harrowing narrative moves inexorably forward, weakened here and there by excursions into sexual sensationalism.

While a critique on artistic grounds would find it seriously wanting, the book nevertheless is fascinating in a macabre way and sounds a grim warning to those who still do not realize what is in store for them if the Kremlin makes good its threat to seize the world.  
(Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.75)

**Private Enterprise** by Angela Thirkell  
► A querulous note has, disturbingly, grown louder and louder in the recent novels of the discerning and ingenious chronicler of Barsestshire society. It reaches diapason proportions in this latest volume. The second summer after the war is here recounted. The weather was atrocious; day after day was cold and wet and "looked like frozen steel." Shortages and bureaucratic bumbling were increasing rather than decreasing. There was a sharply reduced standard of living for everyone, and all the grace and glow, the ease and elegance seemed to have gone out of life. Altogether, a far from favorable setting for the comedy of manners in which the author has no peer.

Familiar characters are met once more, newcomers are introduced, and there begins that cycle of social gatherings, wonderfully muddled conversations,

ludicrous contretemps, and tangled love affairs which constitutes each installment in this incomparable series. One admires the verisimilitude of the people, their speech, their doings. There are some passages of exquisite fooling. But the overriding impression is one of discontent and foreboding. The sad new world order is acidly treated, as it well deserves to be; the Labor Government is roundly damned; but these make less apt subjects for Mrs. Thirkell's characteristic talent than the foibles of individuals. *Private Enterprise*, though required reading for Thirkell addicts, is hardly the most persuasive introduction to this author for those hitherto unacquainted with her.

(Knopf. \$3.00)

**All the Girls We Loved**  
by Prudencio de Pereda  
**The Blowtop** by Alvin Schwartz  
**The City and the Pillar** by Gore Vidal  
► These novels, published early in the new year, would seem to be literary portents for 1948, in that they are raw and dismayingly amoral, and publishers' lists promise plenty of this sort of thing.

The jacket of Mr. de Pereda's book informs us that parts of the work appeared in various magazines, which confirms the suspicion that it was originally a set of sketches which have now been put together, though hardly merged. The sketches deal with soldiers in training prior to combat. The soldiers have in common their being in the army, their adventures and misadventures with women, and their association with Al Figueira, the narrator. Sex is endlessly and uninhibitedly discussed, the assumption being that right and wrong have no pertinence to it.

Figueira, whose story is but intermittently touched on until a final lengthy section, is a former Catholic who, as a boy, wanted to be a priest, then came to hate Confession, ultimately broke with religion. He is intense, sympathetic, questing. In a fumbling but ardent manner, he seeks self-improvement and genuine communion with his fellow men. Eroticism and a rudimentary mysticism are parts of his seeking. Defeated, he commits suicide.

The one striking feature of this chaotic, indistinct work is, ironically, its unwitting testimony to the truth of Catholicism, which alone supplies the means of satisfying the yearning, common to Figueira and most mortals, for self-improvement and communion with other humans. Grace and the doctrine of the Mystical Body are these means; there are no alternatives; rejection of them and feverish pursuit of other answers end in actual or figurative resort to Figueira's solution, suicide.

Alvin Schwartz's *The Blowtop* is a mannered, pretentious, empty grotesque concerning a crime in Greenwich Village.



A dope peddler is murdered. The principal characters are all implicated, with the protagonist, Archie Grau, deeply involved. The murderer is an artist named Giordano. After interminable cabalistic crosstalk, Archie comes to understand Giordano's reason for committing murder: namely, "to create something that exists," to assert his own special and peculiar existence by acting independently of other considerations.

This would appear to be the first American existentialist novel, for, if I read aright its dense and arcanic pages, its thesis is that all which surrounds one is but malleable raw material awaiting one's decision and action for its formation. The book is somewhat reminiscent of Camus' *The Stranger*, except that, however weird, repulsive, and ruinous the philosophy of Camus and Sartre, the Frenchmen are vastly better novelists than Mr. Schwartz.

There is no mystery or reticence in *The City and the Pillar*. It is a frank case history of a homosexual, clinically examining his thoughts and actions. It makes a disgusting recital, yet the truly appalling feature is not its account of an aberration, but the total absence of any hint of the spiritual. Perversity and degradation are elaborately detailed without any suggestion that souls, as well as bodies, are here involved, a moral law as well as a physical, eternity as well as time. It is this utter blankness as to life's sovereign level which makes this novel terrifying as a reflection of, and a judgment on, our times.

(Farrar, Straus, \$2.75) (Dial, \$2.00) (Dutton, \$3.00)

**The Purple Plain** by H. E. Bates

► Mr. Bates is one of the finest stylists now writing in English. He has produced novels of substance. His present try is thin and trivial, although accoutered in admirably spun and colored prose.

It tells of a young English airman named Forrester, who, toward the close of the war, is stationed in Burma. Forrester has no interest in living. He lost his wife of five days in a London air raid, and since then has been moved by but one purpose, to find death. Now, far from home, he meets a lovely, congenial native girl who begins to win him back to life. He is assigned to a modest, routine transport mission. His plane goes down, and, with two companions, he is flung into an arid wilderness. One of his companions is severely injured; the other teeters on the brink of madness. Forrester must now fight desperately to preserve his life and theirs. He does this, and successfully. After a fierce ordeal, tellingly depicted, he gets back safely to his airstrip and his girl.

Mr. Bates has labored artfully to fashion a beguiling setting for what proves to be an insipid paste jewel. It is a pity to see such skill wasted.

(Little, Brown, \$2.75)

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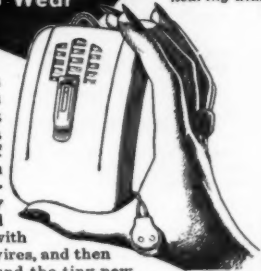
is the oldest Nursing Order of Men. The Brothers conduct general and special hospitals for men and boys of all classes and creeds, rich or poor. MODERN SAMARITANS—an illustrated booklet describing the various activities of the Brothers—sent upon request to any young man desiring to devote his life to the service of God as a Religious Hospital Brother.

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## THE SONG

[Continued from Page 17]

least minor repairs, he stepped back in triumph—only a small triumph, to be sure, but at thirty-nine a man must be content, he supposed, with small victories. And then he saw on the table an open book.

It was a large, board-covered book which John Albright remembered having seen before, but not lately, not in a long while. He bent closer in the dim light. Pasted to its pages were a pair of ticket stubs to a football game, a dance program with red ribbons, a theater program, a Christmas card on which was written, "Always, Johnny." These things were familiar though half forgotten.

He picked up a loose piece of paper which obviously his wife had been looking at and had not put back in its proper place. The paper was yellow and brittle. The writing on it was his own.

It was *The Poem*.

John Albright stood motionless a moment, breathing deeply. Then with a great surging joy in his heart—and a great weight of guilt as well—he shut the door behind him and went down the hall to the bedroom.

THE END

## COUPLES ONLY

[Continued from Page 43]

enough. They skimmed as lightly as feathers with never a break in the rhythm.

Then Rusty remembered. Joey. Quaking, she said, "Mr. Bond, I—I."

"Tony to you," and he smiled again, his white teeth gleaming.

Rusty laughed nervously, "Tony, I've got something to tell you. I—I called you—about the girl in the white suit."

Surprised, Tony said, "Well, thank you, Rusty. That was nice of you."

"No—it wasn't," Rusty persisted. "You see—I had a reason—besides the Cascades—I—"

"Anyway," Tony interrupted, "I appreciate it, although she's not quite Cascades material. You'd come nearer filling the bill. I'll bet you can even waltz."

"Oh, I can," she said, breathless with excitement and relief, "I've waltzed with Dad."

He spun her around in front of him and they swung off to the tune of "I'll See You In My Dreams." It was heavenly. Rusty had never been so happy in her life, not even with Joey. Suddenly a spotlight flooded them, followed after them as they circled the rink, never missing a movement of the waltz. Couples fell away, giving them room. There was a burst of applause and whistles.

Rusty thought sure her heart would explode right in her mouth. She lifted her small face to Tony's, her lips parted. He smiled down at her professionally and kissed the top of her head. Tony was play-

ing the grandstand, but Rusty didn't care. This ecstasy she felt was apart from Tony. It had to do with rhythm and expression. Never before had she known such completeness. Confidence spilled over her. That horrible young feeling slid off and was lost under her flying feet.

She fervently hoped Joey could see them. But he was probably still skating with Valeria, entirely oblivious to her success. She could picture the blissful look on his face as he convoyed the dainty Valeria around the rink. The thought clouded her moment of rapture with Tony.

Anxiously she looked for Joey. As they spun close to the railing, the spotlight took him in. Joey was on the bench again, Valeria drooping beside him. But Rusty was aware that his eyes were following her, and he looked like an unhappy collie. Why wasn't he skating with Valeria? He had her back, why wasn't he happy?

A "Couples Only" had never been so short, not even with Joey. But there were the lights coming on again, and it was intermission and Tony and Rusty were somehow over by the railing.

And her father and mother were coming from the warming room, shaking hands with Tony. And Tony was lifting his bright head and his gleaming smile. Then her mother was saying in her small, warm voice, "Tony, you must come home with us for a cup of hot chocolate—" And Tony was replying in words that were layers of politeness with eagerness sandwiched in between, "I'd love to—so nice of you to ask me—thank you."

Rusty made a grimace. Hot chocolate! Ugh! But she got hold of her smile again and beamed at her mother and Tony.

And then Joey was sliding up on the ice, Valeria tagging behind him. Joey's eyes were wide and uncertain, but he touched Rusty's arm and said, "How about the next 'Couples Only' with me, Stoplight? How about it?"

Rusty felt sorry for Joey. He looked so bewildered. But he was young. Joey was very young. And she knew how hard it was to keep your mind sorted out when you were young. She was sorry for Valeria too. She stood back for Joey, her white suit somehow crestfallen, and her face had a waiting look with little creases of hurt in her forehead that showed too plainly.

Sureness seeped into Rusty's own small figure. She felt suddenly grown up. She straightened to her full five feet and said very gently to Joey, "Some other time, Joey,—I'm sorry,—but I'm going home now."

With that she laid her hand on Tony's arm and walked, as gracefully as it is possible to walk on skates, beside him the full length of the rink. She turned once and smiled at Joey, who stood gaping after her.

She thought tenderly, "It will always be Joey, I know that. But Joey needs a lesson. He's got to grow up a little."

THE END

## (Continued from page 27)

*"Let us agree to give up love  
And root up the infernal grove,  
Then shall we return and see  
The worlds of happy Eternity"*

Well, she had lived through three years of it, and only the first had been worth living. The others had been hell. However, they had done her this service in showing her the kind of husband he would have made—weak, selfish, unreliable—how dreadful it sounded!—but it was true. It was true. It was true, too, that she had loved him in spite of it all. He was so attractive. . . . But she was glad she had not married him . . . though she would never forget the day he had told her he could not marry her, bringing forward long strings of figures and talks of mortgages and plans for the farm, and other things which she could not understand. What a fool she had been not to finish it all that day . . . that was when she ought to have broken with him and spared herself all this. What had made her stick to him—love or hope? Had she hoped that her love would make him change his mind, change his fate, and marry her after all? Hadn't she all along been hoping that he would marry her in the end—didn't she hope it still? Oh, God! what it is to have a patient, indestructible hope . . . and wouldn't it be degrading as well as foolish to marry him after all that had happened? . . . Hang it all, he had treated her badly from the start . . . a woman like herself, desirable, well connected, who had been sought by others . . . to condemn her to this unutterable life, just so that he could be free and spend money and buy land . . . it was monstrous! She owed it to her dignity to end things at once.

She would soon be in Rye. Already the fields were falling away to the southeast. She saw the blue line of the sea . . . and then the green vastness of the marsh spread-

"No, ma'am—he's lunching at Mr. Staples'."



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"I see. But he'll be back at three."

"Yes, ma'am. Shall I give him any message?"

"No—that's to say—yes, tell him Miss Armstrong called, and that she'll call again later in the afternoon. Tell him it's on urgent business."

"Very well, ma'am."

The girl was a new importation—she suspected nothing. Joyce had saved her face, but nothing else.

She mechanically got into the car—as part of her program of casualness she had left the engine running and drove round the little sweep and out of the gate. Mechanically, she turned to the right, into the village. Everything she did was mechanical. Her brain felt rigid, frozen—ossified—she could not think.

Then suddenly she began to feel, in furious throes. She felt anger, bewilderment, grief, despair—so violently that she had to bring the car to a standstill. She was trembling all over. This was worse than anything she had expected. Laurie was at home, but had gone out to lunch with someone else on the day he had invited her to come. He could not have forgotten their arrangement—no, that was impossible—he must have meant to slight her, to show her in this incredibly male, clumsy way that all was over between them. What should she do—for nothing was certain? How should she act? For the first time she knew the meaning of the expression "at your wit's end."

Should she go home? No, that was impossible. What explanation could she make to her mother or Lilian Smith? Besides, she would be condemning herself to long days of uncertainty. She could not endure that. Should she drive to Mr. Staples and demand to see Laurie? In her desperation, she felt inclined to do that—she had a right to make a fuss, to make things hot for him—he mustn't expect her always to take everything lying down. But something at the bottom of her heart restrained her from exposing herself—better far wait till he came home, and see him there. She could manage to fill in the time somehow till three o'clock.

What should she do? Lunch was out of the question—she could not eat. Neither could she sit still. A terrible restlessness was in all her limbs—her anxiety translated into terms of motion. She would drive out somewhere in the car—drive really far and really fast—fill up all the hours with speed.

There was a wide space to turn in outside the church, and she swung round, the nose of her car pointing toward the sea. A long, white, flat road ran out into flat distances. It was the road to New Romney, so she was told by the signpost, and she set out along it, with the throttle well open. Oh, she was thankful she had got the car, that she could fill her waiting-time with fierce activity and the lull of motion, and yet was not required to support herself on legs that were weak and shaking. Her speedometer showed her that she had already come twenty-five miles, and there would of course be twenty-five miles home. By driving out seaward she would probably add thirty miles to her day's tally, and fifty was quite enough for her unaccustomed driving. But she did not care. She must go—she could not live through time without the help of space.

She had never been out on the seaward

side of the marsh, knowing only the road between Rye and Warehorne. Soon a toll-gate pulled her up. "Sixpence . . . thank you . . . craunch!"—another noisy change—and how her leg was shaking as she put out the clutch!

"How many miles to New Romney?"

Scarcely more than ten.

Shall I get there by three o'clock?

Yes, and back again."

She mustn't be later than three, or he might have gone out again. She had better be there at a quarter to three. She could contrive to sit still for a quarter of an hour.

The marsh felt very huge, lying there all round her, misty, flat, and green. It was foreign—unlike the country round Hawkhurst, which was all little hills covered with spinneys and fields, and farms with fairy names. Here the farms were set far apart among sheep-dotted miles of pasture—their roofs were immensely steep and high and yellowed over with sea lichen, and their ricks were thatched with osiers. She passed an enormous church standing between two farms—a few miles farther on she passed another, standing among some tiny cottages which could easily have been packed into its aisles. She thought of Brookland church, and the color left her face.

It was in Brookland tower, all among the salt-riddled oak beams, that he had first told her that he loved her, holding her to him in the darkness. She had not been surprised—for several days she had been expecting, hoping he would speak, and now at last he had spoken . . . at least, he had not spoken—his lips had given her kisses instead of words. But she had understood—or rather, she had not understood. She had thought he had wanted to marry her—it was not till quite a week later that she discovered he did not.

"O stop your ringing and let me be—"

Let be, O Brookland bells—

You'll ring Old Goodman out of the sea  
Before I wed one else.

"Old Goodman's farm is rank sea sand  
And was this thousand year.

But it shall turn to rich plough land  
Before I change my dear."

That was the way her little car, rushing and humming along, always set her thoughts to music. But this was a silly song—because she was going to change her dear that very evening. She had made up her mind. Weakness hitherto had been her fault, but now she would be firm. She could bear no more. How many times had she told herself that since the beginning? The first year had been beautiful, full of happiness, in spite of some twinges of conscience and the stinging of the lies she had to tell. By the second year he had grown casual and remiss, but she had borne with him, knowing that it was his nature, and having always understood that men don't bother about little things the way women do. In the third year he had been unfaithful to her, but she had forgiven him, because she had always understood that men were liable to these attacks. Besides, she could not do without him. . . . What had happened that she could do without him now? A lot had happened—her heart was

dead. He had slowly killed her heart. She did not love him any more. No, she didn't she didn't, she didn't.

The flat horizon was growing rough. A great shaggy wood spread across it, out of which a tower rose. Here was New Romney and the marsh's edge. Should she turn before going into the town? What time was it? Nearly two. She had better turn. It would be too dreadful if she were late and missed him—she would turn at the next cross-roads.

A signpost said—To New Romney: To Ivy-Church: To Lydd. She stopped the car and backed up the Lydd road. She did it dumsily and blocked the way. A little boy on a bicycle squeezed past. He turned round and smiled at her—not mockingly, but encouragingly and kindly. The smile at once comforted and melted her—she felt grateful for this unknown being's token of good will.

### III. Evening

Back again . . . back over the same road she had come. The bonnet of her car running before her was like the nose of a living thing—the top of the radiator was like a funny little inquiring snout. If only her car were alive and loved her, how happy she would be! She was a big fool . . . but oh, she did want a little love—a little affectionate, tender love—love that never demanded anything. . . . She did not think she had ever had it. Of course there was her mother. She would love her mother when she was Free. Well, today wouldn't be wasted now, for all its anguish—at the end of it she would be Free. No longer would she have to tell lies, no longer would she have to wrestle with circumstances, no longer would she have to run after Laurie, either drawn by his whims or driven by her longings. Free . . . Free . . . he had set her Free at last—kicked her out, put her on the pavement—but she was Free. "There's no good, Laurie—it really is done—finished this time. You don't love me. You wouldn't treat me like this if you did." . . .

Ah, here was the tollgate. How much quicker she seemed to have come back. Another sixpence. . . . The girl said—"If I'd seen who it was, I'd have let you through. We're not supposed to, but—" Another kind creature. Joyce wanted to thank her, but instead she said in her heart to Laurie. "No, this time I really will not pass it over. It's nothing to me if you care for this woman or not. You can take her, or nobody, you're not going to have me. Of course, I will always be your friend—No—she was done with him—for good—till she was fifty at any rate . . . then perhaps. . . . No, not even then. . . .

Lord! There he was in the road in front of her. She recognized his jaunty step, his familiar tweed suit, the way he flourished his stick instead of walking with it like other men. He must have left Mr. Staples earlier than he had intended. What should she do? Pass him carelessly by? That might hurt. . . . No, she must speak to him, otherwise the break would not be definite. She would leave no raw edges. She would cut clean.

She sounded her horn as she drew even with him, ran on a few yards ahead, and then stopped. Without getting out of the car, she turned and faced him—she saw the recognition dawn in his eyes, without reproach or fear.

"Dearest child. . . ."

He came up to her, and was in the car

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beside her before she could speak.

"Laurie" . . . she said faintly.

"Start away, dear, and drive me home. You'll come in for a minute, won't you?"

"Laurie—didn't you know I was coming today? Weren't you expecting me?—You'd asked me to lunch."

She saw his face grow blank—his brown, speckled eyes looked vacantly into hers. It was only for a second, but in that second such an agony of realization rushed over her as almost to deprive her of consciousness. She knew that he had forgotten. All her wild conjectures of unfaithfulness, urgent business, or determined slight were beside the mark. He had made no effort to shake her off, to break bad news, his absence had been no part of a plan either cruel or compassionate. He had simply forgotten all about her.

"My dear," he was saying—"how absolutely dreadful—how perfectly awful of me! But surely we didn't fix anything definite. I said I'd let you know."

"No, you didn't"—she spoke gruffly, "it was fixed. Don't you remember? You said your people would be away, and we'd have a whole lovely day together. We'd go over to St. Mary's" . . . her voice broke.

"Yes—of course." . . . He was beginning to be embarrassed—"Mind the gatepost"—she nearly struck it as she swung the car into the sweep. . . . "I'm awfully sorry, Joyce—you came all this way and I was out. You make me feel dreadful."

He got out and opened the door for her! She followed him into the familiar room, half office, half study—she sank down in an armchair and burst into tears.

"Joyce—darling—don't. Don't be so upset about it—it's only a little thing."

"A little thing! . . . Oh! . . . and I've been thinking all sorts of things about you—that you'd thrown me over—that you were dead, even—but this is worse, worse than anything I'd imagined."

"Worse! My dear girl, don't be hysterical."

He came over to her and tried to pull her hands down from her eyes.

"Don't—you don't love me, or you couldn't have forgotten me. And you haven't written, either—not for ten days."

"I'd nothing to write about . . . and I was waiting till I was sure about today" . . . he was tying two lies together.

"Laurie, don't tell me you'd have forgotten about me, if you loved me as much as you used to."

"But I do love you just as much." Again he tried to pull away her hands.

"You don't."

"I do."

"You don't." This wasn't what she had meant to say, how she had intended the interview to go off. He slipped his arm round her, and in spite of her resistance, drew her head to his shoulder as he knelt beside her.

"Oh, Joyce darling, don't be angry. Don't let's quarrel over this. Surely we know each other well enough not to be upset by an accident."

"An accident! Oh, Laurie, if you knew what I've suffered—what I've thought."

"But it's all over now—oh, do be generous and forgive me."

"But it will happen again—something like it . . . Laurie, I can't bear any more . . . and I mean, what am I bearing it for—where is all this leading us?"



"What d'you mean, dear?"

"I mean—are we just going on like this until one of us marries someone else?"

"My dear child, I've told you that I can't marry you. Don't let's go over all that again."

"But I don't understand. . . ."

He had risen, and was walking about the room.

"Dearest, can't you let that alone? Can't we love each other as we used to do, without worrying about what may happen years ahead?"

"But we don't love each other as we used to do. Oh, Laurie, I won't say you love me less, but you love me differently. You forget me. I could bear if I thought it was . . . I mean if we were going to be . . . if I'd something to look forward to . . . but if I have to bear it in vain—"

"In vain! So this is 'in vain,' Joyce—all our love, all our friendship, all the heavenly moments we've had together—it's all in vain, if you haven't something material to look forward to. Is that what you mean?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"Then, what in God's name do you mean?"

She wished she had said the things she had meant to say—done what she had meant to do. His sin against her was even worse than she had imagined, and yet. . . . Free . . . the things she had meant to do when she was Free. . . . But she would be Free—even the sight of him there before her in all his alert and lovely strength should not cheat her of her freedom. She sprang to her feet.

"Laurie. . . . I'm not going on with it—I can't. . . . I'm going to be Free."

His arms were around her—her words were choked out against his breast . . . the smell of his tweed coat seemed to stifle her. She felt his warmth and strength, his arm upholding her. His lips were warm against her ear, murmuring tenderly—

"Oh, you silly little thing—you don't know what you're saying. You're going to forgive me, and love me more than ever. Of course you are. You're upset with the heat."

► **Sense of Humor: What makes you laugh at something that would make you mad if it happened to you.**

Then her spirit fainted. She did not know whether she despaired more of him or of herself. He tilted back her unresisting head, and his lips came down upon hers, the seal of her bondage. "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him—until seven times?" . . . "Not until seven times but unto seventy times seven . . . unto seven hundred and seventy times seven . . . unto the bitter end. . . ."

Tired . . . tired . . . that was the only refrain her car had for her on the journey home . . . no more furious thinking . . . no more furious rhymes . . . only Tired. . . . Tired. . . . Tired.

Home at last.

"Well, dear, have you had a nice day?"

"Yes, Mother, thank you—a lovely day."

From the book "Joanna Gadden, Married."

Copyright 1926 by Harper & Brothers.

February, 1948

# PENNIES!!

YOURS MEAN

LIFE OR DEATH

FOR YOUNG CHINA



Dear Member of the Christmas Club,

We must have you read the following letter.

"The enclosed check represents contents of my mite box. I am sure the missions can make good use of it.

"It gives me a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction to fill my mite box. You might be interested in knowing how it is accomplished. When I pray for any special favor I always promise my box a donation. God and our Blessed Mother have been unusually kind in hearing and granting my requests. Moreover, I always save and sell the fat from my kitchen and the receipts go into the mite box. Sometimes, instead of accepting gifts from my family, they give me the money and that also goes into the box. It is surprising how fast it accumulates when one puts a little in every day."

May God bless her and all our Christmas Clubbers.

Passionist Missionaries, The Sign, Union City, N. J.

Dear Father: Please enroll these names in your Christmas Club. Send mite boxes.

Name .....

Street .....

City, State, . . .

Name .....

Street .....

City, State .....

**A  
Penny-A-Day  
For  
The Missions**

## LETTERS

(Continued from Page 2)

talk, and it always annoys me because I lived in the South several years and never once heard that kind of talk from Negroes. They, even the children, speak just as good English as white children and people their age. Incidentally, I'm white in case you're wondering, but I simply can't stand any misrepresenting of anything. I love the truth and fairness to all people.

MAYTEEL FEDASH

Pinole, Calif.

### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Gretta Palmer's article, "Why I Became a Catholic," is one of the most enjoyable and able articles I have ever read. After seeing many muddled attempts, I thought no one could ever put down in print the strange emotions experienced by overseas servicemen during the past war, but here Miss Palmer has captured them perfectly. It is indeed gratifying to know that this talented writer has entered the fold. Such a pen should be a welcome weapon in the Church's battles for righteousness.

R. W. DEGENHART

Buffalo, N. Y.

### Bouquets for the Ladies

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I want to congratulate you on publishing the intensely interesting account of Gretta Palmer's conversion. It is articles like that which makes your magazine superior to any other Catholic publication, regardless of Father Collins (or whatever his name is) from Brooklyn.

Articles written by intelligent converts (and they are the kind that seem to keep coming into the Church) are of utmost interest especially to converts (I also happen to be one), as suggested in a letter to THE SIGN by Mrs. Kate Porter of Northeast, Maine.

Another contributor who is always doubly welcome and a delight to read is Lucile Hasley. Did she ever write a book on her conversion or on any subject? Her wit and humor are as refreshing as a cool breeze from the sea after a torrid day in summer.

I would class her with Emily Kimbrough, Dorothy Fremont Grant, and Bob Hope (some mixture!) with an added individual humor all her own.

Congratulations on your November number. It is splendid and I know will be thoroughly appreciated by your many subscribers.

Katherine Burton is another of your excellent writers.

KATHARINE B. SMITH

Harrisburg, Pa.

### Blessed Martin Guild

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

As a reader of THE SIGN, I noticed that in a recent issue you answered an inquiry about Blessed Martin de Porres.

I should like to have your inquirer know that the Blessed Martin Guild, 141 East 65th St., New York 21, N. Y., has been formed to foster and increase interest and devotion of the faithful in Blessed Martin. It is anticipated that, in the near future, he will be canonized.

The Torch, monthly magazine, published

by the Dominican Fathers in the interest of Blessed Martin Guild, has been running an article currently on Blessed Martin in the hope of enlightening many people about this latest of miracle workers.

Please publish this letter in THE SIGN, and if your inquirer will write to the Blessed Martin Guild, I am sure they will be glad to send copies of The Torch to him.

C. M. Z.

Rochester, N. Y.

### Russian Slave Labor

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Reference is made to "Current Fact and Comment" in your December issue and particularly to the article "Human Dignity and the Stratton Bill." In this article, the statement is made—"For the ten or twelve million slave laborers in Russia we can do little to help them gain a status worthy of their human dignity."

In this connection, may I call your attention to Rev. Richard Ginder's article in an issue of Our Sunday Visitor in which he comments upon Mr. Eugene Lyon's proposals as contained in a recent issue of The New Leader.

This appeals to me as a plan that should produce results, provided sufficient publicity and backing is forthcoming. May I suggest that the idea be given your prompt and wholehearted endorsement?

LOUIS JONVRS

Buffalo, N. Y.

### Good Reading for All

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Last month I received a sample copy of THE SIGN. My family and I were so pleased with it that I am herewith enclosing the price of a one-year subscription.

As I can only afford one religious magazine a month, I prefer one that my husband, teen-age daughter, and adult son will find interesting.

May your magazine increase its circulation many times in the coming year.

(MRS.) WALTER O'NEILL

Queen's Village, L. I., N. Y.

### Copies Wanted

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I happened to see some back issues of THE SIGN over here and found it a really wonderful publication, so much so that I would like to receive the coming issues regularly. Not being able to pay for a personal subscription, as our Government does not allow us to send any Dutch or foreign money abroad, I kindly request some reader to send me his copies after he has finished reading them. Thanks very much in anticipation.

FATHER KOOS VAN LENT, O.M.I.

Regina Pacis Scholasticate  
Duiven (Gld.), Holland.

### "Pakenham's Irishry"

#### EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I refer you to the article "England's Irishman" in the December issue of THE SIGN.

To present this Lord Pakenham as an Irishman is indeed very contrary to the fact. Possibly it is a very easy way out in presenting this person in such a manner as an Irishman. I do not know anything about

His Lordship's brand of Catholicity. I didn't even know he became a "Papist." Getting down to facts in respects to Pakenham's "Irishry," allow me to state the following facts:

Lord Pakenham and many more of his kind are not Irish—they never accepted Irish ways or customs. True, he was born in the Irish midlands. He was part and parcel of the Irish garrison maintained by England in order to keep the country in subjection. We Irish know his kind too well, and he and many more like him passed out with the last of the British soldiers at the signing of the Treaty. Some of them were lucky to escape with their lives. Those titled landowners and estate owners, hence a good many landlords, were known as West Britons and castle-hacks. Everyone of them picked the very best of land at the confiscations, and through the centuries maintained their stolen treasures with the help of the British government.

As the Irish had the upper hand for a few years prior to the signing of the Treaty, many of the so-called "gentry" started to live in England. Many of them, as I said before, went with the going of the English Army. They went back to where they belonged and to duty for the country where their hearts were set. None of them said, "I'm sorry for what I've done," whether they were Catholic or not. They did not have the courage to remain and help the people with their new Government or economy. Oh, yes, they're slick—still at the old game. They can always find dupes to offer them in an angelic light to Catholics who are not intimately acquainted with them. Had they conducted themselves in this manner under similar circumstances in America, very few Americans would be very pleased if they called themselves Americans.

Please do not make an English propaganda "rag" out of your lovely magazine. If your correspondent over there wishes to write of Irish Catholics, let her go up North to Ulster and bare the truth in respect to that part of the land which is still held by Pakenham's friends and where there is wholesale persecutions against the faithful Catholics, including the current attempt to take away from the Catholic Sisters the splendid Mater Hospital in Belfast. If Lord Pakenham is such a good Catholic, why doesn't he avail himself of the opportunity and redeem himself by helping, with his influence, to stop this torture and robbery and demand that the land be returned to the people to whom it belongs? Helen Walker Homan could go to Scotland and England and tell of trials some Irish Catholics go through there to find jobs, etc.

If England still ruled the country, Pakenham in all probability would be the Viceroy in Dublin Castle or maybe a Crown Prosecutor showing his loyalty to His Majesty and the Empire. In the article he would gain more respect if he were presented as he is, an Englishman and a Catholic. I hope he will be a credit to the Church, but before I'll give him my moral support, I want him to go back to West Meath and call the descendants of the people his forefathers robbed and give them back their rich lands. Maybe they'll forgive some of the outrages perpetrated against them.

IRISH PAPIST

Weehawken, N. J.

# Praying Always For You—Col. 1, 3.

FOR YOUR LOVED ONES

A PERPETUAL REMEMBRANCE



## Benefactors Society

is enrolled as a Perpetual Benefactor of the Passionist Congregation and shares in the following spiritual benefits:

**WHILE LIVING:** One Holy Mass every day. A High Mass in every Passionist Monastery on the undetermined feasts:

Jan. 1st, The Circumcision of our Lord  
Jan. 2nd, Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus  
Feb. 2nd, The Purification of the B.V.M.  
Feb. 21st, St. Matthias, Apostle  
May 1st, SS. Philip and James, Apostles

May 3rd, Finding of the Holy Cross  
July 25th, St. James, Apostle  
Aug. 24th, St. Bartholomew, Apostle  
Sept. 8th, Nativity of the B.V.M.  
Sept. 21st, St. Matthew, Apostle

Oct. 26th, SS. Simon and Jude  
Nov. 30th, St. Andrew, Apostle  
Dec. 21st, St. Thomas, Apostle  
Dec. 26th, St. Stephen, Martyr  
Dec. 27th, St. John, the Evangelist



**AFTER DEATH:** One Holy Mass offered every day. \* Requiem Mass offered and Office for the Dead recited by the entire Religious Community on the first day of every month in every Passionist Monastery. High Mass of Requiem and Office for the Dead during the Octave of All Souls. Special Prayers are recited daily by the entire Religious Community for our living and deceased Benefactors.

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The Living and the Dead may be enrolled.

Fill in and mail the coupon.

## Spiritual Security

**O**UR Divine Lord warned us that the children of this world are often wiser than the children of light.

Today insurance, social security, old-age pension wisely provide necessary material help. Too often, in our eagerness to take care of our physical needs, we overlook spiritual aids.

Only God's grace and our own personal efforts can secure our salvation and sanctification. But we can be assisted by others.

The Passionist Societies offer an opportunity to share in the Masses, prayers, and good works of men dedicated to God and to the service of their neighbors.

You may enroll yourself, your relatives or friends, or your departed. No matter how much we are loved by those dear to us, after death we are soon forgotten.

### PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES

P. O. Box 41  
Union City, New Jersey

Enclosed is offering of \$..... Please enroll

☐ Dead  
☐ Living

as a Passionist Benefactor.

Enrolled By .....

Street .....

City or Town.....State.....  
(Mark name enrolled with x living or dead)



# *For God's Honor and Glory, Help These Modern Apostles!!*



It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries.

Whatever you have you owe to Almighty God. It is fitting that gratitude prompt you to provide assistance for one or more of those institutions which are promoting His kingdom upon earth.

Long after you have departed from this world your charity and generosity will be making possible magnificent achievements for His Cause. Your name will be held in prayerful memory by the zealous and needy missionaries whom you have helped.

May we, for God's honor and glory and for the support of those who are laboring in fields afar, suggest that the following definite provision be embodied in your last Will:

*I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$ . . . . .) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.*

**The Passionist Missions in China**

**The Sign**

**Union City, N. J.**

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